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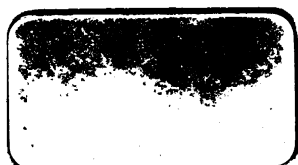
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THE
EARTHEN VESSEL,

AND

Christian Record ;

FOR

1868.

VOLUME XXIV.

LONDON :

ROBERT BANKS, 30, LUDGATE HILL, AND STATIONERS'
HALL COURT, E.C.

1868.



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THE EARTHEN VESSEL,

AND

Christian Record.

The Planting of Churches, the Experiences of Believers, the Saviour's Promise.

A FEW WORDS FOR THE COMMENCEMENT OF 1868.

IF during the three and twenty years which have passed away since THE EARTHEN VESSEL was first issued, we have rendered any essential service, instrumentally, to the churches of Christ on the earth, then are we thankful to the Great Author and Giver of every good and perfect gift; and if still the Lord will spare and employ us for His glory, in the smallest measure, none would be more gratefully devoted unto His service; for therein has been realised by us more silent, sacred, and substantial joy than in any, or in all, the other departments of labour wherein, for more than fifty years, we have toiled and suffered in this wilderness below. Between mountains of trouble on the one hand, and valleys of despondency on the other, we thus far have come. Close behind us is the deadly foe: on either hand are rocks insurmountable and terrible to behold; before us rolls the great deep sea of untraversed space. What a day may bring forth we know not; but, as we sit down to pen these few introductory lines, the question which Jesus put to the two blind men, is echoed in the inner chambers of a heart almost overwhelmed with grief—

“BELIEVE YE THAT I AM ABLE TO DO THIS?”

And with a faith, trembling and sharply tried, we will respond, “YEA, LORD!” for unto the uttermost we know He is able to save.

Prophetic writers multiply. Predictions of the immediate future abound,—a brief review of them would fill our pages; but it has been our mercy to have the Word of the Lord read to us, from time to time, by a secret voice which, we trust, first called us into the faith and fellowship of THE SINNER'S FRIEND; and as that word abideth for ever, so in the knowledge and dispensation of that word would we continue, until our work and our warfare shall for ever cease.

Leaving all other themes, let us cast our thoughts for a moment into

the contemplation of three branches of the revealed will of God, which are, and will be, **THE SAME**, until this Gospel kingdom shall be completed, and the glory of the Lord be more clearly revealed.

I. THE PLANTING OF CHURCHES FOR THE INGATHERING OF THE REDEEMED is a work progressing most rapidly in our time. Has not the Church for centuries been inspired to obey her glorious Master's injunction, when He said, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth **LABOURERS** into his harvest?" Certainly she has. And is not that prayer receiving showers of answers in many parts of the world, in many nations of the earth, in almost every nook and corner of this modern Goshen, this land of Bibles, this thickly-studded forest of churches and chapels, this favoured but sinful Great Britain of ours? Even churches of truth are rising on every hand; and the good men who are willing to labour cannot be said to be few.

There is a beautiful pattern of the quiet, the humble, but most certain manner in which, in all times, the churches of Christ have risen on the earth. It is the history of the rise of the Church in Corinth. How was it brought into existence? The Holy Ghost, by Luke, the penman, says,—“Paul departed from Athens, and came to Corinth.”

Did the great Apostle of the Gentiles send a man before him to make proclamation that “St. Paul was coming to Corinth to preach the Gospel?” Nay. Did he enter Corinth in pompous style? Nay. We think he walked in as a pilgrim; and having no possession of this world's wealth, having to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, he first traversed the Corinthian streets, seeking to find employment at his trade. How amazingly humble was the Apostle's commencement of his ambassadorship here! After a while he “found a certain Jew named Aquila, born in Pontus, lately come from Italy, with his wife Priscilla (because that Claudius had commanded all Jews to depart from Rome); so Paul came unto them; and because he was of the same craft, he abode with them, and wrought; for by their occupation they were tent-makers.”

As a kind of journeyman to Aquila, then, did this great apostle commence his career in Corinth. With his host and hostess he repaired to the synagogue every Sabbath, and gradually, carefully, but successfully, did he begin to break up the fallow-ground, in order that the good seed of God's truth might take root and bring forth fruit, in the conversion of not a few to the faith of Jesus.

THREE WORDS indicate the mode of Paul's procedure. (1.) “He *reasoned* in the synagogue every Sabbath.” After this gentle appeal to their hearts, (2.) he “*PERSUADED* the Jews and the Greeks:” he ploughed deeper into them, and laboured to lay fast hold upon them. By and bye “Silas and Timotheus came from Macedonia, and joined themselves to Paul, so that it is said, he was “*pressed in the spirit*,”—a stronger power of grace entered into him; and boldly he “*TESTIFIED* to the Jews that **JESUS WAS CHRIST**.” Openly and fully, faithfully and with great clearness, he preached unto them the Gospel of the grace of God. Violent opposition ensued. Awful blasphemies were uttered. Dangers and deaths surrounded Paul and his companions. At length he arose; “he shook his raiment; and he said unto them, **YOUR BLOOD BE UPON YOUR OWN HEADS**; I am clean—(blessed and happy is the man who can thus acquit himself in the ministry): from henceforth I go unto the Gentiles.”

Now commences Paul's work in that direction assigned unto him by the Lord himself: he was truly "the apostle of the Gentiles."

Close to the synagogue was "a certain man's house, named Justus." This man worshipped God; and here Paul was received: here he preached. Crispus, the ruler of the synagogue, and many more believed and were baptised. But while the Gospel kingdom was yet weak and tender in this city, Satan and his agents threatened to destroy Paul, and all who followed the Lord through his ministry; so that the apostle was about to flee away. And, in the night, while fears were perplexing and disturbing him, the Lord spoke to Paul by a vision,—“Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace, for I am with thee; and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee; for I have much people in this city.” And there Paul continued. There a Christian church was planted; and there elect vessels of mercy were gathered in. Let our brethren who toil all the week, and then go forth, instrumentally, planting and feeding the churches of Christ on the Lord's-day, from all this take courage; for by these apparently humble means doth Jesus plant in the wilderness his cedar trees and myrtle trees, “plants of the Lord's own right hand planting, that He might be glorified.” No happier man can be found on this earth than is the honest, the humble, the devoted itinerant preacher of Christ's Gospel. He labours for six days to earn the bread that perisheth, and on the best of all the seven goes forth to preach unto the assembled villages the bread of eternal life. From such pure, and holy, and self-denying evangelistic labours, has arisen, and will arise, many of the churches, which, like little gardens of grace, are a blessing to multitudes here, preparing them for the eternal glories which surround

“The Lamb in the midst of the throne.”

What hosts of little churches we could refer to which during the last twenty-five years have risen, taken root, and are growing and spreading on every hand. This work goes on. The Lord be praised!

II. The second branch of that religion which is revealed in the Bible, and which will continue the same in all ages of the Gospel dispensation, falls under the heading of “THE VITAL EXPERIENCES OF BELIEVERS IN JESUS CHRIST,” and which are variously described both in the Old and in the New Testament, especially in Job, in the Psalms, in all the Prophets; in that sermon the Saviour delivered on the mount, where the “blessed ones” are said to be “the poor in spirit,” “they that mourn,” “the meek,” “they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness,” “the merciful,” “the pure in heart,” &c.; and by Paul in the seventh and eighth of the Romans, as well as by the other apostles.

But the thirteenth Psalm, in a few verses, contains a volume of experience, which will be found to correspond with the severe internal trials, as well as with some of the reliefs which a true and genuine faith brings home to the heart of all who are born of God, and who, in the furnace of affliction, are meetened for a kingdom of glory, which was prepared for them from the foundation of the world.

Divide that thirteenth Psalm into three parts. (1.) It expresses a fourfold state of soul-trouble—

“How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? for ever?”

“How long wilt thou hide thy face from me?”

"How long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow in my heart daily?"

"How long shall mine enemy be exalted over me?"

These four troubles meeting in the soul at once, and continuing a long time, render its existence here most terrible and dreadful to bear. We must not attempt to define the appalling miseries which result from such agonising distresses. They are not known even to believers; but many, in a measure, have, or have had, bitter experiences of them all. Then (2ndly), there is that emphatic prayer, "Consider, and hear me, O Lord my God: lighten my eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death." The Spirit of adoption; there claims for the soul its relationship to God, although the darkest clouds hide from it the smallest manifestation of His love.

The Spirit of adoption, at length, pours forth a fourfold exercise of a strong and indestructible faith. "But, I have trusted in thy mercy: my heart shall rejoice in thy salvation: I will sing unto the Lord, because He hath dealt bountifully with me."

Thus, one of the darkest nights of sorrow is turned into an anticipated morning of joy.

We have received some homely verses from one who signs himself "A Poor Sinner" (Warboys), which we have felt certainly to flow out of a soul which has travelled in the deep places before referred to:—

O, could I reflect on the past,
And groan with a sense of my sin,
Then prostrate myself in the dust,
And yet be a stranger to Him?
Or, could I His mercy implore,
And trust in the merits of Christ;
My good and my bad deeds deplore,
And yet be a Balaam at last?
Oh, no! Sure this never can be,
Though sin and old Satan unite,
To darken my soul on the road,
And hide my dear Saviour from sight.

III. THE SAVIOUR'S GREAT PROMISE is another abiding mercy for all the ransomed of the Lord. We lately visited an aged saint, who has been in his bed many years, but is now close to Jordan's narrow brink. As we sat beside his dying couch the Saviour's word was precious to us—"I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you." This promise contains two things, which only the spiritually living in Jerusalem can realise. (1.) They daily find there is no comfort, no sacred peace, no solid joy, but in the presence of their Lord. Let Him leave them and either Satan's delusions, or the deepest despondency, beset them; but, in the fulfilment of His promise, as realised after His resurrection, there was PEACE spoken—there was provision made; for He not only gave them a large multitude of fishes, but when He called them to "Come and dine," they found the fire and the fish and the bread all ready; and the declaration that He would never leave them, afforded the richest consolation. And this river of peace has never altogether ceased to refresh the followers of the Lamb.

Whatever changes time may bring, whatever desolation sin may spread abroad, Zion shall for ever live; out of all her tribulations she shall arise, and, in the presence of the Kingdom of the Lord, behold Him face to face, and with Him dwell for ever.

Work Out Your Own Salvation.

BY MR. GEO. MURRELL, OF ST. NEOTS.

"Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure."—(Phil. ii. 12, 13).

THE will of man in his fallen state is rebellious, the heart being at enmity with God, and that enmity is seen as much, and sometimes more, in moral men than in profane. There was never a heart more at enmity with God than the man who thought himself a good man, who thought he was the favourite with heaven, and sure of going there. This man was Saul of Tarsus ; but with all his religion and morality, and his burning zeal, he was an enemy to God and a rebel against the throne of the Most High. This is not a solitary case, but the universal case. Among all Adam's descendants, there is not a solitary exception—God makes no difference ; there is this, and this difference only : the believer knows something of his own helplessness, "For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do." It is God that worketh in you to do. I know some of you have got a great deal more *will* than you have power ; Paul had—"For to will is present with me ; but how to perform that which is good I find not." You would be very different, poor soul, if you could—I know you would ; God has set your will in motion, and if your power were equal to your will, you would be very different to what you are. Your will is to love God, your will is to the honour of God ; your will is to be saved by sovereign grace, you will to pray, you will to repent, you will to love the perfections of God, but it is the Spirit of God's power in your heart and mind that hath given us this will. Sometimes we feel an inclination after God ; spiritually, we have but small abilities ; it is God, therefore, that made us willing, and it is God that worketh in us to do His will.

My text was not directed to the ungodly ; these utterances did not form part of the sermon that Paul preached to the multitude. These words were directed to the Church, to the Church of Saints, to the people who stood high in Paul's esteem, who dwelt even in his heart. Now, this portion, like many others, has been perverted. Poor mistaken men, no doubt in strict honesty, have addressed these words to men dead in sin, "Work out your own salvation." Paul never thus addressed the ungodly—he spoke to the congregation, to the Church, to the believers in the Son of God. These words belong to us, Christian friends ; they are not so much the words of Paul as they are the words of God, for Paul was but the mouth-piece : the address is from heaven's high throne. It is to you, my dear brethren, the deacons—to every member of the Church here, to every regenerate character here. God speaks to you ; what does he say ? "Work out your own salvation"—you have already received it ; work it out.

With God's blessing, I will try and notice the following thoughts : *salvation*—your own salvation ; salvation is nothing to us if it is not our own ; "Your own salvation," and *how God worketh it in us*. Then, *how a Christian is to work it out*, for it can never be worked out if it is not first worked in ; and if it be worked in, it is by such sovereign favour,

and will be worked out by honest repentance for our follies; and thankfulness for our mercies.

Salvation. This is a large word, and a most blessed word, too; it seems to guide us in our deepest love. It seems to guide us and to follow us, and at last to raise us up to the highest blessing.

Salvation!—I would say it comprehends the grace of the Father, the merits of the Son, and the work of the Holy Ghost. Are we not saved by love? and is there not salvation in love? For our God says, "By grace are ye saved;" this is salvation by, and in strict accordance with, the honour of God's law. Christ shall save His people in that way, which is in perfect harmony with the rights of the Divine government; for while mercy reigns, justice will be honoured, hell defeated, and God's people for ever secured. Salvation is wrought in us by the blessed Spirit; it is the Spirit's work to lead the soul to God; the heart that is not sanctified and renewed is not a saved character; the Holy Ghost works in us; we are saved by the "washing of regeneration, and by the renewing of the Holy Ghost."

Salvation comprehends pardon; this is what we very much want when the Holy Ghost shows us our guilt. Salvation also takes in justification, which is more than pardon, for by it God conveys grace on His people beyond forgiveness. Our pardon is not more than half of our salvation; pardon is a special and a blessed part, but not the whole; forgiveness would secure us from the curse, but it might leave our souls short of heaven. It is our comfort, that where grace begins it progresses; God does not give pardon, and then leave the character; but He goes forth in the great work of justifying the man. I know God's dear people are much set on pardon, and rightly, too; they think, when they feel their load of guilt, when they dread the fires of hell, and tremble at the thunderings of the law, how happy they should be if they were but pardoned. But pardon is not enough; God does more; He forgives, my friends, graciously, and his forgiveness comprehends all our salvation blessings. But after He has forgiven us, he gives us a robe of righteousness; this is the best covering the soul can have; this is the best robe. This, dear friends, is the garment that will never spot, we can never rend it nor destroy it; it is a perfect robe, and the soul being once attired in this blessed garment, the robe can never more be put off.

Poor sinner! did you ever receive this garment? Have you been justified? have you been condemned? have you felt sin a burden? If you have not, you are not attired in this robe. If attired in Christ's robe, you are blessed—sin cannot damage it, Satan cannot rend it, we cannot defile it, and if once robed we can never be uncovered again. Adam was soon stripped of his garment, but the Christian man can never be deprived of his. The work of grace then advances, it is a progressive work, there is forgiveness and there is justification.

Salvation, I notice, friends, is by substitution. Do you see that? How are we saved but by the work of another. Our salvation don't depend on ourselves; in one sense we have no hand in this mighty work, only by the hand of reception; yes, we receive into our hearts the love of God, and we have conscious enjoyment of the blessed effects. Salvation is a work which belongs to the Lord, and is effected by substitution. Poor believer! where, but at CALVARY, do you look for salvation? You hear of the sacrifice of Jesus, you look to Him, you long for Him, you

trust in Him ; He carries all your cares, He becomes accountable for all your wrongs and answerable for all your debts. Here is the fountain to wash you from all pollution ; what you have made wrong, He, as your surety, undertakes to make right. See what He has done on the cross, trace His work—there are no spots in His work or in Him. Look on his work : there is no deficiency there. Who shall judge ? I would not take judgment, but leave God the Father to judge. I think the Father had a perfect knowledge of the worth of the work of His Son. What is God the Father's opinion ? Why, that His Son has done the work well, and the Lord the Father “ was well pleased for His righteousness sake.” Here my heart shall cling—here my soul shall rest ; our acceptance, then, is in the Son, provided by the Father ; not in His person merely are we received, but the Father puts a proper value on his Son's work, and says, “ He was well pleased.” What ?—With His person ? Yes, and He was well pleased with his righteousness. Here, then, my friends, you and I can find pleasure where our Lord God has found pleasure. There seems something beautiful and wonderful in the idea of Jehovah the Father finding pleasure in the person and work of His dear Son ; surely, then, our souls may safely rest here, and find pleasure. Where else can the poor law-smitten sinner find pleasure ? In the work of his hands ? No, only in the religion, the person, and perfect work of Jesus Christ. My Lord looks on Jesus His Son with pleasure—there I will seek my pleasure, where God finds His pleasure ; as the Lord is well pleased “ for His righteousness sake,” so am I, my friends. Blessed be God—He is well pleased with my Saviour ; there is no sacrifice, there is no acceptance, there is no advancement, there is no beauty apart from the dear Saviour. Whatever, therefore, was requisite, in order to deliver us from hell and to take us to heaven and to fit us for heaven, whatever was necessary Jesus Christ by substitution has effected. Some of you, I have no doubt, sometimes sing—I do sometimes—

“ Jesus is our great salvation
Worthy of our best esteem.”

Salvation, I notice next, dear friends, takes in sanctification of the heart by the HOLY SPIRIT. Our hearts must be quickened to life that they may feel, the mental eyes must be opened that they may see, the heart softened by grace that we may repent. The Holy Spirit must take possession of our hearts, enabling us to believe in Jesus, that sin may be hateful and holiness desired, that Satan may be dethroned, and Jesus Christ reign in the poor sinner's heart. Now, this salvation is a gracious salvation, is it not ? How gracious to forgive faults like ours ; what efficacious grace, to cleanse hearts so filthy as ours ; how beautifying that it covers our souls with incomparable beauty, covered with the Saviour's person, and blessed with blessings vast and gracious ; “ By grace are ye saved, through faith, not of yourselves, it is the gift of God.”

Then, friend, salvation is not only gracious, but it is also just ; God's justice shall lose nothing by our souls being saved by grace, shall lose nothing by your soul's justification and mine. The Great Creator shall receive payment in full ; the Divine law shall be magnified, justice shall be satisfied, all interested parties shall be honoured, while Satan shall be defeated. I think I should not like God's salvation half so well as I do

if it were not just. We are not to go to heaven as if we were smuggled there. Believers, it is by the Holy Ghost we are led into the privileges which belong to us in Christ; by Him we see ourselves justified, by Him we enjoy pardon for all our offences, and are members of that Head, Jesus Christ, and derive all our beauty from the headship character. Salvation, therefore, is equitable; it is just then that the saints should go to heaven—it is right, it is proper; I know it is merciful; I know it is a gracious act, but I know also it is just and right that souls should be saved since Christ has died.

I say these are some of the qualities of salvation; it takes the sinner, and raises him out of the deepest woe, up to the highest honours. Is there a case too bad? Is there a sinner too deeply sunken? Is there one too far gone into the mire that grace, mercy, and salvation cannot raise him up and save him for ever? This great work of salvation springs from the Father's loving heart—flows through the Saviour in streams of blood, brought into our hearts by and through the power of the Spirit; Jesus stands as the substitution of another; He stands in our place, whose work is highly appreciated by God. God takes pleasure in the work of His Son, how much I do not know; but where God finds pleasure, poor souls find salvation for their souls, and are meetened for heaven, where we shall one day safely arrive as a matter of right, as a matter of strict equity and mercy.

"Work out your own salvation." Now, this comprehensive phrase seems to look down upon a people, and says, it is your own—your own salvation. What is God's salvation is ours, my text says so—"Your own salvation." There is nothing your own so much as the salvation of God, poor believer. Your God is your own, your soul is your own—salvation is yours. Can you say that of your property? Is your family your own? Is your wealth your own? There is nothing so much your own as the salvation of your precious souls by our Lord Jesus Christ. Salvation would not do you any good, brethren, if it were not your own; but as we look at its different parts, we can say it all belongs to us. The sacred judgment that covers the poor believer is his own. He did not buy it, he did not work it, it cost him nothing, he laboured not for it, the garment was freely bestowed by the God of grace who delights to give it, not to offer it, not to hold it up for sale, but it is freely bestowed. The coat on my back is my own, I bought it, and paid for it. But the religion of Jesus Christ is my own in a far nobler and better sense. This garment of mine I may be deprived of, it will certainly wear out, thus become good for nothing. But the garment wrought by Christ will never lose its beauty, that will never wear out, and of it we shall never be deprived. We want, then, salvation for our own, we want pardon for our own, righteousness as our own, sanctification for our own hearts, we want the Christ of God for our own, we want His love for ourselves; the throne for our own, we want all the mighty work for our own. Another's interest will never satisfy the sinking, sin-condemned soul. The earnest, convinced soul will frequently cry as one who has gone before cried, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." We want pardon applied, righteousness appropriated, love shed abroad, we want God to be our own God, to know it experimentally, and to be enabled to say, "My Lord, and my God," "Thou art precious, Christ is my own, my brother, my portion, my inheritance." But why, why, this

gratuitous grant of salvation? It is of God, God gives it; what is given is mine, what is lent me may be called back again; if you lend me an article, you have a right to demand it back again, while if you give me anything it is mine, not yours. So with our God in salvation. He gives it graciously, it then becomes our own.

Poor soul, is not the realization of this what you desire? You may not have arrived at the enjoyment of the fact of your salvation; how the poor doubting, fluttering heart seeks, prays for mercy, how he sighs for a manifestation of the fact, to know that Jesus Christ, is his; his in the perfections of His nature, that Christ would be his portion in life, and his joy for ever and ever. It is a blessed thing to have clear evidences of our interest in the Saviour's work, not only to talk of salvation but to realize its effects on the heart. This seems to my soul like being in earnest, like the soul being thoroughly awakened, when we join with the poet, whatever we may have besides, our cry is:—

“Give me Christ, or else I die.”

A good old friend, a minister, said, a short time before he departed, to be no more seen by mortals, in reply to a kind inquiring friend who asked how things were with him, as he drew near death? “Blessed be my God,” he said, “I believe I am as safe as if I were in heaven, but not so happy; but I shall wrap myself up in my Saviour's robe, and fall asleep.” What a sweet thought! friends; the righteousness of Christ is a precious robe for a Christian man to be buried in; he shall rise in the morning, when he shall rise without his shroud, robed in the wedding garment, fit for the wedding day.

These are, then, the gifts of salvation. We cannot deserve salvation, we cannot offer any suitable price for it. God would have been just if He had withheld it, and He is just and merciful in giving salvation. Do you want it, poor sinner? Do you want this free salvation? You are damned without it; you will go to hell without it. Do you want this salvation, then, this salvation is of God? Are you seeking it? praying for it? searching for it? If you are, you shall have it. If you think you can buy it, you will never get it that way, You may beg for it; God likes beggars; but you shall never buy it. Here are milk and honey, “Come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price.” You, poor beggars, may have it; God giveth it to everyone that is brought humbly to ask for it; he delighteth to bestow salvation free and complete to every guilty soul that feels he can do nothing to merit the salvation of his soul. Do you feel empty Poor soul! Christ will fill you. Is your heart broken? Christ healeth the broken in heart. If you are humbled, Christ will raise you up. If you are stripped of all self-righteousness, if you are self-condemned, seeking salvation, prayerfully and earnestly from God; he will never shut his merciful ears from your cry, but he will release the poor and needy. As sure as you are made sensible that you are lost men and women, without mercy, God is just, and he will keep you from perdition, he will keep you as beggars at his door of mercy, but he will never leave you: the time of love shall come when the Spirit shall witness with your spirits that he is the God of your salvation.

“Your own salvation” God is said to work in us, salvation is within; then we are admonished to work it out. How does God work

it in us? I think in the following order :—He works in the *judgment*. I think religion that is real and vital, has to do with the intellect, as well as with the passions. God works salvation in the understanding of the man. Man sees the suitability of Christ; sees the vengeance of divine justice satisfied; believes God is just as well as merciful. God worketh salvation in the judgment and in the intellect. It may be a work of many years. This is a work going on in the affections. God takes possession of the heart, through the understanding. Man is shown his own helplessness, and sinful state; glimpses of the suitability and glory of Christ as the Saviour dawns upon the affections; that which the soul sees so precious, the heart begins to love. That which is so precious a robe, and adorns the wearer, the understanding admires, the heart loves, and the soul desires to be robed therewith.

Now, my friends, has God worked salvation in your hearts? Is it precious to you? Is the God of grace precious? Yes, brethren, He is precious. At times, to me, salvation is more precious than gold, more so than life itself, more precious than the blood that flows in my veins, more precious than existence on earth. This salvation is wrought in the understanding, the poor sinner sees the suitability, he is brought to love and admire the Gospel plan of salvation.

The Lord also works in our *experience*. By an inwrought experience, the soul is taught to value the plan of salvation. The judgment is illuminated through the affections, the heart embraces and seeks to know more of this glorious work; this mighty plan by which the soul is saved and made meet to be for ever with the Lord of life and glory.

By the help of the Lord, I now come to the *admonition*, "Work out your own salvation."

Once when Rowland Hill was going to preach at Moorfields Tabernacle, a man persuaded his friend, who was a Quaker, to go and hear Rowland Hill. The man had some difficulty in persuading his friend to go, but he went. As soon as the preacher took his text, the Quaker whispered, "I don't like that much." "Never mind," said the man, "he will soon leave it." So he did, for the good man had a strange manner of rambling. Now you will not say this of me, if you do not like works; but I do like works. I am not about to set the dead to work, that would be hard indeed, fruitless labour. If we bear out the admonition, the living are to work, whom my God hath raised from death unto life; a life spiritual, a glorifying life, to the living in Jerusalem. To work; the admonition is part of my text, "Work out your own salvation." God works in you, you work it out. God has very graciously given you some apprehension of the suitability, some enjoyment of the wondrous plan of mercy; as the Lord works in you, "To will and to do of his good pleasure," you work out what the Lord works in.

Now, observe, God thus exhorts us to work; to work grace in our heart, though we are supposing that grace is there, and then we are admonished to work it out. There are in certain stones some beautiful grains, but the common eye does not see them. The lapidary sets to work on the stone; by his operations he brings out to view these veins; you see them now beautifully on the surface of the stone. The lapidary did not put those veins there; if nature had not placed them there, the man could not work them out. So God must first put grace into the poor sinner's soul, and create in him a new life, and bless him with gracious

influence. God first gives, He gives graciously, and very mercifully, very fully, that which is suitable for the soul to possess. He is a very bountiful giver; and what he gives is very bountifully given. Now, saith God, "work out" what I work in. Oh, "let your light shine before men, crucify the flesh," put off the old man, put on the new, and "glorify God in your body and your spirit, which are God's." I love work from a good principle, if we work by God's rule, we are in good hands. God never exhorts the dead to work, while the living He does. Work out, then, what God works in you. If Christ works in your heart, poor sinner, it is your business to work it out; works are the evidences, the fruits, the blessed manifestations of the life of God in the soul.

I would say, friends, work it out in the world, in all your commercial transactions; this is a Christian fruit. Try to do business among men as in the sight of God. Let your religion go with you in the market, on the Exchange, in the shop go with you, and work out in blessed evidences of the blessed effects of being made partakers of salvation of God. I would further say, let your Christian fruits be seen in your family, you who are fathers. If you have servants, let your religion be seen with them.

A friend said when he was a young man in service, living with what was thought a religious family, but, said he, "if they had any religion, they took care to keep it to themselves," for he never saw any of it. This, dear friends, must not be, there must be evidence of God's work in you, if you possess His work. In your family, yes, in your domestic life, there must be the family altar, children ought to hear your prayers, your example should be before them, to admonish them. You cannot trust to your well-doing, but let your light be seen, parents, in your families, before your servants, behind your counters, if you have religion in your hearts, God works salvation in you, and it is for you to work it out in your domestic circumstances.

I would say to the churches of the living God, you who are members of the visible church of Christ; do you show at your church meetings a crooked, frowning, sour, wrathful spirit? if so, you are wrong. Work out your own salvation; at your church meetings, show, in various forms, your true Christian character; show your gratitude for communion with the people of God and your love to your blessed Saviour.

I would not live better before men than I would in secret, still, I should like to work out the blessed evidences of grace in my heart, before the gaze of others, that by that which God has worked in me, He may be honoured, and that I may be no stumbling-block in the way of religion.

I have thus travelled through some of the things belonging to salvation. Perhaps you can gather up some of the thoughts. Remember, God is the author of salvation, He works salvation in you, it is, therefore, your own salvation, God is yours, Christ is yours, the Cross is yours, the throne is yours, every blessing is yours, the robe is yours, the fulness of Christ's heart is yours; all is yours; ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

The Lord grant His blessing, that His salvation may be so wrought within us, that we may in our daily-life, in our business matters, in our family circle, in the church of our God, work out what God has been pleased to work in; work out in true Christian liberality, showing our sympathy with the churches of our God, according as God hath blessed us. I add no more. AMEN.

Lights and Shadows of a Pastor's Life.

BEING A DOZEN CHAPTERS IN THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A
LIVING MINISTER.

CHAPTER I.—PARENTS AND PARENTAGE.

"He found them in a desert land."

I BEGIN with these, not only because their memory is dear to me, but because their lives and histories afford some striking manifestations of the love and care of God for His children, alike in Providence and in grace, and I hope and pray that the few incidents that I am about to relate in this chapter, in reference to their sad and changeful sojourn upon earth, may be owned of God for strengthening the weaklings and comforting the mourners in His tried family, that, though being dead, they may yet speak for Him whose changeless love and providential care followed them all their journey through.

My mother was born at Dartford, and my father at a little village not many miles distant from Dartford; father in the year 1774, mother in 1782. To read and write was all the education they received. Schools at that time were few and far between; and, as a rule, children in the humble sphere of life in which they were born, received no education at all, but, as soon as they could earn a few shillings, were sent to service to do so. In religious matters they were complete heathens; till father was twenty-five years of age and mother eighteen, they had never read a chapter in the Bible, nor entered a chapel; in fact, in or near the villages where they were brought up, there were no dissenting chapels; and though they had been to church, they seemed neither mentally nor spiritually the better for it. The clergy of those times were different from what many of them are now. Then, they were almost to a man sportsmen and foxhunters; and many times have I heard my father say that he has seen funerals and weddings waiting at the church-doors, sometimes for hours, for the parson to return from the chase; at other times he has seen him just ready to start for the hunt, as a funeral or a wedding party were coming up, then stop and perform the burial or marriage service in his hunting dress, mount his horse, and ride off.* Like priests, like people; if such were the parsons, it is not difficult to guess what must have been the religious condition of the population. But where God has a son on whom He intends to bestow salvation, or to endow with His Spirit (Luke

* On one occasion a gentleman, whom father knew, was crossing Shooter's Hill late at night in a hackney coach, when he was stopped by a highwayman, who, presenting a pistol, demanded his money or his life. Great indeed was his surprise to recognise in the voice of the highwayman the voice of the clergyman, or curate of the parish where he lived, and to whose ministrations he was in the habit of listening every Sunday! Accosting him by name, he said, "Why, Williams, is it you?" Finding he was known, the curate fell upon his knees, and entreated him not to name the matter, or it would be his ruin. This the gentleman promised and passed on. It is but just to add that the curate's income was £40 per annum, out of which he had to support himself, his wife, and ELEVEN CHILDREN, while the rector, who lived in a distant part of the country and seldom came to the parish, received a thousand a year.

xix. 9; Gal. iv. 6), however unfavourable the circumstances in which he is placed, whether like Zaccheus in a sycamore-tree, or as Bartimeus under a hedge, or going to the well to draw water (John iv.), the Lord will find a means to get at him and to bring him out of Nature's darkness into His marvellous light; wherever Providence has placed him, there grace will find him.

Father had now reached his twenty-fifth year, and was, as yet, without God, without Christ, and without hope in the world.

One Sunday he started early for Woolwich to see a friend, and was prevailed upon by him to accompany him to chapel. It was the first time he had ever entered one. In the afternoon, he went with him again, though strongly dissuaded from going by some persons, because Mr. Squirrel, who was to preach in the afternoon, was "only a blacksmith, and what could he know about preaching?"* But in the hand of the despised blacksmith, the word was as a fire and a hammer (Jeremiah xxiii. 29) breaking his rocky heart to pieces. The text was Acts ix. 22, "Proving that this is very Christ." Father left the chapel deeply convinced of sin, and of the fact that of that Saviour of whom he had heard so much, he knew nothing.

On returning to his native village, with a distressed and burdened conscience, there was not one person to whom he could speak on spiritual things. He spent his days and nights in weeping and supplicating for pardon. He absented himself from his former companions and amusements; he could no longer join their card parties nor village festivals. It was not long before this change was observed by the young people of the village, but of its source and nature they were ignorant. Vainly did they seek to find out where and how he spent his evenings. One evening mother, then a girl of eighteen, saw him kneeling down to pray. He discovered her presence, and prayed very earnestly for her; that prayer was the means of her conversion. His prayer was blest of God to the convincing her of her sin. She left that place a changed character. Not long after this they were married.

Two years after they were baptized at Dartford, in the river Darent, and joined the Baptist Church subsequently formed at Eynsford, under the ministry of Mr. Rogers.

Some four years after this they were removed, in the Providence of God, to Woolwich, where father obtained employment in the dockyard, which he kept for many years.

But he had not been long engaged in his new employment, when he was taken ill with the typhus fever, and was laid up with it for six months. One part of the time, for about a fortnight, he appeared to be quite unconscious, and never spoke once during the fortnight. The doctor who visited him, told my mother, on one occasion, that he could not survive twenty-four hours. Two other medical men who were called in confirmed this opinion. In her overwhelming sorrow, mother knelt down by his bedside, and cried, "O Lord, spare my husband." Opening his eyes, and fastening them upon her, father said, "He will, my dear." They were the first words he had spoken for fourteen days, and he never uttered another sentence for nearly a fortnight afterwards. But mother rose from her knees, grateful, calm,

* The preacher of the morning was Mr. F., minister of the place.

convinced that his life would be spared ; that though they were her husband's words, they were the Lord's promise ; and so it proved ; gradually he recovered, and ultimately resumed his work.

But during this prolonged period of affliction, the Lord appeared for them in a most remarkable manner. As mother had at the time three or four children, and had nothing to depend upon but father's weekly income ; when that was gone, all was gone. Reduced at last to the utmost verge of destitution, without a loaf in the cupboard, or the money to buy one, her little ones crying for bread, which she had not the means to procure, and her husband apparently at the point of death, she went to bed sad and supperless. But He who feedeth the ravens when they cry, was not unmindful of her need, and the need of her little ones. Soon after she fell asleep, she had the following remarkable dream. She dreamt that she was standing beneath a large tree, that a large blackbird was hopping about at her feet, and another in the tree above. That the bird on the ground said to its mate in the tree, "Throw out the young." Upon this, the bird in the tree, threw down at her feet a bible, which fell open at these words, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." The bird then proceeded to throw out one by one, five small birds, but the fifth had but one wing. On waking, this dream was forcibly impressed on her mind, though unable to divine its meaning. Relating the dream to a neighbour, and asking her if she could see any meaning in it, she replied, "I think it seems to imply that there is some money coming to you, but that you will not get the whole of it, as the last bird wanted a wing."

In the course of the morning, mother received a letter from her sister, who resided some few miles distant, asking her to come over, as she had something for her. She went immediately. On seeing her, her sister said, "Oh, I've got some money for you, brought to me for you in a most singular way. Yesterday three ladies came to the door in a hackney coach, and on seeing me, said, 'Oh, you are not the person we want, but you are very much like her, have you a sister in such and such circumstances?' describing exactly the circumstances in which mother was situated, with three or four children, in great distress, and husband ill. 'Yes,' was the answer. 'Then give her this sum of money, and when that is gone we will send her some more,' we never saw her, she is a perfect stranger to us, and we are strangers to her, but for three consecutive nights we each had a dream of such a person being in such circumstances, and felt it impressed upon us to relieve her, but knew not who she was, nor where she lived ; but this morning being in the Borough, we felt our minds strongly impressed to take a hackney coach and try to find her. We did. The coach was standing in the Borough, with the horse's head turned towards Kent street ; we told the driver to drive down Kent street, and not to stop till we told him to ; we continued, right down the Kent road, through Deptford Broadway, with each of our minds perfectly satisfied that we were in the right direction. We still continued up Blackheath hill, across the heath till we reached this house, when we felt our minds strongly impressed that we must stop and enquire here. We did, and as soon as we saw you, you reminded us forcibly of the person whom we saw in our dreams, though we were convinced that you were not the person ; the rest

you know. When this sum of money is gone we will send her some more.'” They kept their word, four other sums were sent to mother, at short intervals, through the same channel—my aunt; but a portion of the last sum was improperly detained by her, and never received by mother, as the fifth bird in her dream was minus a wing.

Another time, during the same period of trial, but before the event last named, mother went on one occasion to the house of a lady of property, but of a most miserly disposition, to see one of the domestic servants, whom she knew, to try and borrow a small sum of money (in which she was unsuccessful). She had not been in the house long when the lady rang the bell, and enquired of the servant who she had in the kitchen? On telling her it was a friend of hers, she said, “Here, take this half guinea.” The servant, on giving it to her, said, “Well, I never knew her to give a penny to anyone before, and she doesn’t know you, and I didn’t tell her that you were in distress.” A few minutes elapsed, mother and the servant being still engaged in conversation, when the bell rang again the second time, and on the servant going up, “Here,” said the lady, “take this other half guinea down to your friend, and tell her to leave the house directly, for I don’t feel as if the money were my own; I can’t keep it in my pocket.”

A providential deliverance of a different kind, but equally remarkable, took place about a twelvemonth after this, after father had been restored to health. On the first Lord’s-day in each month, they were in the habit of walking from Woolwich to Eynsford and back, to partake of the ordinance of the Lord’s Supper. A small part of the way lay through a thickish copse; returning home one dark winter’s night, just as they got to this part of the journey, two men suddenly came out of the adjoining wood, behind them, and began to move briskly towards them. With palpitating hearts, my parents quickened their steps; presently they heard rather an angry debate going on between the two men; one said to the other, “You go up to them first,” “No,” rejoined the other, “you go first;” in a few moments, one said to the other, “Well, let us both go together,” “Agreed,” said the other, saying which they quickened their steps, and had reached to within half a dozen yards of them when a large mastiff dog, came out of the wood, and placing himself between my parents and their assailants, turned and growled at the latter (who were evidently intimidated by it, for they soon after slunk away,) and followed father and mother right home; when they reached the door of their own house, they tried to coax him in, but in vain, he turned and went back the way he came, and they saw him no more.

In all these things the godly reader will recognise the special providence of God; a doctrine which is a strong consolation to the believer, who believes what the Saviour affirms, that the very hairs of his head are all numbered, but a doctrine which is pretty generally ignored in the fashionable religious circles of the present day. But be it ours to ask for, and not be ashamed of the good old paths.

(To be continued).

Memorials of the life of Mr. Joseph Hamblin,

By THOMAS JONES.

IT was well said by a Puritan divine, "Grace does not run in the blood, but it often runs in the line." Sovereignty reigns everywhere, and impresses its stamp upon all matters both in the world and in the church; in the latter especially we recognise the fact that "the Lord reigneth;" of its existence, its spiritual growth, its numerical increase, its gifts and its comforts we gratefully affirm "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." The unfeigned faith which dwelt in Lois, in her daughter Eunice, and her grandson Timothy, was in each a particular personal gift sovereignly bestowed, but the faith of the grandmother, working by love and godly wisdom, became a means of grace to her daughter, and the faith of both became instrumental of good to their beloved boy; yet was each made to know that salvation is wholly of God that sheweth mercy. Did like faith dwell in the father or grandfather? We are left to infer it did not, or the apostle would have referred to it. "Hath not the potter power over the clay of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?" "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

Joseph Hamblin was born of religious parents who did their best to preserve him from the pollutions of the world, and lead him into the paths of truth. He was early taught to read and reverence the Word of God; to keep, in outward proprieties, the Sabbath day, and to attend on the preaching of the Gospel. There was mercy in this relationship to Christian parents, and in this child-training in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Though left to prove that his nature was corrupt at the core, and that the leprosy of sin has infected the whole of our fabric; he was thankful in after years that from a child he had known the holy Scriptures, the teachings of which often rebuked him, and were as a bridle on his lusts. Under the eyes of his parents he was fain to be cautious in his behaviour, as their affection was not of the fond and blind sort which winks at sin, and withholds deserved chastisement; but he was dead to God, and blind to His mercies, and was obedient from fear, not from choice, and as opportunity served, he stole into the company of young transgressors who initiated him in vice, strengthened his wicked inclinations, and made him impatient of parental control, inasmuch as it forbade him the imagined luxury of fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind. So true is it we go astray from the womb. As he grew in years and in stature he grew in depravity, dislike to religious services, and attachment to ungodly companions, and thus for several years he carried on a course of feigning in the family, while elsewhere he indulged in as much transgression as he could venture on without fear of detection. But though no creature eye saw him besides those of his associates, there was ONE saw him and marked his ways. In the creed of education he professed to believe that in this respect he was never out of sight, and that every secret thing will be brought into judgment, but his was a dead, inoperative faith, and he was to come to know the difference between that which is natural, and that which

is spiritual. He was not to grow up a Pharisee, brimful of conceit, and assuming that, "touching the law, he was blameless," nor was he to be led captive by the devil at his will and to the extent of his will, or his terminus would have been hell. He should know by the motions of sins working in his members to bring forth fruit unto death (Romans vii. 5), the desperate wickedness of the heart, and the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and be deeply convinced that it is by grace we are saved through faith, and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God. He must learn this, though, by terrible things in righteousness, that he might be thoroughly qualified to declare the same through years of earnest labour in the service of Christ.

At about the age of fourteen, the dry bones sustained a shock, and for the first time he was conscious that he had a soul; that his soul was of infinite value, and in fearful danger. His relish for sin was greatly weakened, and his admiration of the world's vanities lessened through an aroused conscience. He felt there was a reality in the religion of his parents, and a force in truth of which he had been hitherto ignorant. He took to read God's holy word with care and attention, to listen to the preaching of the Gospel with earnest heed, and examine his own heart and character by the tests of truth. Christ's sermon on the mount was to him for a time a Bible of itself. He read it and re-read it with solemnity of feeling and prayer. It shewed him the holiness and breadth of the divine law, how inexorable is divine justice, and the guilt and curse under which he lay without ability to make amends for his trespasses, or deliver his soul from trouble. It was a repetition of what Paul passed through; "When the commandment came, sin revived, and I died: and the commandment which was ordained to life, I found to be unto death."—Rom. vii. 9, 10.

He was wont to speak of himself as the child of many prayers, and here at the "strait gate" pressed by a sense of wrath, and deserved condemnation, and not knowing what to do, he found the benefit of a praying father who had travelled this path, and knew its difficulties. To him he often put hard questions on the experience of a sinner under the thunders of Sinai, and the means whereby guilty man can become just with God. Doubtless the father saw in the anxious inquisitiveness of the boy looming answers to his own prayers, and was ever ready to remove stumbling-blocks and encourage hope. Blessed employment this for a godly parent whose dearest wish had been that his offspring might be found in "the adoption of sons." But "fathers of our flesh" cannot reach the heart, cannot set the captive free, nor give the guilty peace. The elder Hamblin could not do this for the younger, but he could and did preach to him of a Saviour's grace and love, of the Holy Spirit's power and work and direct him in respect of the means, asking, seeking, hearing. To these counsels he had regard; read the word diligently, meditated on it closely, and prayed over it, even with cries and tears. Still, his burden increased, and his escape all but hopeless. Truly, it is not of him that willeth nor of him that runneth. Young Joseph was willing, ardently desirous to be saved, would have given worlds had he owned any, to have seen Jesus, and called him his. If he sang it would be in these words,

"O that I could believe,
Then all would easy be;
I would but cannot, Lord, relieve,
My help must come from Thee.

It is the wounded who need healing, the lost who want a Saviour, and Joseph was wounded, lost, poor, and wretched; just the sort of subject on whom grace displays its riches, and in whose healing, and cheering, and saving mercy shines in brightest splendour. It is the Spirit that quickeneth and convinceth of sin, who having begun a good work in the soul is pledged to carry it on to the day of Jesus Christ. To the penitent sinner the process appears protracted and tedious, and he doubts whether it is a God-work at all; but when the day breaks, and the shadows flee away, wisdom is justified of her children, and the glad confession is made, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life." The day of salvation arrived, the time of love, when the tempest should cease and the small still voice should speak, and these were the words, "COME UNTO ME ALL YE THAT LABOUR, AND ARE HEAVY LADEN, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST." He had heard and read the text scores, hundreds of times, but it was words only, now it was attended with power and much assurance. His own account of the manner is that "the words came not in the form of a command enjoining any condition to be performed, but clothed with sovereign majesty, and to manifest and impart divine love and mercy; like the term *let* in Gen. i. 3, and the word *live* Ezek xvi. 6; so here "Come unto me." It was the voice of my beloved, not standing at a distance to wait for my approach unto him, but by which his presence entered my soul as one *mighty* to save; for no sooner had he spoken to my heart, than I felt myself in his embrace; my burden fled, and I enjoyed sweet rest and peace in my soul. I found also his yoke to be easy and his burden light. I cheerfully forsook my former ways and companions in sin, and could say, the time past of my life may suffice to have wrought the will of the flesh. Indeed, a new life was begun in my soul, a life of prayer and devotedness to God wherein I was indulged with frequent access to the throne of grace, and sweet communion with my Lord, and enjoyed some precious tokens of his love.

(To be continued).

THY WILL BE DONE,

By WILLIAM STOKES of Manchester. Author of the Olive Branch," &c. &c.

Matthew vi. 10.

When bereft of every joy,
When dark cares my thoughts employ,
When fierce enemies annoy,
Thy will be done.

When the heart is filled with fear,
When the eye pours sorrow's tear,
When foreboding ills are near,
Thy will be done.

When each pleasing scene has fled,
When fond hope itself is dead,
When all skies are overspread,
Thy will be done.

When the tempter's power is nigh,
When the tempest rages high,
When loud thunders shake the sky,
Thy will be done.

When the last great foe shall bring,
Mortal terror in his sting,
Then I'll lift my voice and sing,
Thy will be done.

When around this earthly ball,
Death shall cast the fun'ral pall,
Then in nobler words—by all,
Thy will be done.

The Late Mr. George Abrahams,

A REMINISCENCE AND A REVIEW.

ONE fine Sabbath morning in the autumn of 1841, I recollect, when at the breakfast table, asking my father, "Where are you going this morning?" The covers of the *Gospel Standard* and the *Herald* were consulted without any satisfactory result apparently to my parent. Presently, however, he said, "There's a Mr. Abrahams, a converted Jew, a minister of great repute, who preaches somewhere in the City road; we will go and hear him."

We started early (I used to go out earlier in those days), and, after reaching the City road, we crossed the bridge which spans the canal, and in doing so stopped to listen to the blind man who sat there reading the Word of God. Soon we found ourselves in Regent street chapel, which in those days was crowded, and we had to wait no little time ere we could get a seat. I recollect that he took for his text "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth?" Those who knew George Abrahams can well imagine what a sermon he would preach from such a text. I never again heard Mr. Abrahams in Regent street chapel; but several times in other places, especially at Jewry street, Aldgate, where he used to preach one evening in the week.

I had one interview with Mr. Abrahams at Jewry street. The Lord had been pleased to make his ministry there instrumental to one near and dear to me in bringing him out of bondage, and he had written to request that he might be permitted to hold some conversation with him on the subject. I was the bearer of a letter, and waited some long time after the service for Mr. Abrahams' reply. I saw at last that he was leaving, and stepping up to him in as suitable a style as my awkward manner would command, I ventured to remind the good man that I had received no reply to the letter of which I was the bearer. He answered

me somewhat impetuously, "Tell your father I have nothing to give away." I told him that my father sought no pecuniary aid. He then read again the letter, apologized for his quick answer, and, with a smile, made the desired appointment.

"Do you know that Mr. Abrahams is dead?" asked a kind friend the other day.

"No!" I said, "I have long been promising myself the pleasure of hearing him once more;" but procrastination, that thief of time, and I might almost say bane of my life, had driven it off until it was "too late." No more shall any of us hear the musical though peculiar voice of George Abrahams. He roams no more in Achors vale. He has gone for ever to be with the Lord.

I read with some interest the brief notice of his death in *THE EARTHEN VESSEL* for December; and subsequently resolved, if possible, to visit Regent street chapel once more, to hear the funeral sermon which was announced to be preached by the Rev. Richard Luckin, of Woodbridge chapel, Clerkenwell. It was the first Sunday morning in December, very cold and very wet. There sat, as I believe, the same blind man upon the canal bridge; but the pulpit in Regent street chapel, draped in black, was empty. The chapel was soon filled, and nearly all wore sombre attire. Solemn but subdued grief seemed to sit upon many a face, and some seemed hardly able to recognise the fact that the man who had ministered unto them for years in holy things was no more.

The service was commenced by Mr. Bayfield, of Brighton, giving out the hymn commencing

"Believer, lift thy drooping head,"

which was sung to the good old tune of "Truro." Two portions of Scripture were then read, and earnest prayer offered by a promising young member of the church (Mr. Robert-

son) who has filled the pulpit several times with much acceptance to some of the church and congregation. While another hymn was being sung, Mr. Luckin with trembling limbs ascended the pulpit. Oh, what a change hath time wrought there! One could hardly believe that it was the Richard Luckin of twenty years ago.

With much apparent weakness, the preacher announced for his text 2 Timothy i. 12, "Nevertheless, I am not ashamed; for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

In commencing his address, Mr. Luckin said:—"The last time that I was with my departed brother and your beloved pastor, after dinner we retired and had some private conversation. He then spoke of his departure from time to eternity, and it was agreed between ourselves that if the Lord took him first, I was to officiate at his funeral, and preach his funeral sermon. If the Lord took me first he engaged to do the same for me. Your beloved pastor has only gone a little before us. Absent from the body he is present with the Lord. He has only fallen asleep in Jesus, and his body in the grave lies there to be reburied on the morning of the Resurrection, when Christ shall come to be glorified in all his saints." After this simple but touching introduction, Mr. Luckin spoke generally upon the chapter from which his text was taken, referring especially to the Apostle Paul's affection for his son Timothy, whom he desired to stir up to a proper use of the gifts with which the Lord had been pleased to endow him. He then proposed to consider his text under the four following heads:—1. The undaunted courage of the apostle Paul as a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. 2. His knowledge of Christ. 3. The confidence of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; and 4, the anticipated reward.

Under these four different heads, the preacher sought to draw a parallel between the ministry of the Apostle Paul and that of their deceased friend. The doctrines advanced by both were—1. The Trinity in

unity and the unity of the Trinity; 2. the incarnation of the Son of God; 3. the great atonement; 4. justification by faith, which is God's battle-axe of war; 5. effectual calling in the regenerating truth of the Holy Spirit; 6. the perseverance of the saints; 7. the resurrection of the dead, and 8, the perfect justification and glorification of the entire family of God.

Mr. Bayfield then read a short statement which had been prepared in reference to the deceased minister. They were, he said, a few scattered thoughts. Mr. Abrahams had laboured in the ministry for thirty-seven years, and, during that period many hundreds had been called by his instrumentality from darkness to light, and now being departed, he left behind him a character unblemished in the eyes of the world. He was born a Jew, nursed in the cradle of superstition, and educated by those who hated the name of Jesus. That name had since been the life of his soul, and the soul of his ministry. He enjoyed much sweet peace of mind in his sickness. When unable to speak he gave signs of happiness to those who interrogated him.

He was "steadfast through suffering." The last subjects of his ministrations were indicative of his life and walk. The last Sunday he preached was November 10, 1867, when he took for his text Heb. x. 22; and the last sermon he preached was on the Thursday following Psalm lxxxix. 34.

THE WANDERER.

The sermon above referred to was, in part, taken down and printed by us, in 1842. There is one paragraph in it we will here quote, as it contains a striking sentence or two of his own experience. He said:—

"There is a period when God's elect have sin charged to their account. They have original sin, and actual transgression charged upon them, by God the Holy Ghost, and when they are brought to read the account, it appears so awful that they desire to read it no more. These charges lie so heavy on their consciences that they cannot sleep, neither can they find any peace. Now they feel more like devils than the elect of

God, for all their sins are laid open to their view, and dreadful is the sight. Now Satan charges the soul with sin also. I shall never forget, I do not wish to forget, when the devil accused me most sharply. Said he, 'You know that you hated the name of Christ, and despised Him.—When at Southampton, you know you said, No Jew would ever believe in Jesus Christ, and call him his Lord.—And do you not remember that, at Norwich, when the New Testament was opened you said the first chapter of it was full of lies?' 'Ah,' said I, 'it is all true. But God, who was rich in mercy, for his great love, wherewith he loved me, even when dead in trespasses and sins, hath pardoned me.' 'But how do you know that?' I know it, by the breaking down of this iron wall (my hard heart), which separated me from God; and immediately that fell down, I felt reconciliation. Oh! the joy and peace that then flowed into my soul! I cannot tell you a thousandth part of what I then experienced; but I thought He was such a dear Lord and Saviour to have mercy upon me. And I really am not ashamed to tell you that when I looked round for my sins, they appeared to be all gone. There was neither sin nor the devil to accuse me; but it was with me as with the poor woman in the Gospel, when all her accusers had fled. In this happy state I cried out, 'O! Lord, as you have save me out of hell, and pardoned, and blessed me, do make some use of me; let me be devoted to Thy honour, and the good of Thy dear people.' And He has answered my prayer."

There was, at times, a dissecting, penetrating, and heart-searching power in Mr. Abrahams's ministry. To us, at one time, he was a special blessing; and his memory is, by us, revered. In private conversation, we found him exceedingly severe against all ministers who gave not full proof of their ministry being of the Lord; while to all whom he received as the servants and saints of Christ, he always expressed the deepest sympathy, and most ardent affection. As some memoir of him will we hope be published, we shall

wait its issue; and then, if permitted may take a more comprehensive review of his life. In every way, the Lord highly and greatly honoured this departed man of God; but his work here is done; he is gone to his rest. Out of his large family, we should rejoice to hear one was raised up to fill his father's place.

THE FUNERAL.

The mortal remains of this beloved servant of Christ were laid in the family vault of Edward Gardiner, Esq., in Abney Park Cemetery, on Tuesday afternoon, November 26, 1867, as noticed in our last. A large assembly of friends were present to witness the solemn scenes, and to listen to the deeply sympathising prayers presented to the Lord, and addresses then delivered. The ministers, R. Luckin, A. J. Baxter, Robinson, and Thomas Bayfield conducted the services. Mr. Luckin's addresses both in the Church and at the grave, were drawn from the Scriptures and from the life and ministry of the deceased. The solemnities of death, as the fruits of the fall; and the blessedness of the Gospel revelations of salvation were truthfully and feelingly contrasted and expounded; and solid consolations were administered to the family, to the church, and to all who mourn the loss of a man so useful in that singularly peculiar life to which he was adapted.

A brass plate on the coffin contains the following inscription:—

Rev. George Abrahams.

DIED NOVEMBER 20TH, 1867.

AGED SIXTY-SEVEN.

A full report of all the services, sermons, &c., has been compiled and published by C. E. Verrall, of Brighton, and by Messrs. Houlston and Wright, of London, which will be interesting to all the friends of the deceased. At the close of the report, our correspondent, "R.'s," notice of Mr. Abrahams's death is given without any acknowledgment of its being taken from our pages. If we made any quotations from Mr. Verrall's report we should feel bound

to quote our authority; but this we pass.

A great and good man has gone home; he had a long and good day in the Gospel vineyard. From the beginning to the end of it, he wore well and worked well. God honoured and rewarded him; and now, before the Throne, he adareth that Saviour for ever, whom here he delighted to preach unto the people.

THE JOY OF PARDON.

BY AUGUSTUS L. HILLHOUSE

Trembling before Thine awful throne,
O Lord! in dust my sins I own,
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend! O smile, and heal the strife.

The Saviour smiles! upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll!
His voice proclaims my pardon found;
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

Earth has a joy unknown in heaven,
The new-born peace of sin forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels! never dimmed your sight.

Ye saw of old, on chariot rise,
The beauteous pillars of the skies;
Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.

Bright heralds of the Eternal Will,
Abroad His errand ye fulfil;
Or, thronged in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in His presence play.

Loud is the song; the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain;
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

But I amid your choir shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine.
Ye on your harps must learn to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

IT IS NOT SO IN HEAVEN.

BY E. J. SILVERTON, TRINITY BAPTIST CHURCH, BOROUGH.

This is a world oft changing shade,
Griefs number with our joy,
God's mercies glad my heart has made,
All else is but a toy.

'Mid choicest flowers which scent our
A garden in perfume, [breath,
Even there's the Sepulchre of death,
And there's the faded bloom.

We have no perfect treasure here,
Dross mingles with the gold,
The sunbeams shine away our care,
Then comes the chilling cold.

Where blooms the rose without a thorn,
Where lies the garden fair,
Where death has not his shadows thrown,
And cast his mildew there.

Withered leaves lie scattered round,
The mightiest oaks which grow;

See piles of earth, the open ground,
Where death its victims sow.

The flower in beauty lifts its head,
And ere the hand can pluck,
Its beauty, like a bird, has fled,
Death has its glory struck.

Joy and sorrow run a race,
Joy sometimes takes the lead,
But sorrow comes with rapid paces,
And bows the lifted head.

The sun shines through the broad spread sky
And all is fair and bright,
But soon the clouds come forth to cry
The approach of gloomy night.

Changing is our mortal state,
We fade, we droop, we die,
But Jesus shall His saints translate
To brighter worlds on high.

In Christ we have a perfect day,
He is the thornless rose,
He is the sinner's only way,
In Him the saints repose.

O, DO NOT BE SILENT TO ME!

O, do not be silent to me,
My Father, who ruleth above!
My soul is now waiting for Thee;
O, speak in Thy fulness of love!
All day and all night
I wait for the light.

I watch for the pillar to move.

O, do not be silent to me!
I'm fainting with longing desire;
I'm earnestly watching to see,
Thy smile in the pillar of fire.

I pant for the grace,
That light of Thy face,
Which hopes of the future inspire.

O, do not be silent, I pray!
Dearest Saviour speak Thou to my
O, whisper a word by the way, [voice;
And hold me in blissful control.
Come nearer and say,
This,—this is the way,
Walk in it right on to the goal.

O, do not be silent! behold,
I cling to the cross that is stained
With blood, far more precious than gold
Or rubies, however obtained.

My heart-strings entwined
Around the true Vine;
I rejoice as Thy will has ordained.

O, do not be silent! Within
An unction of holiness light,
Brood ever, and purge me from sin,
And fill me with truest delight.

O, bid me go free!
Then led forth by Thee
My soul shall be strengthened with might.

O, do not be silent, lest I,
Like those that go down to the pit,
Should live as I list, and defy [kneet
Thy love and Thy grace that would
My soul to Thy side!
And there as Thy bride
Would exultingly sit at Thy feet.

Horbury. J. DIXON.

EXPOSITION OF ISALAH XLI.

VERSES 1-9.

BY MR. JAMES WELLS,

Of the Surrey Tabernacle, Wansley street,
Walworth road.

"Keep silence before me, O islands; and let the people renew their strength: let them come near; then let them speak: let us come near together to judgment."

DAVID saith that all our times are in the Lord's hands; and the adversary is at times permitted to stir up one thing and another in the minds of the people of God, so that they are scarcely able to get a single spiritual thought or spiritual feeling, much less any access to God. But when he comes in, and commands the adversary to be still; when he comes in, and commands the adversary to be silent, then are we glad because we are quiet, and are then favoured with a renewal of that accustomed fellowship with God, and of that accustomed spiritual feeling of mind, that some of us know something of the blessedness of. And this is the way the Lord is pleased to renew our strength, so that our meeting to-day without the Lord would be labour in vain. If he is not pleased to put his immortal breath into the word, and to enable you by his Spirit to lay hold of the same, no good can be obtained.

"Who raised up the righteous man from the east, called him to his foot, gave the nations before him, and made him rule over kings? he gave them as the dust to his sword, and as driven stubble to his bow."

There cannot, I think, be much doubt but that this verse historically refers to Cyrus, in those victories which the Lord gave him. But I think we may, in a way of accommodation, give the words; and, indeed, I am not sure that they are not intended to have a spiritual meaning. If so then they are very beautiful. They are very beautiful even historically, because Cyrus was raised up on behalf of the people of God; and the Lord was never at a loss for servants, or means by which to interpose for the objects of his eternal and immutable love. But if this language be taken spiritually, and applied to

the Saviour, it is then very beautiful, for he did indeed rule over everything. There was not anything ever ruled over him; for all the time they were treating him as they were, when they crucified him, they were not ruling; they were in appearance; but he in reality was ruling all the time, and kept his ground, and went through the scene precisely as it was predicted of him. So that we are not to judge by mere appearances, but to judge by the testimony of God, and the happy end to which he brings all that which he in mercy undertakes. Then, of course, the sword must be taken spiritually.

"He gave them as the dust to his sword, and as driven stubble to his bow."

It is the sword of God's truth hath brought us to our senses; we shall know what Abraham meant when he said, "I that am dust and ashes;" and we shall know what Job meant when he said, "Wilt thou pursue the dry stubble?" Such is the effect of the word of God in bringing us down.

"He pursued them, and passed safely; even by the way that he had not gone with his feet."

So the Saviour did. And it is a sweet thought—we must hang all our hope here, we must place all our confidence here—that Jesus Christ passed through life and through death safely. That is more than any man or woman under heaven can say of himself or herself. Because it means that he passed through life without sin, that he passed through death without sin. All danger lies in sin; but Christ passed through life and through death without sin; he did no sin; and he did this for sinners, for them that had sinned. And we are therefore to reject our own lives, to despise them, cast them, if I may so speak, overboard; deal with them as the man did with his garment—he cast away his garment, rose, and came to Jesus. Here then must be our confidence; here must be our safety. Everything else, you may depend upon it, will give way; but this never will. His work is done, it is finished; the righteousness is brought in, and all is safe.

"Who hath wrought and done it, calling

the generations from the beginning? I the Lord, the first, and with the last; I am he. The isles saw it and feared: the ends of the earth were afraid, drew near, and came. They helped every one his neighbour; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage. So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smoothed with the hammer him that smote the anvil, saying, It is ready for the soldering: and he fastened it with nails, that it should not be moved."

Now, what shall I say to such a Scripture as this, when I take into consideration the mercy of God towards us? Here are men working hard to make false gods, and to polish off false gods, and to finish false gods, and thereby protect themselves against the religion of Christ, and against the truth of God, and against the judgment of God. Ah, is it possible? is it possible that millions of our poor fellow-creatures even at this moment are so in the dark, and under such superstition and delusion, as to do in effect the very things here described? I am sure there is not a real Christian in all Christendom but must feel that he very poorly returns to the Lord that gratitude that is due to him for making us to differ, for delivering us from such unaccountable delusion, and bringing us to know his blessed name; for all are alike by nature.

And, then, mark the beautiful turn of language which the Lord uses, in order to show the difference between those that he does not teach and those that he does.

"But thou, O Israel, art my servant, Jacob whom I have chosen, the seed of Abraham my friend. Thou whom I have taken from the ends of the earth, and called thee from the chief men thereof, and said unto thee, Thou art my servant; I have chosen thee and not cast thee away."

I do not know how much longer I may live; but long or short, I shall never live long enough to forget these last words I have read;

"Thou art my servant, I have chosen thee, and not cast thee away."

I shall never forget the words, the reasons are these. Some years ago, when I was ill, nothing possessed my mind but that I was not a true servant of God; that I should be lost, die when I might; that I was not one of

God's chosen, and that now he had just begun to lay his hand upon me in a way of affliction, that affliction would go on, I should be summoned into his presence, and should be damned to all eternity. That was my state of mind for some few years ago, when I was ill, I did not know which way to look, nor what to do. Well, while I was in this state of mind, these words came to me; "Thou art my servant," they came into my soul like the oil and the wine to the man fallen among thieves; "I have chosen thee," the same power, "and not cast thee away;" the same power. So I thought, what a sweet thing it is, after all, thus to taste that the Lord is gracious. Now religion is thus a reality. There is real soul darkness felt; there is a real seeking after the Lord. And this was what I needed to bring me back again into the pulpit; for come back to it again I certainly could not, not in the state of mind I was in previous to these words being brought home with power. And just so, whatever you need, really so, in the Lord's estimation, in providence, he will find it for you; and whatever you need in grace, that is, in his estimation, not perhaps in your own estimation, but in his, he will find it for you. So the testimony stands, "My God shall supply all your needs" and we cannot question his ability to do so;

"My God shall supply all your needs, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

Our God is infinite, infinite in himself, and calls infinite worlds his own. If the present population of the globe be twelve hundred million persons, why, he has more worlds to call his own than there are persons that inhabit this globe. He is infinite in himself, infinite in external and internal resources. Ah, what a foundation of confidence is ours.

"My God shall supply all your needs, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

You will daily find, that the more you trust God, the more reason you will have to bless and praise him.—*Romaine.*

Our Churches, Our Pastors, and Our People.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH IN PARIS.

GLORIOUS was the faith of the apostles when looking out upon the Greek and Roman world covered with idolatrous institutions, and with political organizations cast in a despotic mould; the kingdom of heaven upon this earth being as yet only as a grain of mustard seed, they could feel the conscious conviction in their hearts that the Word of God would, nevertheless, have free course and be glorified. I never realized so fully the strength of that faith as when beholding, in Paris, in every direction, the domineering influence of the Papacy, opposing itself in every form to the entrance in the minds of the people of the simple truth as it is in Jesus. In its desire to attain a stronger hold on earthly power, the Roman Church has permitted the State, in every Catholic country, to subordinate her influence to political purposes. In France, it is the sword first, religion afterwards. The apparent helplessness of the conflict of Protestantism with Romanism in that country, is as liable to be impressed on the natural mind as to constitute a great temptation to those who, in Paris, profess religion, to cease from any aggressive effort, and I attribute to the deadening effect of yielding to that temptation the little energy displayed by the pastors and teachers of several of the English congregation in Paris; which languish on without increase of spirituality and energy from year to year.

Seeing that God works by human instrumentality in the extension of his Gospel, that his Spirit is as powerful as on the day of Pentecost, the opposition presented should only serve to stimulate Christian zeal. All this imposing outward display of the Romish Church, has all the unsubstantiality of a phantom, in respect to opposition to divine truth; the reliance of the Roman Church herself for the maintenance of the power she wields is chiefly on numbers, and the cohering power of the parts of the vast composite fabric, ever becoming more diverse, instead of gaining strength with time, are thus becoming more and more weakened.

Faith—not according to a human estimate of what faith should be—but coming up to the divine standard, is required to war against this power. Success is involved less in the number of those engaged in an aggressive warfare than in the character of their weapons.

In an "upper room" in Paris, recalling that in which the apostles once assembled, awaiting the coming of the Spirit, may be found the germ of that instrumentality which, in the belief of the writer, is destined to prepare the way of the Lord in that gay, and dissolute, and priest-ridden capital. I allude to what is known as the

French Baptist church, the congregation of which assembles in an edifice in the Rue des Bons Enfants, the lower floors of which are devoted to various purposes. The outside wayfarer, however, is arrested by the words, *Culte Evangelique*. Two services are held each Sunday, the one in French, the other in English, each being well attended. The pastors, M. Dez and M. Lepoids, are both Frenchmen, but the former preaches in English with remarkable ease, and his sermons are marked by a power and eloquence which will be long remembered by one who has once listened to him. During the period of the Exhibition there was an immensely full pulpit supply of English and American brethren, and it is to be hoped the present notice will be the means of making the church better known to our Baptist brethren visiting Paris. A fund is already established, and in course of gradual augmentation, for the erection of a separate edifice. The American Baptist Board has contributed a small sum annually to the support of the chapel, and will, no doubt, aid the new enterprise. The evidences of a living faith are not wanting among the members of the congregation; and it is to be hoped that the ministrations in the new edifice, blessed by the influences of the Spirit, may result in a large accession to the number of the faithful.

MOUNT ZION CHAPEL, SUNDAY SCHOOL, ST. MATTHIAS' ROAD, STOKES NEWINGTON GREEN.—FIRST ANNIVERSARY was held Lord's-day, October 20th. Three sermons were preached; morning by Mr. Cornwell, afternoon by Mr. Kaye, evening by C. W. Banks. On Tuesday, the 22nd, a number of friends took tea after which a public meeting (very greatly enlivened by the Walthamstow singing class, who kindly attended and sang pieces of sacred music at intervals), was held in the chapel. Prayer was offered by Mr. Lee. A few remarks from Mr. Cornwell. First annual Report was read by the Superintendent, showing the proceedings of the first year, and closing with a prayer from his fellow labourers; after which, he said, No doubt the question would be asked by some in the meeting that did not understand the routine of Sunday schools, What kind of teaching do you give the children? In answer to this he said, we have no confessional, where the children are taught to confess to sinful creatures like themselves; we put no Ritualistic Prayer Book into their hands to teach them to pray to saints, and to believe in the transubstantiation of bread and wine to be the real body and blood of Christ, as taught in our neighbourhood; but we endeavour to teach them the love of God as revealed in his holy Word;

and, in doing so, by the help of God, we find it the easiest way to get at the hearts of the children, and also have often been pleased to hear the teachers use the love of God as their principal theme of teaching. C. W. Banks was called upon to move the adoption of the Report. In doing so, he noticed three grand features:—1. Simplicity; 2. Prayer; 3. Appeal to the people for pecuniary aid; he also said he felt deeply interested in our welfare, being a little cause that he had known from the commencement; he also could sympathise with brother Cornwell in his trial and affliction having been in the same path himself, and he prayed that God would fortify his mind, and help him on his way, and he hoped the people would take care of him. Mr. Stanley, in a kind spirit, seconded the adoption of the report. Mr. Battson said, twelve months ago we met at the birth of the school, and now we meet again to celebrate its first birthday; he said, the school is a noble work, and with careful nursing it will grow up a mighty plant, and, under the blessing of God, good will come out of it. He proposed Mr. Cornwell as president, and Mr. E. Trotman as treasurer and secretary to the school. Mr. Lee, in rising, said he had much pleasure in seconding Mr. Cornwell as president, and Mr. E. Trotman as treasurer and secretary. He then spoke on the necessity of Sunday schools, and the good resulting; which he corroborated by mentioning one of the many incidents that came under his notice, he having travelled many thousands of miles by land and by water. After which he concluded by exhorting the teachers to follow on in the good work, asking the friends to support them in their work. Mr. Baugh, after speaking of the notorious neighbourhood in which we are placed, gave an excellent and encouraging address, and Mr. C. Cornwell pronounced the benediction. Thus ended, at 10.25, the best and most lively meeting we ever had.—W. MASLEN, Superintendent.

AN EXPLANATORY NOTE FROM MR. GEO. WYARD, SEN.

* * * THESE are certainly not times when the aged and faithful ministers of the Gospel should be divided by little misunderstandings. Never was it more desirable that all the truthful servants of the Lord should be banded together in faith, fellowship, and service and we trust the following kind, conciliatory, and explanatory note will reconcile the aggrieved. We regretted exceedingly the affliction endured by the venerable George Murrell, arising out of the late division. We could heartily have wished that the church should have been kept together until the Lord was pleased to call him home; but we have been thankful to learn from a Christian brother who frequently visits St. Neot's, that although a new chapel has been built nearly opposite Mr. Murrell's, and is filled; and although

Mr. Wyard has large audiences in the hall where he preaches, still, Mr. Murrell's congregations are as large, or nearly as large as ever. We will hope, therefore, that of these divisions, new causes, and apparently new systems of preaching, some good, in some way, will result. We give Mr. Wyard's letter as sent us.—Ed.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I regret to have again to call the attention of the churches to the unhappy circumstances which have taken place in connection with the late co-pastorate of my son at St. Neot's. I am sorry that the words which I employed in my letter to Mr. Murrell, (with respect to duty-faith) were capable of such a construction as they have received; and since from that construction many persons have been made to believe that I have changed my theological views, it is but right that I should fully and fairly state what I intended by the language I used. The clauses in question are as follow:—

"God's command is the only rule and authority; by this we should always abide. And for such a course (as the invitational and exhortative system) there does appear to be in the word both precept and precedence, while for the other there is only inference and certain conclusions, deducible from certain premises laid down after a logical form."

By the words "For such a course there does appear to be in the word both precept and precedence," I meant that, if we interpreted Scripture by the sound rather than by the sense of it, there are many passages which appear (but only appear) to support the doctrine known as "duty-faith."

With regard to the following clause, which reads thus, "For the other there is only inference and certain conclusions deducible from certain premises laid down after a logical form;" by "the other" I intended the opposite course, that is, that extreme at which some have arrived in opposing Mr. Fuller's system. For while the advocates of one extreme would teach the unconverted that it is their duty to believe savingly in Jesus Christ, those who advocate the opposite assure the ungodly that it is not their duty to believe at all. Hence I intended to say that, while the advocates of "duty-faith" had the appearance of scriptural authority, those who insist upon the other extreme have not an example in Scripture for their guidance, the only possible support for their statements being inferential.

In my own ministry, while seeking to avoid both extremes, I have taught that saving faith is the gift of God, arising from vital union to Christ under the new covenant; for the exercise of which those who are not interested in that covenant are not responsible; their responsibility being identical with that of Adam their only federal head, and being bounded by that law under which they are created. Hence I have endeavoured to show that their obligation under the Gospel dispensation is

such only as arises from the law of nature under which they stand, that law requiring them to hear the Gospel when opportunity is afforded, to believe its statements, and to obey its moral precepts.

Allow me again, Mr. Editor, to express my sincere regret that my words should have been so placed, or that I should have used such words as, without the explanation given, might very naturally lead to the construction put upon them in the pamphlet before referred to. Upon a closer inspection of what I then wrote, I must confess the sense put upon my words in the "plain statement" to be such as an upright mind might honestly arrive at. It was a sense of the injustice which seemed to be done me by the implication of a statement expressed in that pamphlet, which prompted my letter inserted in your magazine of last September, in which I described the implication as being "basely false and wickedly cruel." And being convinced, upon mature consideration, that the words I unguardedly used, under exciting circumstances, and the order in which they appear will justify the construction complained of, I feel it right to confess thus publicly my regret for having used expressions in the said letter which reflect upon the moral characters of Mr. Palmer and Mr. Atkinson, and I hereby beg to recall the same. I venture also to express my hope that the explanation thus given will clear my own character in the estimation of the churches, and that the unhappy differences which have existed, may henceforward give place to that love and confidence which should ever characterize the servants of our common Lord. I remain yours in the Gospel,

GEORGE WYARD, Sen.

AN APPEAL FROM SPAIN.

DEAR SIR,—It may not be known to all of your readers that in the year 1867 there exists in Europe a country where the Protestant religion is forbidden by law, and that for its subjects to profess it or attempt to promulgate it renders them liable to imprisonment, suffering, and death. That country is Spain, once the first power in Europe, but now sunk as a nation to the lowest state of moral degradation. Here Popery is all powerful, and its fruits are fully seen in the ignorance and abject servility of the people to the priesthood who take care that the gross darkness which envelopes the land shall not as far as they can prevent it be dispelled by the glorious light of the blessed Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ shining into their midst. As however, it is impossible to prevent the natural sun from shining upon our earth, so is it impossible, when the Holy Spirit pleases, to keep the Sun of righteousness from shining into men's hearts, and this God is doing, by means of the same blessed power, in Spain, from whence the cry has arisen for the word of life as you will see by the enclosed appeal,

which I should be glad for you to publish. The writer thereof is a French pastor well known to me, I having visited him in the autumn of last year, when I made a short excursion into Spain, but for the reasons therein mentioned I cannot give his name nor that of the Spaniard who writes, as it would subject the latter to all the consequences before mentioned. I have, however, said enough to guarantee the genuineness of the appeal. These poor Spaniards who are longing after the word of life are willing to brave the dangers of the law, if they can but get the pure word of God to read in their own language, and I am satisfied that many of your readers will cheerfully respond to their cry, and that I shall be enabled to send them the unadulterated word of life, so that they may be able to read in their own tongue the wonderful works of God. So great is the darkness overshadowing this unhappy country, owing to its entire subjugation to the Man of Sin and his priests, and the minds of the people are sunk to so low an ebb as regards knowledge either human or divine, that perhaps at the present day there does not exist in Europe so ignorant a population as that of Spain, and the consequent apathy arising from their ignorance (of which they are not aware) is such that they have no desire whatever to lift themselves out of their deplorable state of ignorance, and certainly the priests will not help them to do so, for if they did they know full well that their calling would be in danger, it being impossible for Popery and enlightenment to be united. But as the Christian is aware that the entrance of God's word gives light as well as life, he cannot look upon such a state of things with unconcern; and the Spirit which animated Paul of old when God was pleased to open his eyes, animates him now, so that the question "What wilt thou have me to do?" is frequently arising from his heart when, under the deep sense of his own indebtedness as well as responsibility, he hears of cases such as the present, and this leads him to action as well as resolution, the more especially when he remembers the Master's acknowledgment of any work done for his poor disciples, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." May the Holy Spirit so work upon the hearts of your readers as to cause them to come to the help of their poor Spanish brethren, and by the circulation of the word of life may a large and effectual door be opened eventually for the preaching of the everlasting Gospel in that country. Any contributions which may be sent to me I will acknowledge in your journal.

JAS MOTE.

38, Bucklersbury, London, E.C. Dec. 1867.

[TRANSLATION.]

In the midst of the disquiet of Spain, the Lord carries on his work, and employs the trials which men suffer as a means of making them sensible of their

spiritual misery and their need of heavenly consolations. If it is the duty of all Christians to work for the salvation of souls, the evangelization of Spain especially claims the attention of French Protestants, and it is desirable that a religious society should undertake this work, and pursue it with the intelligence, the energy, and the *prudence* which it demands.

May there not be found, in some one of our great towns, two or three members of our church with hearts touched by the anguish of these thousands of Spaniards who are thirsting for truth, for holiness, and for peace? May it please God to arouse the consciences of many Christians, and to incline their hearts in favour of this unhappy people, so closely connected with us by language, character, and origin.

Pending the formation of a committee, I wish to enlist the sympathies, the prayers, and the support of all who, either in France or in any other countries, are interested in the advancement of the kingdom of God, in order that I may be placed in a position to distribute the Holy Scriptures and to publish some of our best tracts, in the Spanish language.

The communications and counsel of my brethren will not be less precious to me than their gifts.

I take the liberty of begging those who have it in their power to place copies of the Holy Scriptures in the hands of the Spanish refugees in France, Switzerland, and Belgium. The Word of God will be almost always gladly and thankfully received.

In order to give an idea of the wants which have to be satisfied, I venture to communicate some extracts, necessarily very incomplete, from the letters of a Spaniard. I withhold his name. When we are writing of Spain, the introduction of initials or names of places or persons may compromise the position, the liberty, and often the life of our friends. Discretion is, therefore, indispensable, even though it prevent our citing facts calculated to awaken interest and stimulate liberality.

—, August 16, 1867.

We beg you, in the name of God, to send us two Bibles, or at least a Bible and a New Testament, so that we may have the ineffable gratification of being able to read and hear the Word of God, which we ask on our knees. By granting us this favour the Word of God will be made known to poor souls who are thirsting for it, and who know no more of it than the name. We would have read it even with the notes of the Church of Antioch; we have tried to sell the few clothes which some of us still possessed; but we found it impossible to raise the sum of fifteen duros (£3), which is asked for the version of San Miguel.

Most of us are without clothing. We might ask relief for our bodily wants, but it is a question of our souls, and for these we seek nourishment.

August 21, 1867.

May God have pity on us! May he cause his light to penetrate Spain, and no longer to remain hid under a bushel! The people, and generally the youth, demand religious liberty.

August 28, 1867.

Since I received the Bible, two New Testaments, and three little tracts, these books have not ceased to pass from hand to hand. I am infinitely rejoiced to witness the avidity of these poor souls for instruction in the truth. They say to me: "It is indeed true! It is indeed well written and explained! Everybody may understand these books, for nothing could be more simple and clear."

If you can, send me one more Bible, a prayer-book, and a hymn-book. Salute all our brethren, and beg them not to forget us in their prayers. We should be glad to receive some controversial books, which would be useful to us.

September 6, 1867.

I can assure you that I and those who are with me regard the life of the body as nothing, and seek only that of the soul.

September 10, 1867.

I have hastened to distribute the relief you have sent me in the following manner. . . . We bless God, and rejoice in having found some one able to guide us in the narrow way.

GEORGE COOK, AND THE CAUSE OF GOD AT IRLINGBOROUGH.—DEAR BROTHER,—Being a constant reader of "THE EARTHEN VESSEL," I have watched with intense interest the rise and progress of many causes of truth, especially during the rise and progress of many causes of truth, especially during the last few years. Is it not a pleasing and cheering fact that even in these days of spiritual declension some are able to report progress? I have read some very well written reports of very encouraging meetings held in Mr. George Cook's chapel, Irlingborough, and also a tract written by him entitled, "The Gospel; What is it, and who opposed it?" And being in the neighbourhood on Lord's day evening, November 8th, 1867, I felt very anxious to hear and see him; and should have called upon him before the time of evening service, but when I arrived, to my great astonishment I found between 700 and 800 persons in the street. Upon making inquiry, I learned that a funeral service was to be conducted by the object of my search. Mr. Cook walked in front of the coffin through the crowd into the chapel where he conducted a very solemn and impressive service; I shall never forget the prayer. With all his might he wrestled with God, he evidently was in right earnest when he asked the Lord to bless the church, congregation, and schools; but when he besought Heaven, in a very especial way and manner, to bless, support, and comfort, the sorrowing mother, he was in such agony of soul, and prayed so earnestly, that the big drops

of perspiration trickled down his face, the people were affected to tears, and the mother lifted up her head and wept aloud. The chapel was crowded in every part at this service, which was brought to a close about a quarter before six o'clock. Mr. Cook left the chapel for a few minutes, but ascended the pulpit at six o'clock and preached a most powerful sermon. First, the brevity of life and time and the solemnities of death and eternity. Secondly, the origin, powers, immortality, value, natural condition, and destiny of the soul. Thirdly, of salvation as a deliverance from sin, degradation, the world, Satan, misery, death and hell. Fourthly and lastly, of salvation as a restoration to all good, to holiness, happiness, honour and heaven. The whole Gospel was preached, saints were built up, seekers encouraged and sinners warned; and I am quite sure that the young pastor of the Baptist church retired to rest on the 3rd of Nov. 1867, "with his hands pure from the blood of all men." I came away praying in my heart, O Lord, send many such earnest, fearless, bold, and praying men into thy vineyard. I have since learned that eleven have been added to the church at Irthlingborough lately. Let us bless the Lord for what he has done and is doing. Let us look upward, take courage, and go ahead. The Lord is doing very many great and wonderful things in the kingdom of grace, bless his holy name. "Arise, O Lord, send prosperity." My dear brother, we have lost several brave soldiers lately, Parks, Palmer, and Abrahams. Doudney, is not well, and Cook is very ill; may the Lord spare your valuable life to us a little longer if it be his will. Mr. Cook has not fought so many battles as you, and it strikes me he never will. He is tall and thin; about twenty-four years of age, and is (it is thought) consumptive; the Lord can do great things, may he remove the physical indisposition and send him much prosperity. Yours in Jesus,

B. M. K.

MR. JAMES WELLS; AND MR.
NEWMAN HALL IN AMERICA
PREACHING TO THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EARTHEN
VESSEL."

DEAR SIR,—You are aware that Mr. Hall, of Surrey chapel, London, has been in America several weeks, and has been preaching to thousands of people in every large city. On Sunday, November 3rd, he preached four times in Brooklyn, each time to about 2,500 people, thousands went away each time, not being able to get into the churches. Never has there been such a time since the days of Whitfield in America.

But while Mr. Hall has been preaching to thousands in every kind of church except the Baptist, to satisfy the latter, part of a sermon preached by Mr. Wells on Sunday

morning, August 11, 1867, "Prosperity and Adversity," appeared in a Baptist paper, *The Christian Press*; a copy of which was sent to nearly every Baptist pastor in the United States; and it was read by thousands, and on the following day letters came to the editor asking, Why did you not publish all of that sermon? you must do so in the next edition. So out came all the sermon. The Baptists of America would welcome Mr. Wells as a true Baptist, and allow him to preach in their churches, or most of them if he were to come out to America. They would not like all he had to say; still, no doubt, great good would attend the word spoken by this truly sent servant of the Most High God. His is the preaching that we want in these parts. We cannot find anything to encourage us on our way; but all is despondency. The best that is preached is—You must come down to a certain standard, or else we cannot have any sympathy with you; the other is, You must be and do so and so, and join the church, and then you are all right. Such is the state of things. Still there are thousands in this land that would like to see honest men of God sent to preach to them; men who give the glory to God.

Is there no one of all the thousands of Gospel preachers in England that feel they are sent to preach in any place but England? Do they not read "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature?" While men come out here of the mongrel school, and gain thousands of friends, is there no one on the side of truth that will come and tell of the Saviour who found them out, and sent them to preach His truth to Greeks, Jews, and Gentiles? I do hope to see something in answer to this in the *VESSEL* in a few weeks. Cannot Mr. M'Cure come this way home to Australia? Let us know about the matter.

Mr. Editor, how is your Tabernacle getting on? I will get all I can for you. The friends out here gave a little towards Mr. Wells's Tabernacle, and are waiting to do the same for you. I should feel great pleasure in receiving any amounts if you will make it known in the *VESSEL*. You are made very useful in going from place to place in Old England, preaching the Gospel to thousands of his dear people. May you live still to a good old age to carry the same from town to town, and from village to village in the land of Gospel truth, so prays yours by the grace of God,

ROBERT LEE.

51, Nassau street, Brooklyn, New York.

ZION, GOLDINGTON CRESCENT.

—That beautiful, and most pleasantly situated Baptist chapel, built by the exertions of the late beloved Mr. James Nunn is gone out of the denomination. This is to us most painful; but it is a solemn proof of the lack of united zeal, and of evangelical labour in our connexion. We would freely criticise this loss; but we should tread too heavily somewhere, therefore we only give a few lines from a note received. Our

friend says:—"The executors have refused our offer of £100 per annum for Zion; and taken an offer they say of £150 and repairs. So there is an end to our hopes of saving our chapel; but it does not seem right that a place so built and carried on as Zion was, should now be diverted and turned into another channel. The parties who have it are best described as a "ragged church." Well meaning people, no doubt, but don't hold the doctrines of free-grace. We are very sorry, but if Providence allows it, our best plan is to submit. Mr. George Webb, I am told, has taken a room in Caledonian road it will hold about 80 or 100 persons. We have been making great efforts to keep the school together, and are promised some rooms in "Hart's school-room." Perhaps you may remember that before Zion was built, we met in this place as a temporary; it is now called "Camden Hall." It would have been much to be regretted that so good a school should have fallen to the ground, and Providence appears to have interposed to prevent it. There will also be service conducted there under our friend Mr. Wheeler.

MRS. JOHN BRETT.

Some account of the happy death of the above departed saint was sent unto us by her bereaved husband, but the pressure of paper at end of year, and other things, prevented its insertion. In subsequent note, brother John Brett says:—"My dear wife's name before our marriage was Sarah Hall. She was born of God-fearing parents, and brought up to go to church. Her brother James Hall is a member of Mendlesham church; he and I were both baptized together sixteen years since. James Hall lost his wife the same day as I lost mine; the two sisters-in-law both lay dead together. He is a man of great faith, and is much beloved in the church at Mendlesham. He is a farmer: was very fond of his sister Sarah (my wife) and he has sent me some sweet letters of hers. On the Monday night before my wife's death the nurse asked her whether she should pray with her? "O no, no, I have done with prayer it is turned into praise." Another time she said to me, "I die in peace with all men." How I shall meet my troubles and expenses I know not; but my God has all hearts in His hands. I remain your loving brother in the Gospel, JOHN BRETT, Hatton Middlesex.

[Many friends will be glad to hear the Lord is blessing John Brett's ministry in many places. His labours are in many parts rendered useful. We hope he will forgive us for not inserting more of the sayings of his beloved wife. All who knew her, believed she lived a life of faith in Jesus; and in sweet fellowship with the Lord she departed. She is now in glory with Him in whom she believed, and that is all that any can desire to know. We trust her bereaved husband will be long spared to preach the Gospel to the comfort

of multitudes of the redeemed, and then, with Paul, to be assured a crown of righteousness is awaiting his arrival in that pure and holy kingdom where separation by death, nor sorrows from sins, are ever known.—Ed.]

OHELMONDISTON.—"Only one." On Lord's-day Sept. 15th, I baptized a sister in the name of the Triune-Jehovah, Father, Son, and Spirit, in the river Orwell. It is often asked when the ordinance is about to be administered "how many are there?" if it is one, "oh, only one." Why should there be such indifference manifested at the unit? When Philip was instructed by the angel to go down to Gaza, which is desert, how many did he meet there and baptize? "Only one;" but he went on his way rejoicing. The partner of our sister was much opposed to her being baptized; the Lord was pleased to subdue his enmity; he attended the whole of the day at the several services, and has been a regular attendant since. "Who can tell?" Our sister's example has been followed with pleasing results. On the Lord's-day, Nov. 10th, I was again favoured to baptise two sisters, mother and daughter-in-law; the mother seventy years of age. In both cases in administering the ordinance there were a goodly number of spectators and very great attention paid; the weather very auspicious; not a breeze, nor a ripple upon the water; and the only motion seen was the successive waves imperceptibly gliding up to high water mark; and silently demonstrating the majesty and omnipotence of him who said "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." This beautiful river Orwell may have been honoured in bearing the royal yachts with crowned heads, princes, and nobles to behold the verdant meads, the stable oaks in their rich foliage, and noble mansions on either side, but never more than when those sisters were immersed in its waters; and we hope it will again soon be honoured, for there are several enquiring the way to Zion with their faces thitherward. Dear brother, the editor and brethren in the ministry, deacons and friends, who advocate and preach the yea and amen Gospel; and who are kept faithful to their trust; contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints; and to this blessed, but, now despised, ordinance. It still has, when faithfully and scripturally administered, the royal broad seal of Heaven's approbation as much as when God incarnate, our Saviour was baptized in the river Jordan by John.

Lord, we Thy precepts would obey.

In thy own footsteps tread;

Would die, be buried, rise with Thee,

Our ever living head.

G. G. WHORLOW.

ST. LUKE'S.—BETHESDA CHAPEL, RATCLIFF GROVE, LEVER STREET. On the 20th November an interesting meeting was held in connection with the Sick Visi-

ting Society. After tea, the chair was taken by Mr. Wyard, the pastor. The report stated that the society had been established forty-six years, having confined itself hitherto to the relief of the distress of the church and congregation only. During the past year, however, the benefits were made available for any case of distress, without regard to creed or denomination. 179 visits had been paid during the year, and the financial statement showed a small balance in hand. The lamented death of the late treasurer, Mr. Thickbroom, was noticed, as also that of Mr. Wicks, one of the visitors. Mr. Woollacott moved the adoption of the report and the election of the officers. Mr. Alderson, of East-street, Walworth, seconded the motion, insisting also on the duty of Christian liberality. He believed the Church should never confine its sympathies within its own pale, but that it was intended to be a light in the world. The Christian had nothing of his own: his talents, his property, were all his Master's. In the benevolent society with which he was connected, all the money was distributed outside the pale of the church—the members being well provided for from another source. Mr. Blake, of Dalston, spoke on "The sympathy of the Saviour with the afflicted. Mr. Griffin, on the connection between the sufferings of this present time and the eternal weight of glory which shall be revealed. A most interesting allusion was here made by a member of the church, who related that twenty years ago, a young man who had embraced infidel sentiments lay apparently at the point of death, and that a minister of the gospel visited and prayed with him, and, on taking his leave, lent him a book for perusal. These means had been blessed by God, and issued in the young man's conversion; but that, from that happy period, he had not hitherto had the opportunity of speaking to the servant of God by means of whom he had been brought to the Saviour; but the speaker, extending his hand to Mr. Woollacott, remarked—that opportunity had at last arrived, for the young man was the speaker, and the minister was Mr. Woollacott. After a few remarks from the Chairman, in acknowledgment of the honour God had thus given him, this interesting meeting was brought to a conclusion by the benediction.

CHADWELL STREET—The fourteenth anniversary of the opening of Mount Zion chapel was commemorated on Lord's-day, Dec. 8th, and on Tuesday evening Dec. 10th, by a tea and public meeting, as announced. The weather was very unfavourable on the Lord's-day, and kept many from attending who otherwise would have done so; notwithstanding, we had some choice provision and good spiritual entertainment. A blessed sermon in the morning from John xvii. 24, "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me

be with me where I am," &c. Brother Wilkins preached an encouraging discourse from Isaiah xlii. 25. "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thine iniquities," &c., and in the evening our pastor preached again from Isaiah xxxv. latter clause of the 9th verse, "And the redeemed shall walk there." As a proof of the truth received into the heart notwithstanding the disadvantages of the weather, and the many absentees, we had a better collection than usual. On Tuesday evening, upwards of 200 friends took tea, and at half-past six, the public meeting was held. A short statement as to the origin, rise, and progress of the cause was given by our pastor, showing that the church had increased from thirty-four members in 1852 to 411 at the present time, about sixty of whom, however, in that period had passed over Jordan, and many we have at the present time drawing near to the margin. Our young brother Griffin addressed the Lord in prayer at the opening, and our brethren Dickerson, Foreman, Meeres, Milner, Webb, and Carpenter, late of Warboys, addressed the meeting on their several subjects in a spiritual, profitable, and edifying manner.

HITCHIN.—Mount Zion chapel. Mr. W. Hawkins preached here on Lord's-day, Dec. 8th, and collections were made on behalf of the building fund. This excellent place of worship was opened for service in 1860, it cost £740 10s. Mr. W. Tucker's ministry has been owned of the Lord, though the friends have been very much opposed, have continued until now in godly and truthful union, and have now the pleasure to know that the sum of £510 have been paid off the cost, besides £37 for interest, but having in principal and interest now a debt of £240, they are very anxious to be free of such a burden that more might be given to their pastor. In the evening service instead of a sermon, an important scripture lesson was given according to announcement, by bills, to Sunday school children and others. A good congregation was present, who congratulated their esteemed friend Hawkins for the happiness conferred on the youthful gathering and the completeness in which they mastered the beautiful theme of the lesson, also declaring their own edification.

SOUTH HACKNEY.—Baptist chapel, Speldhurst road, near the church. On Lord's-day, Dec. 8th, the above place was opened; Mr. G. Elven preached two appropriate sermons, morning on the words of Christ "Where two or three," &c, evening "But we preach Christ crucified," &c. In the afternoon, Mr. Blake, of Dalston, preached an earnest discourse on the words of Solomon, 1 Kings vii. 29, "That thine eyes may be open towards this house night and day." On the following Tuesday, a public meeting was held, Mr. Maycock in the chair. After singing and prayer, the

president made a brief but eloquent speech, followed by Messrs. Felton, Woodard, Blake, and Dearsley, who, in suitable addresses shewed their sympathy with the object, and wished the friends God speed. In the course of the evening Mr. Austin stated the motive which prompted the friends to engage the place, to afford the Strict Baptists in the neighbourhood the privilege of a cause near their own homes. The attendance was cheering; they have reason to thank God, and take courage.

WALTHAM ABBEY.—"Truth" sends us a long note with a view to correct some things inserted last month; and to prove the necessity of having a useful and devoted minister of the Gospel in Waltham Abbey; seeing that nearly all the different sections of the churches there are in a low state. We have hesitated much over this note by "Truth" because 1st, we do not wish to insert anything injurious to any minister; and, secondly, because we know full well that it is but few ministers who are compelled to labour hard all the week at manual labour (and under afflicting circumstances too) who can successfully sustain the pastoral office, or, usefully fill the same pulpit. The remarks of "Truth" are too true; but we wish he could essentially, benefit the cause referred to, in its own circle; we do not wish to wound any good man.

NOTTING HILL.—Dear Brother,—There is an error in your excellent report of the meeting held at Johnson street chapel. Mr. Rowley spoke warmly, and your good correspondent has misunderstood him in reference to his own conversion. Six of his children have been baptized and added to the church. He himself was called by grace through the instrumentality of his late wife, was baptized at Alperton, and was in membership for some time with the late John Stevens; he joined us at Notting-hill, about nineteen years since. Mr. Rowley says he is willing to go and preach to any church who would at the same time allow a collection towards our Memorial Fund. Yours in the faith,

P. W. WILLIAMSON.

TO THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION WORSHIPPING IN THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY.

DEAR BRETHREN,—I have written the following brief account of my work and labours in England, descriptive of the leadings of Divine Providence, and the covenant faithfulness of our most gracious Lord, who hath said, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days so shall thy strength be," which shoes the Lord has most mercifully given unto me, so that I am able to walk on in the way, and by his strength to hold on my way.

In the December number of "THE EARTHEN VESSEL" you will read the report of the meeting at the Surrey Tabernacle, which was a triumphant one. The Christian kindness of Mr. Wells, his deacons, and friends, I shall never forget. I don't think that there was anyone present that night but was exceedingly thankful.

You will be pleased to know that wherever I have gone I have been well received. I am now waiting for other doors to be opened for me, for the months of January, February, and March.

The following is but a very short account of the places I have visited, the doors being opened for me in answer to prayer:—

"Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel," I said to the Lord as I was walking up the Strand on Friday, November 8th. I had not walked far before I met a man who was looking upon and down into a large anti-Popery bill, exposing "Peter Dens' Theology," that sink of moral pollution, the class books for all priest. I went up to the man, and enquired of him why he was thus engaged; he replied, "We are doing all that we can to expose Roman Catholicism," &c. I then said, "The Lord enable you to go on and prosper, I have been thus engaged in Sydney for some time." The man then said, "Oh sir, I wish you would call upon our secretary, he would be glad to see you. I replied, "I will some day." The man looked at me, and said, "Sir, I wish you would call now, you would find him in his office, and I am sure that he will be glad to see you." "Very well, my friend," I answered, "I will go now." In about five minutes I called upon the Secretary of the Protestant Electoral Union, to whom I said, "I have called by the request of one of your agents, only just to say that I wish you, as a Society, success in the name of the Lord. I have, for a long while been engaged in Australia exposing the monster Popery," &c.

The gentleman said, "I feel that it is quite a providence that you have called upon me. I have received a letter from Birmingham; they want a minister to preach at the Protestant Camp, Birmingham, on Sunday, and attend a public meeting to be held in Dudley on Monday. I hope that you will go; you will have an opportunity of preaching the Gospel, and exposing that 'mystery of iniquity.' You don't know what good you may be the means of doing, and I have no doubt it may be the means of raising up friends for you who would help you in the matter of your church debt; therefore it is your duty to go to Birmingham, and I will pay your expenses."

Having promised the Lord that he should guide me with his counsel, who had thus opened for me this door, I promised that I would go.

[We received this letter from our brother M'Cure, just as we were completing the magazine; we are, therefore, compelled to break off thus abruptly. Next month our readers may expect a detailed report of his work since in England.]

Blessed Dying Scenes and Sentences of the late Mr. Collis.

FOR SEVERAL YEARS PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, COGGESHALL, ESSEX.
WRITTEN BY HIS SON ELEAZAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EARTHEN VESSEL."

THE age of my dear father was sixty-eight years, October, 1866. The place of his birth, Braintree, in Essex, at which place he resided when he first joined a church. In the same town he also began first to preach. He with some few others became dissatisfied with the ministrations of the pastor where they attended, therefore they left the chapel, and met together in a house belonging to one of the number. Here my father joined with them in prayer, and also read the Scriptures, and endeavoured to expound them to the best of his ability. His gift was soon detected, hence he was desired by his friends to limit his observations to a text, which he ultimately did, midst much fear and trembling, although to their abundant satisfaction. My father's calling at this time was basket making. Subsequent to this, a room was rented where he remained for some time, but eventually unpleasantness of some description arose which resulted in his resigning his pastorate there. The cause still in existence in Braintree, of which Mr. Warren is the pastor, is the same as founded by my dear father, although of course but few, if any, are still remaining of the primeval number. After retiring from this people he went for some long time to a village in Cambridgeshire, about twenty-eight miles from Braintree, driving there on the Saturday, and returning on the Monday. The journey being so long, he was compelled to decline this, he not being very robust, and the fatigue so much affected his health. Leaving this place also, he was then invited to Halsted, a town seven miles distant. After having preached for some time in a room, it was resolved that a chapel should be built, in which he continued preaching for some eight or nine years. Here, also, discord broke in, and thus from the ill-treatment he received, he sent in his resignation, and briefly afterwards ceased his ministrations there. But, however, he continued idle but a short period. Some one connected with the Baptist denomination in Dunmow, having heard that he had left Halsted, gave him an invitation to go over to them one Sunday. At that time I remember there were only a few met together in a room belonging to one Mr. ———. Here my dear father preached so far as I can remember, for some two years or more, at the expiration of which time, the party to whom the room belonged, either becoming tired of his labours, or otherwise, gave him to understand that he wanted the room for his own use, and therefore my father very soon bade farewell to Dunmow.

And now we come to the place where his work ceased. Seventeen years ago last autumn (1866), my dear father began to open his mouth for God in Coggeshall, and continued to do so pretty regularly, until eight years ago, when, while preaching one Sabbath afternoon, he was seized with paralysis, the effects of which prostrated him so much that but little

hope remained that he would recover. This occurred in the month of October, and so far as my memory will help I believe he was unfitted for his preaching labours until the month of June or July in the year following. Discord during this interval appeared to have taken root, which soon resulted in my father's discontinuance of his pastoral duties there; after which for several years he went supplying at various places, to the profit of many I hope who may perchance peruse this memorial of my affectionate regard. The places to which I more particularly refer are Southminster, and Billericay, in both of which I believe there are persons that were greatly esteemed by my dear father, and who always reciprocated their high esteem for him for his work's sake.

My father's health became so impaired that he was compelled to rest from his labours twelve months before his demise, but the final attack lasted only eight weeks, during which time he was confined to his bed. The cause of his death was a complication of diseases, the list of which I append from the doctor's certificate. Paralysis of eight years standing; liver complaint and hemorrhoids long standing, hemorrhage eleven days.

My dear father's calmness and confidence at the approach of his dissolution were extremely great, not that I was surprised to see him thus, as I had always imagined that this would be his condition of mind under such an event, although I am aware that Christians of great faith sometimes at such an extremity are very much tried and perplexed; but my dear father's normal state of mind was a happy and joyous looking forward to an inheritance above, of which he truly felt he had here received the earnest, although once or twice I heard him say, the devil had been trying to peep in but that was all he could do.

One morning while standing by his bedside, he said, as if to assure me of his firmness and hope in death, "I dread no more to die, than I should fear to be carried into the next room; for what have I to fear? the sting of death is taken away."

"If sin be pardoned, I'm secure,
Death has no sting beside,
The law gave sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died."

At another time he said, "I feel sure if there is such a place as heaven, and anyone ever went, I shall go, I cannot feel otherwise, I cannot doubt him who has been such a friend to me for so many years past. For forty-eight years has he been my friend, and has helped me through all the many trials and difficulties that have fallen to my lot, and now to doubt him would be sinful.

At another time, he said, "I shall soon be gone, I have only now to cross Jordan's stream, but in this I am not alone; Christ is with me, I cannot doubt it, for as sure as Moses was hidden in the rock, so sure am I there also, and although Satan has many times shaken me in it, still he has never been able to shake me off it."

When suffering much he would say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly;" but wishing at the same time for patience to endure his sufferings, and also to wait the appointed time, remarking that he dare not rebel, but still he might tell out his complaints into the ears of his Saviour. Repeatedly too, I heard him quote the following words, "In my Father's house are many mansions," &c. "Yes," he said, "the mansion

is prepared for me, and I for the mansion; each is to be occupied, and I believe there is one for me." Once he said, "I have no particular ecstasies,* but a solid resting upon the finished work of the Saviour."

The remembrance of his early life appeared to remain extremely vivid in his memory, often did he mention his youthful vileness, and the sovereign grace

"That taught his roving feet
To tread the heavenly road."

Observing once at the same time that not one of all the string of his youthful companions had given any satisfactory proof of real regeneration, and why him? left as it were alone in the world without any restraint; but perhaps upon this point I may write a little more at some future opportunity. We read, he once said, "when John was on the isle of Patmos, that he saw Christ crowned with many crowns," emphatically uttering at the same time these words, "he shall have mine too." At another time with much feeling, he repeated the following lines: "While I draw this fleeting breath," &c., the verse through. At another time when life seemed to him but very short, he rehearsed these lines full of emotion, as nearly as I can remember they ran as follows:

"And when my feeble heart-strings break,
How sweet the moments roll;
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul."

At another time these lines seemed to give him great comfort and satisfaction, "There is a land of pure delight," &c.; but the only hymn, he said, that he could sweetly follow through, was,

"There is a fountain filled with blood,"

which he particularly desired to be sung at his funeral service. On one occasion to, he solemnly and earnestly observed, "What a mercy for him that Christ came to save sinners," and he said, "I know I am a sinner, and therefore He is just such a Saviour as I need, I cannot boast of any merits of my own, nor do I see that there is any other way by which to be saved, nor would I be saved by any other means if I could."

I was very pleased to hear him refer to his life, in relation to some few months past, although at the same time it caused me great regret, for during that period, I had rather rashly accused him of apathy in connection with spiritual matters, as I never saw him reading, or even heard him engage in the service of prayer. But upon this he fully relieved my mind of all previous hard thoughts by the observations made, and unsolicited on that very point. So he said although he had not been able to read the word, the word had read in him. I had noticed as a rule how early he used to rise, but concluded that his so doing, originated from the restless nights he almost invariably spent, such were his sufferings for months before his final attack. His motive he acknowledged was partly because of his restlessness, but also said during those seasons when all alone he had spent such blessed times as he should never, never forget, such sweet visits as he had never before enjoyed, in fact, he said he was compelled to say with Jacob, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me," "and he does bless me too, I am sure." This was not mere speculative talk I feel confident, but was all

* That was at the time I wrote this part of my memoir, but afterwards as you will discover he enjoyed great rapture.

spoken from feelings of purest sincerity, while the tears trickled with emotion down his pallid cheeks to ratify the truth. At another time he very feelingly recited the following lines,

"The terrors of law and of God,
With me can have nothing to do,
My Saviour's obedience and blood,
Hide all my transgressions from view."

at another time,

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me."

The following were very comforting to his mind, and greatly enjoyed by him, and which he would repeat with considerable emotion.

"By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest,
My soul thy wings expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast.
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more."

Once during his conversation with me he said, "David didn't disturb himself much when he was about to die, for he said, This day I go the way of all the earth, and David had'n't a better God than I have, nor a better hiding place." Upon another occasion he expressed himself with much emotion in the following lines :

"I shall be saved, for Christ displays superior power,
Over Satan, death, and hell—and sovereign grace."

and then again,

And after all the mercies past,
Will he let me sink at last?

To which he replied, "No! no! no!" These lines I also heard him repeat,

"No big words of ready talkers,
No dry doctrines will suffice,
Broken hearts and humble walkers,
These are dear in Jesus' eyes."

With much feeling he also repeated the following lines :

"I long to mount and soar away
To the bright worlds of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies."

After which he rather earnestly exclaimed, "Come! come! come!"

(To be continued.)

TIME AND TRUTH.

How swift do the seasons remove,
As year after year passes by;
'Tis sweet to rejoice in God's love,
Which never will alter or die.
Here, here is a firm, solid rock,
And all is but vapour beside;
How sweet to be sure that no shock
His saints from His love can divide.
Before time had ever its birth,
Or place for the mountains was found,
Or e'er thou hadst formed the earth,
Or given Creation its bound,
The love that we sing and adore
Shone forth in its lustre divine;

And when fleeting time is no more,
God's love will eternally shine.
Then let the years rapidly pass,
They will bring us the sooner to rest:
From conflict we then shall have passed,
In perfect felicity blest.
But still as the years pass away,
Oh, let not your heart be deceived;
Enquire, "Am I in the right way?"
Or, "Have I in Jesus believed?"
This question, Lord, answer for me,
And now, e'er this year shall depart,
Lord, help me to give unto Thee,
The humble and penitent heart.

Ohesham.

W. HAYDON.

The Weapon of all Prayer.

"Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men."—(Psalm xii. 1).

WHAT an inestimable privilege is real, in-wrought, grace-inspired prayer to the child of God! I do not mean saying prayers, or merely uttering words of prayer, but the sincere, spiritual, sensible, and affectionate pouring out of the heart under the eternal Spirit's influence, through the sacred medium, the only blood-opened way into the ears and bosom of the Lord of Sabaoth—that prayer that is forced out of the heart by the solemn and deep necessity felt of the blessing prayed for, and which very often vents itself from the breaking, burdened heart in sighs, desires, groans, and tears, which cannot be uttered in words—the prayer of faith. Oh, how powerful to reach Jehovah's ear, to move Jehovah's heart and arm. This has been the peculiar privilege of the Church of God in all ages. In times of special trouble, where is the heaven-born experienced traveller to Zion who cannot bear his testimony to the truth of this, and enter feelingly into the truth expressed by dear Cowper—

"That were a grief I could not bear,
Did'st thou not hear and answer prayer?
But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
Supports me under every load."

Soul troubles, bodily troubles, relative troubles, circumstantial troubles, church troubles, and national troubles, and sometimes a portion of these combined, and all meeting together and placed in the same cup for the child of God to drink. Why, sink the soul must under these weights and burdens were there not a secret, certain outlet, such an one as dear Hannah found at the mercy-seat, when she spake in the bitterness of her soul—when she spake in her heart, her lips only moved, but she poured out her soul before the Lord, and out of the abundance of her complaint and grief she spoke and relieved her sorrowful spirit, and her countenance bespoke the experienced relief. The vessel of mercy would sink, the Pilot well knows, if overfreighted; therefore, a look by precious faith lightens the sinking heart; and in real prayer, the cares, and sins, and sorrows are as really laded out of the heart of the poor sinking soul as the goods are laded out of a sinking vessel. Our sorrows and our tears we pour into the bosom of our God; He hears us in the mournful hour, and helps us to bear the heavy load. If prayer is so important to the individual child of God, how important is united prayer! O that the Spirit, in this respect, were poured out upon us from on high, to bring the living souls of God's dear family into vital union and communion with Christ, the living head, and with one another, so that the power of vital and practical godliness might be more manifest. Oh, that our prayer-meetings were characterised with more of that simplicity, fervour, devotion, and power, that characterised the saints of old, who met with one accord, in one place, and made their solemn supplications and grace-wrought appeals to Heaven's high throne. Surely, this is faith's retreat and resort still; the mighty God of Jacob still lives, whose ear is not heavy that it cannot hear, and his arm is not waxed short that He cannot save; the same Omnipotent arm that dried the sea, that cut Rahab,

that crushed the serpent's head, that wrought eternal redemption, and that hurled the mighty load of all the Church's guilt into oblivion ; that arm in connection with His heart of everlasting love is still outstretched to save his Hephzibah, his beloved spouse, and therefore, how suitable, and how important the prayer before us in these troublous and portentous times, Help, Lord ! Ah, vain is the help of man ; but our God still rideth upon the heavens by His name Jah for the help of His people against their numerous foes ; and though the clouds are gathering, and the state of professing Zion is most perplexing and distressing, though truth is still falling around us, faithful men of God removed home, and vital godliness at best at a very low ebb, here, ye highly favoured, much despised, yet honoured praying few, is our privilege. We have power with God ; we have influence in the high court of Heaven, though we may possess little or no influence on earth. How sweet the assurance—Zion's welfare, and Zion's Saviour's honour and glory are inseparable. O ! that our eyes, and hearts, and hands may be up, therefore, to the tranquil and steady throne of our exalted King, in whose skilful hands is entrusted all affairs of all worlds. Before our King the pomp and so-called greatness of nations sink into nothing, and all the teeming grasshoppers of earth are less than nothing, and vanity ; and in His affections, in His eternal mind, even in the mind and bosom of the Highest, we have a place. The people of God are scattered and divided, the ways of Zion do mourn, our enemies are to us mighty and confederate, the beast of Rome is again caressed in England, and the mark thereof is to be seen, alas ! on every hand, increasing power is being given to it ; our Parliament is deaf to the warning voice, and in vain we look to that source. O ! then, to realize the power of prayer by precious faith in the Lord of Hosts. While we have no might in ourselves against this great company that cometh against us, may our eyes be up unto Him whose precious promise is, " Whosoever shall gather together against Zion shall fall for her sake."

Podoxy is making rapid strides to its own destruction, for when she is ripe for the blow from the hand of our God, the blow will come, and an everlasting hallelujah will arise out of her destruction ; rivers of blood she has shed, and blood may flow again in old England, God only knows ; but this we know, for it is revealed, that she came from the bottomless pit, and shall certainly go there again when God's permissive will is accomplished by her existence ; and apostles, prophets, martyrs and saints shall shout in chorus over her destruction. " True and righteous are thy judgments, for thou hast judged the great whore which did corrupt the earth with her fornication, and hath avenged our blood at her hand. And again they said, Alleluia."

That the Lord the Spirit may arouse His sleeping saints and revive His work in all our hearts and in all His churches, especially in respect of united, solemn, and fervent prayer, is the desire of the humble writer,

GEORGE BURRELL.

God will never leave the believer, until he has accomplished all he has promised concerning him ; and God will never leave the sinner, until he has accomplished what he has threatened concerning him.

Lights and Shadows of a Pastor's Life.

BEING A DOZEN CHAPTERS IN THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A
LIVING MINISTER.

I MIGHT recount other incidents, of a providential nature in the life of my parents, though not so remarkable perhaps as those already related, but as I do not wish to tire the reader, I omit them. Suffice it to say then in closing this chapter, that they both lived to a good old age, and peacefully and happily fell asleep in Jesus; mother in her eightieth year; father in his eighty-eighth year, having lived together nearly sixty years. Mother's last words were, "I know whom I've believed."

Just before father died, I said to him, "Have you any fear of death?" "Not the least," he said. "No more," I replied, "than if you were going to sleep?" "No," he answered, "I shall soon be with Jesus;" and as his spirit made the exchange of worlds, an exclamation of joy escaped his quivering lips, and a smile of unspeakable delight lit up his closing eye, and then he fell asleep. And so are they for ever with the Lord! 'Tis my happy privilege to say in the language of Cowper,

My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The son of parents passed into the skies.

Chapter II.—CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

I was born at W——, in Kent, being the youngest but one of ten children, four of whom died in their infancy, one went to America, and was heard of no more, two died at the age of fifty-one, two sisters and myself alone remain. Soon after my birth, my parents removed to D——, where I was sent to the Sabbath school, attached to the Independent chapel, High street. There I continued till I was fourteen. I have still a lively and grateful recollection of my teachers, and my dear old Sunday school; nearly all the education I ever received, I received there. The only faculty of my mind which seemed to stand out above the ordinary, at this time, was memory. I remember learning in one week, fifty-one hymns, and repeating them to my teacher on the following Sunday, for which I obtained a handsome reward.

About this time I began writing little hymns; I remember well the surprise I felt when I had composed the first, as I could not believe it was my own, I thought I must have read it somewhere, and forgotten where. It was as follows:—

Jesus, keep me from despair,
O Lord Jesus, hear my prayer;
Keep me from the dangerous foe,
Hold me, do not let me go!
Drive away my unbelief,
Let my sin be all my grief;
All my comforts from thee flow,
Hold me, do not let me go!

Years after, when I was a young man, I called in the evening upon a friend with whom I had recently become acquainted, and one of his little ones on going to bed, knelt down, and repeated the verses as its evening prayer. It had, unknown to me, been published in a child's magazine, where he had seen it, and taught it his child.

As soon as I was able to read, I was seized with a perfect passion for books; I soon read what few my parents possessed, and borrowed every book I could find in the neighbourhood. When I was about fifteen, I was put out to one or two situations, but I had a strong aversion to everything of a mercantile nature, and seized every opportunity to gratify my thirst for reading. With an old schoolfellow who is now a popular Independent minister at Brighton, I was in the habit of a summer morning about five o'clock, of taking a ramble over Blackheath, and on a high hill known as the "point," we used to recite alternate speeches of Lord Brougham's, or translations from Cicero, varied occasionally with passages from the sermons of James Parsons and Henry Melville. We endeavoured to ascertain how far our voices could be distinctly heard.

In an emulative spirit, we challenged each other to see who could learn passages from the poets with the greatest rapidity. We soon committed to memory the whole of the "Beauties of Byron," with many of the poems of Mrs. Hemans and Crabbe. At this time I committed to memory the first four books of Young's Night Thoughts.

A young man's Christian instruction society being planned by the superintendent of the Sabbath school, I and six other youths became the first members, and it fell to my lot to deliver the second essay, the subject, "The Efficacy of Prayer," though of its experimental efficacy at that time I knew nothing. But there at least I acquired the first rudiments of public speaking. It was when I was between fourteen and fifteen years of age that an old volume of Erskine's "Gospel Sonnets" fell into my hands. I happened to open it on a page, containing a Latin poem on Creation. I felt vexed that I could not read it, and determined that I would. I at once committed it to memory, and likewise the free translation that followed. A gentleman hearing me repeat it one day, asked me if I could parse it? I said "No." "Then," he said, "you only repeat it as a parrot would repeat it." I felt the truth of the remark and felt keenly stung by it. But I determined from that hour that I would not rest till I could "parse" it. I went the same day to an old bookseller, (a godly old man, a member of the late Mr. Stevens) and bought an old Latin grammar of him, for which I gave fourpence. I commenced studying it forthwith, but was floored on the very threshold, as I had never learnt the grammar of my own tongue, and consequently the grammatical terms, conjugations, inflections, declensions, moods, tenses, &c., were a perfect jargon of unmeaning sounds to me. I had therefore to lay aside the Latin, for Lindley Murray's grammar. I addressed myself to the study of this in right earnest, and soon found great pleasure in it, as difficulty after difficulty vanished out of my way. Etymology, was a part of grammar in which I took special interest. In a few weeks I found myself sufficiently advanced in the general principles of grammar, to warrant me in attacking the Latin, for I still felt the sting of that "parrot" remark, and still felt.

determined to persevere till I could "parse" the poem. But I had not proceeded far in the Latin grammar, before another thought crossed my mind. I felt the dryness and tedium of many of the grammatical details, with nothing to which I could apply them; solutions of difficulties which I had never encountered and therefore could not prize at its full value the solution itself. It was as though a man should volunteer to give me detailed instruction as to the best method of ascending the Alps, when there was no probability of my ever seeing them. If I had met this man on the contrary at the foot of the Alps, just as I was preparing to ascend them, I should have felt deeply grateful for the information which smoothed down the difficulties. Now I had met with no "Latin" Alps, and consequently didn't prize the grammatical information which told me the best way to surmount them. The question crossed my mind too, how did I learn my mother tongue? Why, by practice first, and its theory and principles afterwards. In other words I encountered the "Alps," and went to Lindley Murray to show me the way over, so then thought I, will I do with the Latin, and throwing aside for a time the grammar I purchased a Latin Testament, and commenced reading the first chapter of John, with my English Testament by my side. Thus I read the Latin Testament through; as difficulties arose I turned to the grammar for their solution, and then found a pleasure in its study. I then obtained Virgil's *Æneid* in Latin and English, interlinear edition, and soon made headway with that, till I was able to read the Latin with tolerable facility in about six months. I now went to the old bookseller again, (at whose stall I spent many, many pleasant hours reading, and who therefore knew me well), and asked him to change the Latin grammar for a French one, which he very kindly did. I purchased at the same time a French Testament, and began to read in that language the first of John. I was very considerably helped in my study of the French by my previous knowledge of the Latin, from which I found the French was a derivation. Its grammatical construction was based upon, and the vast mass of its words borrowed from the Latin, so that I was able to read it in a few weeks. The first work I read was *Telemaque*, after that *Verbot's Roman History*, *Voltaire's Histoire de Charles XII.*, and the works of *Massillon*, *Bossuet*, and *Saurin*. But the pronunciation was the great stumbling-block; I found no book could teach me. But just at this time I was introduced to a French gentleman, a *Monsieur Brandicourt*, who wished to perfect himself in the knowledge of English; I undertook to teach him, for which in return he taught me the pronunciation of the French. And thus that difficulty was surmounted. But for want of opportunity in conversing with Frenchmen, much that I acquired of the pronunciation has forsaken me, though I can still read it with as much facility as English.

(To be continued.)

THAT the thoughts of a natural man are only evil, see *Genesis* vi. 5. That his words are such, see *James* iii. 6, 8. That his works are such, see *Psalms* xiv. 2. And that his thoughts, words, and works are such, see *Romans* iii. 9, &c.

The things of time and sense appear great to the men of the world, because their views are wholly confined to them.

Memorials of the Life of Mr. Joseph Hamblin.

BY THOMAS JONES.

(Continued from page 22.)

"AND the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat : but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not : and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren" (Luke xxii. 31, 32). Conversion is often spoken of as the event of a day, complete, perfect, as regards time, and having all its sequences in heaven. The newly converted are apt to think so. They adopt the language of David in its fullest import :—"Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling" (Ps. cxvi. 8). They are made free from sin, and become the servants of righteousness ; their fruit must be holiness ; and the end everlasting life. The end, too, seems very near. Their treasure is in heaven, and their hearts are there also. They anticipate an early arrival at that paradise, and have no doubt they shall sing and rejoice all the way thither. "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child." Our brother Joseph was a child just born into newness of life, and he thought as a child, fancying he should not be troubled with fightings or fears any more. He realized the efficacy of the great atonement by peace in his conscience, a prayerful spirit, and sweet communings with God. Satan was discomfited, the old man was crucified. Surely he was all right, and would be always right. He drank of the wine and milk dispensed by rich mercy, without money and without price, and was bold to say, "My beloved is mine, and I am his." Yes, he was converted ; but he was a child, not a man. He must be schooled : "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord." "The wise shall inherit glory." He was chosen to be a soldier, and must be trained to the use of arms. There were chambers of imagery not yet explored. He must not be ignorant of Satan's devices, but be prepared to war a good warfare, to fight the good fight of faith, and overcome by the blood of the Lamb. To endure the end he must be sifted in Satan's sieve, to expose the chaff and the concealed evils of the flesh. He must be made strong out of weakness ; must be re-converted, and thus be better fitted to strengthen his tried and tempted brethren.

He had for some time been walking in the light of the living, and without suspicion of danger, when one Sabbath morning, as he sat listening to the pure words of the Lord, the enemy burst in with a flood of filthy disgusting thoughts, which filled him with surprise, and shame, and embarrassment, so that he could not attend to the preaching with any comfort. This was a new and unexpected thing ; but it was an old stratagem of the enemy's. "When the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord Satan came also among them." "We wrestle not against flesh and blood (only), but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, and against spiritual wickedness in high places." It was a casting down to our friend. He had not supposed there was room in his soul for such an irruption of vileness, and he feared lest there was any complicity on

his part, any agreement with the evil. He retired to his closet as soon as he could, and made his complaint to the Lord; and while he was entreating the Lord for repeated pardon and restored peace, he was met with such an expression of pity and love that dissolved his heart to thankfulness, and removed every sting and stain from his heart. The sufficiency and beauty of Jesus filled him with admiration; he himself was nothing, and Christ was all in all. It was to him a time of rejoicing and praise. Satan was repulsed and grace triumphed. "Rejoice with trembling," is a precept wisely suited to our condition when most happy. We are prone to forget the counsel when most needed. If we are not very brave in fight we are still less vigilant in watching, and are prone to think every victory the final one. Joseph was happy in that love from which there is no separation. He nestled in the endearments of his kind Shepherd, and concluded that he was now beyond the reach of fear or danger. His mountain stood strong, and he should never be moved. His spirituality, zeal, and strength, would continue and increase till matured in grace he should go to his inheritance in the "better country." He heard old Christians talk of the falls and backslidings of some of the Lord's people, but he did not believe such things would come to himself. How could he forget the Lord's mercies, his forbearance, his condescension, his love-tokens, his thousand kind acts by which he was indebted? For him to forsake the Lord would be the extreme of ingratitude and baseness. Firmly, as Peter, he would assert himself in Peter's words, "Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended." "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child." "Who can understand his own errors?" We sometimes think we are trusting in God, when in reality we are trusting in ourselves. Our faith in Divine Omnipotence to keep us can only be in proportion to our consciousness of creature weakness, and our belief of Bible verities, describing our helplessness when standing alone. "Without me ye can do nothing."

Pride, which worked ruin both of angels and man, as it was first in revolt it is the last to surrender. It harbours in the depths of our being, and will take occasion even from grace itself, to inflate with vanity and make its poor silly dupe imagine himself to be something though he be as nothing. It can also ape humility, and might have been the idea which the ancients embodied in Proteus, the genius who assumed all shapes and forms. It is seen in the Pope, who calls himself "the servant of servants," and "higher than the kings of the earth;" who with much ceremony washes the feet of beggars, and now parades in gorgeous magnificence which men are required to look at on their knees. Pride in the Pharisees kept fasts, and made long prayers; and pride, taking mortal offence at his faithful utterances, moved them to murder the Son of God. This insidious worker of deceit stuck close to the subject of our memoir; caused him many a fall, and extorted from him many a groan. His tales of deception and declension is one "oft told." He was ignorant of the still total corruption of his fallen nature, and the policy subtilty, and force of the powers of darkness, which by painful experience he was left to prove. "In a little time, Satan, in total disguise, but full of infernal artifice, began to work on those feelings of my mind which are most lively in youth, and engaged my attention with such things which,

though not unlawful in themselves, yet were unprofitable to me, and thus the ardour of my soul, in its affection, desires, zeal, and diligence, began to abate. Upon this followed a spirit of indifference ; so that occasionally I could omit private prayer, and reading of the Scriptures ; and when I attended to these devotional exercises, it was not with that ardent desire after communion with the Lord, nor with the life and comfort I previously enjoyed. I had grieved the Spirit, my Lord was withdrawn, and I was fallen into carnal security." The psalmist had travelled in these bye paths, had been snared, entangled, and cast down, which made him pray so earnestly "Hold thou me up and I shall be safe." "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not."

There are varieties in the experiences of the church, but most Christians have felt occasion to adopt the poet's lines,

" Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love,
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above."

Joseph was not yet out of the sieve. Mire and dirt were cast up in the shaking till he abhorred himself in dust and ashes. He was not suffered to go far in open transgression, nor to bring reproach on the Saviour's name and cause, and for this he never ceased to give praise to preventing grace ; but iniquities abounded within him. Fierce temptations beset him, exciting the *lust of the flesh and of the mind, working in him all manner of concupiscence*, begetting swarms of obscene thoughts and vile imaginations, till it seemed as though his heart was a sink of loathsome impurity without a particle of soundness or sanctity in his whole substance. Against all this he had sharp rebukes of conscience, law terrors, dread of death and judgment, and a deserved hell. Under racking fears of "wrath to come," he made promises of a more determined resistance to vicious suggestions, of increased diligence in prayer and watchfulness, and closer and constant study of God's holy word. But what are good resolutions and solemn vows depending on human strength ? Satan and sin were too much for his weak powers. When he grew ever so valiant in purpose, Satan overcame him in the next contest, and laid his honour in the dust.

" When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is."

Sometimes a gleam of heavenly light would pierce the gloom and he would catch a glimpse of Jesus, and contrition and deep sorrow would pervade his soul, and like Peter he wept bitterly. The great lessons taught him by these unequal contests are thus summarised by himself ; "I now experienced the truth of many parts of the word of God, and found that to stand in the evil day, to mortify sin, and preserve a spiritual frame of mind, to repel the temptations of Satan, and to keep my soul alive, was not in my power. None but Jehovah can do these things. In an hour of temptation *"the law of sin* hath proposed some pleasure to the flesh, to be enjoyed by the gratification of its lusts, and I have been impelled on to it by sinful inclinations, too powerful for me to withstand, which, notwithstanding the

light of my mind, perceiving the evil of it, the checks of conscience warning me of its consequences, and a secret desire to avoid it, have borne me away into actual sin, and immediately after, Satan has become my accuser; guilt and horror have entered into my soul as though I should sink in despair." WITH GOD IS TERRIBLE MAJESTY.—Job xxxvii. 22.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE WILLIAM PALMER.

BY THOMAS FOWLER.

BEING a member of the church over which Mr. Palmer was the esteemed pastor, and having been favoured for some time, together with my dear wife, and family (the three eldest of whom we had the happiness of seeing him baptize) to sit under his ministry, I venture to furnish a few additional particulars to those given in *OCTOBER VESSEL*. It appears that it pleased the Lord to call him by his grace when he was about seventeen years of age, previous to which time he had been what might be termed, a gay youth, although he has told me that God had mercifully preserved him from actually committing some sins both before and after his call by grace, and yet he was made to groan under the feeling sense of those very sins rankling within him, and causing him to say with Paul "When I would do good, evil is present with me," and, "I had not known lust, except the law had said, thou shalt not covet," I remember him telling me once in particular that he was so fearfully tried in his mind respecting a grievous sin, that he was tempted almost to conclude that it must be impossible for him to be a child of God while being the subject of such feelings, and yet it was of that nature and character that he dare not mention it to any one; but it pleased the Lord so to order it as to cause a person, whose Christianity he could not doubt, to converse with him, and in the course of the conversation he said, "William, I should be the vilest sinner in the place (referring to the particular sin) were it not for the grace of God," and it was made the means of breaking the snare that bound him, for he then felt that there was yet hope, even for him. When he first became concerned about his soul, he set about weaving a righteousness of his own in order to satisfy divine justice, and fit himself for Heaven, and tried his utmost to keep his ways, words, and thoughts pure, but to use his own homely language, he said it was like a person trying to scale a wall, and just as he had nearly scrambled to the top, the bricks would give way and let him down with a crash. Hence his great fondness for that sweet hymn, portions of which he would so frequently quote,

"The more I strove against sin's power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard the Saviour say,
'Come hither, soul, I am the way,'"

and while quoting the last line he would beckon with his hand and endeavour to encourage sensible sinners to try the same remedy. On one occasion he was so fearfully tried about his eternal state, that he placed a stick upright in the ground, and concluded in his own mind that if it fell in one direction it would indicate his safety, but if in the other direction, that he would be lost, and it fell in the latter, which added greatly to his distress of mind. But God, who is rich in mercy, so ordered it, that that honoured servant of God, Mr. Tiptaft, preached a sermon in his neighbourhood, and it was made the means of setting his soul at happy liberty, and he would speak of him and his preaching in the most glowing terms. After which he followed his Master in the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, which exposed him to persecution, through which he had to leave his situation; but here he

proved that, "while they are yet speaking I will hear," &c., for just before he left the house, he retired to lay his case before the Lord, and as he was coming down stairs a knock came to the door, which resulted in his obtaining a much better situation immediately, thus proving the truth of that declaration, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, *I will deliver thee,*" &c.

Having had some painful proofs in the country that the people of God were not all perfection; he made up his mind when he came to London, that he would attend the means of grace, but would not let anyone know that he made a profession of religion; but on one occasion, after hearing a sermon at Zoar chapel, very profitably, he exclaimed to a person who sat beside him, "Ain't that nice?" so, like Peter, his speech betrayed him, and he used to mention this circumstance to prove the utter impossibility of the life of God in a believer being hid long under a bushel. After going from place to place to hear the word, he eventually united with a few friends meeting for worship in White Horse lane, Stepney, where he took part in the prayer meetings, with very much acceptance. He then began to speak in the name of the Lord in connection with the infant cause at Zion chapel, the origin of which you gave in October VESSEL. One circumstance is worthy of notice, previous to the present Mount Zion being built by our late dear pastor, there was a very large open-air tea and public meeting held in his field, on which occasion Mr. Stringer was called upon to pray, and that prayer was made the means of a young man becoming settled in the truth, and who now stands a consistent member of the church.

Several important matters, of a providential nature, might be named to show how wonderfully God provided him with means, to enable him to build a house for the Lord; but I forbear. It would appear that God who has said, "I will not give my glory to another," &c., saw, perhaps, that we were thinking a little too highly of his servant, and saw fit gradually to wean our affections off him, so that the shock might not be quite so severe when he was removed from us by death, for up to within the last few months the church went on in an almost uninterrupted state of prosperity; but our dear pastor having consented to preach one Lord's-day at Carlton, and proving very acceptable, he was asked to become the pastor of the church; and labouring at the time under an impression that his work was finished at Plaistow, he felt disposed to accept the invitation, much to the grief and discomfiture of our church, although he confessed it was not from want of love to us, but because he felt like having a large family to provide for, and having nothing to set upon the table; and although he abandoned the step, circumstances of a painful nature came about which he took very much to heart, and which told upon his health, and resulted in disease of his poor body; hence the terrible termination.

On the 13th of August he wrote me a note from Herts (where he had gone for change of air), wishing me to arrange with Mr. Steed to preach on the following Sunday afternoon on the occasion of the school anniversary, and he himself was to have preached morning and evening, but he became too ill to do so. In his note he stated that he was very poorly, and his medical man had advised him to keep quiet; and finished by saying, "I find it a great mercy to have a good hope founded upon the all-sufficiency of our adorable Christ."

At the close of our prayer-meeting, on the 20th of August, intelligence reached us that he was dangerously ill, and we at once arranged for one of the deacons to go off early next morning to see him. The result of that visit, as also the visit of our other deacon on the 25th instant, was given in October VESSEL. On the 26th I paid him a visit. When he saw me his dear face beamed with delight, and he embraced me in a most affectionate manner, and exclaimed, "Brother Fowler, the friends do seem to love me," as though he had laboured under a temptation to the contrary. I replied, "Yes, certainly they do," and asked him how he felt in his mind. He replied, "Middling." I said, "Do you find the promises sweet?" He

replied, "Sometimes." As it was not prudent to remain long at a time with him I withdrew until later in the day. When I saw him again he appeared low in his mind; and I shall not easily forget the expression of his countenance when he said, in a most emphatic manner, "Brother Fowler, I feel that I know nothing yet;" which I presumed he meant comparatively, as he appeared then labouring under darkness of soul; and he followed by saying, "If I recover I hope it may be sanctified." After praying with him [that those truths with which he had laboured to comfort others might be blessed to the comfort of his own soul, &c., he said, "Amen."

As he was becoming exhausted I took my final leave of him as regards this life; but I bless God for the comfortable hope I have, that one day I shall join him in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. He bade me an affectionate good-bye, and again embraced me, and said with emphasis, "Give my love to all," which he repeated; and said, "I don't know whether I shall come back to you again." I replied, "The Lord knows;" he said, "Yes." I then left him.

His mortal remains were interred in the quiet churchyard of Hertingfordbury, Herts, resting till the resurrection morn, when his mortal body, together with all the saints, shall put on immortality. The clergyman who performed the rites of Christian burial stated, that he should venerate the spot where lay the remains of a dear brother in the Lord.

IN FULL ASSURANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EARTHEN
VESSEL."

SIR.—Will you be so good as to give Mrs. Sarah Ann Daggatt's name a free passage in the free-grace VESSEL, that the readers and the members of the ransomed of the Lord Jesus Christ may see that one of the chosen and ransomed of the Lord have been called over the "swellings" of Jordan, leaning upon Christ, her beloved.

She was an old friend of Mr. William Gadsby. She died July 1st, 1867, in the sixty-fifth year of her age, in the full assurance of for ever being with the Lord. This memorial is ascribed to her memory by her loving husband, ROBERT DAGGATT.

15, Ann street, Hulme, Manchester.

Death's called a saint away,
From this vain world below,
To live in endless day,
And up to Jesus go.
Blessed angels, angels, angels, come,
To take her to her heavenly home.

Elijah, he did rise,
Not from the bed of death,
Above, to endless joys,
Saints overcome by faith.
And angel, angels on them wait,
To take them to the heavenly gate.

In Christ they fall asleep,
As holy Stephen did,
For Jesus knows his sheep,
There in His bosom hid.
The Father gave them to His Son,
To Christ the ransomed saints must come.

Death's but a sleep of rest,
Though in the dust they lie,
Their souls above, and blessed,
In worlds of endless joy.
And dying saints, they long to be
Above, eternal God, with Thee.

Upon the Saviour's breast,
They lean their dying head,
And in His arms they rest,
Upon their dying bed.
And joyfully their souls can sing,
Christ is my all, death's lost its sting.

O'er Jordan's swelling flood,
This saint did safely go,
And now above with God,
From this vain world below.
In robes of spotless white, she's dressed,
For ever and for ever blessed.

Her body's in the dust,
But it will rise again,
For all Thy saints they must:
How blessed she will be then.
When the Archangel's trump shall sound,
The dead in Christ shall leave the ground.

Oh, welcome, glorious day,
To all the chosen race,
With Christ they go away,
And see Him face to face.
And friends will meet before the Throne,
Each other know, as we are known.

We feel her loss below,
But we shall meet again,
And will each other know,
How blessed we will be then,
No more to part, no more to die,
In that eternal world of joy.

JOB'S MESSENGERS.

MY DEAR BROTHER RICHARD,—
My letters from home of late have been to me a succession of Job's messengers; one untoward event after another has been announced, but the last (which conveyed the sad tidings of the dissolution of our dear brother Benjamin) has, like in the case of Job, proved the heaviest blow of all. My emotions were too great to allow of my writing before; and even now I can hardly realize the heart-rending fact, that he has been taken from us, that I shall see his face no more on this earth. The circumstances connected with his final illness, and so sudden a removal, are of so painful a nature, as to render the wound even deeper and more afflicting still. "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." How ardently have I been looking forward to the time when we might all be for once again collected together, the remnants of a family, and the nearer that time approaches, the more impatient and eager have I grown. But these removals teach us to count upon nothing here below. And even the departure of dear Samuel for Canada, helps to sunder the ties which bind me to my native land. I had hoped in my contemplated visit to dear old England the coming year, to have been the means of producing another train of thought, if not of effecting more lasting benefit in the minds of these two youngest of my family, so that my intended brief stay in London might not prove without blessing, to those who appeared to me to want counsel and direction the most. But the Lord's will be done. It must be otherwise. He can work without our instrumentality. His dispensations are at times both painful and mysterious: Still, we are assured, that although "Clouds and darkness are round about him;" nevertheless "Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne." Assuredly if there were no other prospect of a better and unchangeable kingdom above, our existence here below would be burdensome and hopeless in the extreme. Nor can we envy

that man who desires to persuade himself, against the voices of reason and conscience, and the unerring Word of God, that a better state of things does not exist in another and a future world. The longer I live the more confirmed do I become in the truths of divine revelation. The principles of Christianity alone can support a man in death and in the contemplation of an hereafter. In regard to our dear departed Benjamin it is cause of thankfulness, that seeing his allotted days had been numbered, he was not permitted to suffer so much nor so long, as is frequently, and I may say generally the case with the patients afflicted with that truly dreadful disease. Our medical man, informed us of a young man who lingered on for some ten or twelve days in the most excruciating condition. As far as I have heard, no case of recovery has ever been known amongst the faculty. Our chief consolation in his removal would be to know that his spirit had taken its flight to rejoin our sainted parents above. As to this we can say nothing, but must put our hands upon our mouths in humble submission. I have read somewhere of an epitaph, I think it is to be found in Camberwell churchyard, of a man who was killed by being thrown from his horse, and it runs as follows:

"Between the stirrup and the ground,
I mercy sought and mercy found."

I am sure we shall meet many a soul in glory, whom we had not expected to see there, and, solemn thought, others whom we had counted to see we shall fail to recognise. I have as much confidence in the prayerful wrestlings of our dear parents on our behalf, as I am warranted to possess by the Word of God; but I would not dwell on this point, lest it lead those of us who are still living in the flesh to grow presumptuous, and to neglect making their calling and election sure. The prayers and piety of godly parents will never atone for the misdoings of a faithless offspring. Just as a righteous son cannot bear the iniquity of the father, no more can a righteous father bear the iniquity of the son. Read Ezek. xviii. I write to you rather than to

dear Samuel, as I should like to have done, in answer to his letter, inasmuch as I should be led to pen a longer epistle, than I can possibly now do. Within a few days, we leave our present habitation, and are already packing up our numerous effects and chattels. It is my desire to send Samuel some words of fraternal counsel and advice, on his starting to establish a home in a distant land. As I have not time before his departure, I must accomplish my wish somewhat later. At such a period in life, should a young man especially be reminded of the words of the Psalmist, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." If he is still with you, convey to him my most affectionate love, and sincerest wishes for the successful realization of all his hopes, as far as they are in conformity with the will of the Lord. To desire for him more than this, would be to wish him harm rather than blessing. He shall not be forgotten in my prayers. At that distance this is pretty well the only real service I can render him. Our encouragement is, that we know that He, who is everywhere present, doth hear us, and that we have the petitions that we desire of him. I would furthermore ask you to take an early opportunity of seeing Mr. Banks, and of thanking him also in my name for his continued tokens of attachment to our family. Assure him of my increasing remembrance and warmest Christian sympathies. Only "that day" will reveal the amount of good he has been indirectly instrumental in conferring upon the blinded children of Abraham in this and other distant parts of the world. Whilst sowing the seed of life within the walls of Crosby row, and Unicorn yard, he little thought that some grains of that seed would spring up beyond the limits of his native land, on the sunny and sandy shores of Africa. Let him be encouraged therefore to persevere, for he shall reap if he faint not. You will like to see a specimen of one of my Hebrew handbills, written and printed by myself, many thousands of which (of different descriptions) are being disseminated over the length and

breadth of the land. I send you one, get some Jew to translate it to you. We are all tolerably well. Cecile of course salutes you all. Yours sincerely, W. FENNER.

A NEW YEAR'S EPISTLE,

FROM SAMUEL FOSTER, TO HIS FRIEND,
MR. THOMAS PICKWORTH, OF NOTTINGHILL.

[The following has been given to us for the comfort of all who are afflicted, and need the consoling testimony of one who in the Lord favours with much faith, and with great nearness to himself.—ED.]

MY DEAR BROTHER, IN THE LORD, Peace be with you, and mercy multiplied from the God of peace, through the Prince of peace. I am spared once more to greet you in the name of the Lord: it is the first time in the new year; the Lord only knows if it may be the last. My times are in the Lord's hands; "All my appointed time will I wait till my change arrive." I do feel very ill this day, so weary and languid. Long nights and wearisome days are appointed me. I have had but little rest for several nights. I have a distressing cough, and for some time I have felt so much worse; but bless the Lord I know whom I have believed: my only hope is in Jesus. Jesus is my life, my hope, my strength, my righteousness, my all in all. You have no idea, my brother, the suffering of my poor body; but the Lord knows,—he knows every pain, every weakness; in all our afflictions he is afflicted. Thanks to my gracious God for such a friend as Jesus; so loving, so compassionate:—

His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

Last evening I was much cast down, oppressed by the trials and troubles of the way. This portion dropped sweetly into my soul, cheered my heart, strengthened my faith and hope in the Lord, and I am now looking to the fulfilment of his promise: "Do, Lord, as thou hast said:" "From this day will I bless you!" Sweet promise! Upon it I rest. I take hold of his strength, plead his promise, who hath said,

"In blessing I will bless thee." How sweet the word when the Lord makes it spirit and life; when he applies with power, with much assurance, and with joy in the Holy Ghost. It is in the hour of trouble and time of need the word is made most precious. It is then the Lord endears himself more to us, favours us with holy communion with himself, and turns our mourning into joy; comes leaping upon the mountains. We hear his sweet voice—"It is I, be not afraid." The storm is then a calm, and all is joy and peace in the Holy Ghost. I am now looking up to Jesus, my ever-loving, ever-faithful friend, leaning upon his arm. Our daily motto must be, "Looking often unto Jesus:" looking from self, from sin, to Jesus only. Whatever trial, whatever distress, whatever pain, whatever tribulation, we must look to Jesus, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, that we might wear the crown. He despised the shame, that we might lift up our heads with joy.

Many thanks for your kind note this morning, with the post order. I thank you, my brother, in the name of the Lord, for your great kindness in remembering me at this trying season; it is truly acceptable. "A friend in need is a friend indeed;" and such, my brother, you have been to me. I thank God for such a friend.

I am glad the Lord was with you the Lord's-day you were in Essex. I was with you in spirit, and continued in prayer for you; and I trust you will hear that your labour was not in vain in the Lord. May the Lord fill you with his Spirit, open your mouth and fill it with his truth, and give you utterance to speak it forth.

I had a solemn and sacred season in closing the old year and opening of the new. I remember the Lord enabled me to begin the past year in prayer and praise; and the Lord much blessed me during the year; although my trials were many, my sufferings great, bless the Lord my consolation through Christ superabounded. He was faithful to his promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee: As thy days so shall thy strength be;" and this I have mer-

cifully proved. The Lord hath upheld me, and been a present help in trouble. The Lord gave me a sweet spirit of prayer in closing the year; and about one hour before the year closed this promise softly dropped into my soul, "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; he that keepeth thee will not slumber." Read the 121st Psalm; it was a feast of fat things to my soul. O, how precious is the word of the Lord in the morning!

As the new year opened I was waiting upon the Lord, looking to him for a sweet word. I had been asking the Lord especially to bless me, and give me a double portion of his Spirit, that I might follow him more fully, live to his honour and glory, love him more, and serve him better. Bless his name! He gave me this sweet word, "I will guide thee with my counsel, and afterwards receive thee to glory." My heart responded, "Thou shalt guide me, Lord." The word dwelt in me richly with savour, unction, and power; sleep or awake it was talking to me. After daylight in the morning the following portion was very sweet, "Thou shalt come to thy grave full of days, as a shock of corn cometh in in its season." Again, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days. Give a portion to seven, and also to eight, for thou knowest not what evil may be upon the earth." What can this mean, my brother? Again: "He shall cover thee with his feathers, under his wings shalt thou trust; his truth shall be thy shield and buckler." My refuge is in God, my witness is in heaven, my record is on high. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and tell of his love and faithfulness, and sound his praise abroad. Cheer up, beloved:

A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land us on fair Canaan's coast;
There we shall sing the song of grace,
And see our glorious hiding-place.

Many thanks for your kindness. May the Lord bless you, be gracious unto you, and grant you much of his presence, is the prayer of your afflicted brother in Jesus,

SAMUEL FOSTER.

Sturry, nr. Canterbury, Kent,
January 9, 1868.

**"HE BEING DEAD YET
SPEAKETH."**

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "VESSEL."

DEAR SIR,—My wife has copied out the following glorious piece from the immortal Joseph Irons, which I hope you will think worthy insertion in your February VESSEL. You will perceive I have struck out "Rev." I think any man using such a term must have a *weak* mind and *weaker* head. Mr. Spurgeon has been the *first* reformer to cut off that piece of blasphemy.

W. T. BARKER, Pimlico.

January 14, 1868.

EXTRACTS FROM A WORK ENTITLED
"PRISCILLA: THE ANCIENT ROMAN
CATHOLIC FAITH CONTRASTED WITH
MODERN POPEERY." BY JOSEPH
IRONS.

The absurd boast about the "march of intellect, the enlightened age, and the schoolmaster abroad," has so bewildered the minds of men, that they now fancy that Satan is not so black as he used to be, that sin is not so ugly as it has been represented, and that the Man of Sin is not now the monster described in the Word of God, nor so hostile to the well-being of society as in the dark ages: hence, the cloak of universal charity is cast over the so-called little, little differences; and nominal Christians amalgamate with Papists, Socinians, and other infidels; and pulpit orations, as well as the trash which emanates from the press, employ such ambiguous phraseology as shall not offend carnal-minded religionists of any class.

Where is now the difference between the universities and the Dissenter's colleges, except in classical advantages? Do not the majority of those whose words emanate from both reject the distinguishing doctrines of God's Word, and substitute the Arminian heresy for them; propagating the Popish Gospel of universal redemption, human merit, and contingencies, under carnal patronage?

It has been argued, or rather affirmed, that Popery is not what it was in former times, and that the barbarities practised by their priests

and their agents in the dark ages, are to be attributed to the ignorance which prevailed; but it is notorious that the bitterest persecutors have always been the most learned men of their day, so that their inhuman conduct did not arise from want of education, but from the enmity of their carnal minds against the truth of God and the people of God. And as to any change for the better in their system they themselves deny it, boasting that their religion, or rather their conspiracy against religion, "is unchanged and unchangeable." Therefore, "as then he that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the Spirit, even so it is now" (Gal. iv. 29). And who are now the fiercest bigots that Rome or Oxford produce? Are they not the learned priests, the distinguished scholars, and the philosophical dignitaries? It is not the unlettered but the unregenerate, who hurt and persecute the saints; and it will be known hereafter, that the greatest sins and the most extensive mischiefs known on earth, are produced by the interference of ungodly men in religious things, either in a way of legislation, or by assuming offices for which the grace of God had not qualified them. I cannot, therefore, refrain from entering my protest against all such unhallowed touching of the ark of God, and therefore close up my threescore years with this testimony for Christ against Antichrist.

MEET FOR GLORY.

DEAR EDITOR,—I notice you state in the VESSEL this month, on page 7, "that it is in the furnace of affliction where the Lord's people are mettened for a kingdom of glory." Now, I never can reconcile such statements (though too often found) with other parts of God's truth; nor do I for a moment believe that to be the design or intent of the Lord, in the afflictive dispensations with which he oft visits his people here. No, no; depend upon it they have other uses and ends to answer; frequently are they attended with most salutary effects, such as to enable the believer

to say feelingly and thankfully, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." But I know of no one thing that renders the sinner *meet* for the inheritance of glory, save that of his standing washed in the blood of the Lamb, and clothed in the alone righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. Show me a sinner made manifestly alive by *regeneration*, and you then show at once an individual who is, to all intents and purposes, made fully *meet* for glory, at any moment whenever the Lord may be pleased to call him home. The quickened child of God, from the moment that Divine act of the Holy Ghost has passed upon him, is as really and truly fit for heaven as ever he will be, even if he should live an hundred years afterwards, and pass through long and trying series of afflictions. This "meetness" is *not* one effected by *degrees*, as some will persist in asserting it to be. Beware of ever substituting *anything*, however plausible, for, or in the room and place of "Christ, and Him crucified." Paul, in writing to the saints and faithful brethren in Christ at Colosse, "giveth thanks unto the Father who *hath* made them meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light," die when, where, or how they may.

I venture to hope that this communication will be received in the spirit which is intended and desired; for certainly I have no wish ever to make a man an offender for a word.—Yours faithfully in the Lord,

H. H.

Fletching, Jan. 14, 1868.

. We fully believe all that "H. H." so truthfully writes. Our sentence referred not to the essential, and eternal, and entire meetness of the redeemed, as they stand before God in Christ; but to that which is termed "experimental," of which we have thought Paul spake when he wrote, "These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.—Ed.

Lord Jesus, thou hast got death and the devil under thy feet, even so, Lord, put them under ours.

WAKE "CHURCH OF GOD!"

[The *Christian Examiner*, published by Geo. Herbert, contains the following stirring "Watchword for 1868."]

Wake, Church of God! The Bridgroom comes;
Awake, and trim the lamp of prayer.
Thou tarriest near the Bridgroom's door,
Wake, lest He find thee sleeping there!
The foe is strong, the saints are few,
Bring every soldier to the fight;
Each hand be nerved, each heart be true,
Each foot be shod, each sword be bright.

Wake, Church of God! And straight confess,
Thou art outwitted by thy foes;
The armour of thy Righteousness
It's bent and dented sore with blows.
The helmet has its visor up,
The edge is rusted on the sword;
The world has drugged Salvation's cup,
And bribed the armies of the Lord."

Wake, Church of God! Nor dare to blame
The Captain of the heavenly host;
They who have slept, shall bear the shame,
If the great cause is all but lost.
Oh! for an hour with John or Paul,
That faith, and love, and zeal might shine;
Oh! for a heart to part with all,
And buy instead the pearl divine.

Wake, Church of God! From cushioned pews
Sinners are passing to the grave;
Withhold not, for thy life, the news
Of him who shed His blood to save.
Tell it aloud with earnest tongue,
Go live it in the face of men;
The blood of Christ can conquer wrong,
And win the old victories again.

Wake, Church of God! The great reward,
Is it not worth an hour of toil?
Who dreads to draw the sheathed sword,
To win the glory and the spoil?
Thou Spirit of might, and love, and grace,
Revive thy sleeping saints once more;
Burn in their hearts, and cause their face
To shine, as in the days of yore.

Wake, Church of God! this struggle past,
Ye shall not need your arms again;
The bitterest day shall prove the last,
But quit you all that day like men.
Like men approach the final hour,
In fervent prayer with Christ abide,
Exchange your weakness for His power,
And ye shall conquer by His side.—G. R. W.

* Even as in the Church of Sardis, so, in this present age of the Gospel dispensation, we hope and believe, the Lord Himself would say—"Thou hast a few names which have not defiled their garments: and they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy." And is there no redeeming mercy for those who have known more of the depths of Satan than others? Who like Job, have been plunged again and again in the dark ditch of the Fall; and have been in deaths often, in wars and conflicts most severe; and in distress more dreadful than human language can describe. Is there no hope of the future for them? Yes! Surely, in the ranks of that "great multitude" will be found many of the most afflicted in this world, of whom the elders said to John—"these are they who came out of great tribulation; they washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; therefore, are they before the throne of God." Oh, blessed state! they serve the Lord forever—from them He is never hidden; to the Marriage of the Lamb, they have by grace been bidden.

All their tears are wiped away;
They'll spend a sweet and endless day;
Where sine nor fears shall them befall,
While Crowning JESUS all in all.

HUMAN PROGRESS IN CONNECTION WITH RELIGION.

The *North British Review*, in an article of great ability, takes up the question as to the relative rate of progress of practical morality and intellectual development, combating the peroration of Buckle in his history of counteraction that morals have been comparatively stationary, whilst intellect has made perpetual advances. The reviewer maintains that whilst there is nothing new to enunciate in morals, the development or individualization of ethical truth is from age to age on a wider scale, acting and reacting alike on intellectual progress, and the external condition of man. The article, however, in our opinion, constitutes another illustration of the futility of creating an inquiry as to whether progress results from moral power, intellectual vigour, or external advantages, except on a strictly religious basis. So long as man does not conform to the ordained requirements of his position, so long as he does not, in the strength of the Divine Spirit, co-operate with God, all his acquisitions, even in science and in art, are made at random. The true elements of vitality for a nation, or for individuals, exist in the possession of the Spirit, which, in transforming the mind, enlightens it, giving it that order which renders all progress enduring. The human race in general scarce dream of the extent to which they are indebted to religion, the influences of which permeate every shade of existence. To say that the mere inductive or deductive process, based on observation, will give to society all it requires, is to ignore the facts of history. The principles of religion are needed to give value to the conclusions arrived at. In the enlargement of commerce, in the improvement perpetually proceeded in, in social organization, we see however, dimly, that the great truth, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," is being steadily evolved, or at least illustrated, that is to say, the seeking of other's good is shown to consist even with material self interest. What power, then, would reside in not merely the

general acknowledgment but the full acceptance of religion by the human race, were there no need for one to say, "Know the Lord;" but with all knowing Him, "from the least even to the greatest," sanctified intellect would work marvels in all directions, the Divine Spirit making itself felt would sweep away that meritorious reasoning that would give to the cold, unsanctified intellect the praise due to that Power by whose will mind subsists, and by whose illuminating and guiding grace alone it can fulfil its appointed vocation, and save itself from perpetual relapses.

A REVIEW OF THE GOSPEL MINISTRY.

(By a Correspondent in America.)

[THERE is much good truth, and some wholesome reproofs, in the following letter. Nevertheless, we consider that ministry, which stands more in what is termed "the deep experiences of soul-travail, fiery conflicts," &c., &c., has been, and often is, truly useful to poor, sensibly guilty, and groaning sinners. While, therefore, we have rejoiced exceedingly in the pure and precious ministry which has "Christ (as) all and in all," and while we are persuaded that "the lifting of Jesus on high" is the only real and essential subject, theme, object, and aim, of a real Gospel ministry, still, we tremble to say one word reproachfully of that large body of men, whose labours appear to be used for good to some parts of Zion. —ED.]

FELLOW PILGRIM TO ZION,—Permit me as such, Mr. Editor, to address you, though separated bodily by the wide Atlantic, yet being favoured monthly to meet with you through the medium of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, I am thus made somewhat acquainted with you in the downsitings, and uprisings attendant upon your journey Zionward. You like others find the way to the crown to be by the cross of suffering, "the servant must not be above his Master," "If they do these things in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" Yet be not discouraged, my brother, it is no *ignus fatuus* we are pursuing, the prize is certain, but "the race has been run," "the course pursued," and death, so terrible to poor trembling Christians (how strange) will bring us into full pos-

session of the prize ; then although "we may not have apprehended, let us forget those things which are behind, and reach forwards, pressing towards the mark for the prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus," "whether life or death all are yours ;" "being more than conquerors through Him that hath loved us, and gave Himself for us," "having led captivity captive, received gifts for men, yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them," triumphing over *sin, death, hell, and the grave*," go on, my brother ; "fight the good fight of faith," having put on the Gospel armour, there is no taking it off until the warfare is accomplished, and faith ended in full fruition ; says Paul to Timothy, "that thou mightest war a good warfare."

Like yourself I am made painfully to the flesh acquainted with the vale of suffering, but though essential, yet this of itself forms no valid passport to the realms of bliss, this alone is no evidence of citizenship ; a slave may suffer, but that does not make him free, a captive may be immured in prison, loaded down with chains, and feel the misery of his situation, yet this will not set him at large. Hence the Christian is made acquainted not only with the darkness of death, but also with the brightness of life ; not only with the bitter, but the sweet ; not only the sorrow, but the joy ; not only captivity, but delivering grace ; not only blindness, but sight ; not only the heart of adamant, but the heart of flesh ; and until he is acquainted with both sides, he is, and must remain in bondage ; but eternal blessings to His dear name, I believe we have been made experimentally acquainted not only with law and justice, but mercy and truth, righteousness and peace ; and if He hath spoken *peace* to us, then "let us not turn again to folly." Oh the heights and depths of that grace which hath raised us up out of the pit of degradation we were in, set our feet upon the rock (Christ Jesus) "put a new song into our mouths, even praise unto our God," "and established our goings, for they (says the Psalmist) are ordered by the

Lord." Hence, we can say, with one of old, "salvation is of the Lord ;" rejoice in that covenant that is ordered in all things and sure ; find and realize when brought to the banks of Jordan, that Immanuel, our glorious *forerunner*, was before us to smoothe the way, extract the sting from death, and transmit him into the welcome harbinger of eternal glory ; finding and realizing that all is finished, nothing to do, our peace already made by Him who is declared to be our peace, exclaiming with happy Simeon, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy great salvation," death smiling in our face, asking the parting breath to usher us into the presence of our Lord, the Lamb in the midst of the throne.

(To be continued.)

NEW BOOKS.

"GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

A little book has this day been printed at our office, and published by S. W. Partridge, bearing the significant title—"THE HIGH PRIESTHOOD OF JESUS THE SON OF GOD," &c, by Major General H. Goodwyn. The chief object of the work is to shew the distinction between "the Aaronic order,"—and "the everlasting order of Melchizedec." There are some precious openings of the different offices and characters of the Son of God. We shall, we hope, effectually call attention to this little book by simply making the following quotations which appear pages 9 and 13 :—

"The difference, between the Mediator and Intercessor is, that the former is the Divine cause of the proclamation of saving mercy from God to men, as 'dead in trespasses and sins,' the latter is the representative of those who 'have come unto God by Him.' This may be clearly learned from the contemplation of the address of the Lord Jesus to His Father (John xvii.) when He spoke anticipatively as the Great High Priest, showing to us the character of the

ceaseless action that is maintained for all who have believed, or will believe the Gospel, which first proceeded from those men whom His Father gave Him out of the world (verse 6—20—21). Again, that the intercessory influence of the Lord Jesus is not exercised towards the world of unbelievers is plain from the solemn but significant words of verse 9, 'I pray not for the world!'

"Reader, ponder these true sayings of God ere you pass on. Are you of the world, or of God?"

There are some peculiarities in the writings of General Goodwyn which all Christians will not cordially endorse; but his exalted views of the Person, offices, works, and glorious triumphs of JESUS, will be blessedly appreciated by all, who have the living faith of the operation of the Spirit of God wrought in them. Of the Great High Priest, General Goodwyn is a noble advocate; and from his faithful reviews of his Lord, he brings down consolations pure and useful to the tried and tempted of the redeemed family.

Here is a paragraph which will commend itself to all the members of the mystic body, who are yet in the world—

Although we have received the assurance of reconciliation *now*, and are constituted children of God, and heirs of the glory yet to be revealed, we are still in bodies of corruption and defilement; the old Adam still tenants these tabernacles of dust; and if there were not a ceaseless power of representative and sympathetic advocacy, ministry of mercy and grace, and Priestly intercession before the eye of Holiness, to *maintain* those once saved in a condition of undefiled separation from sin similar to that of the High Priest Himself, who could retain their Heavenly standing before a Holy God? It is because they are known and, "accepted in The Beloved" Son that believers are "holy and without blame before Him in love" (Heb. iv. 14—16; 1 John iv. 17). "Ye are clean every whit," were the precious words of Jesus to His disciples; but in anticipation of His High Priestly Office, He nevertheless showed them the necessity for His continual washing of their feet, as they must instinctively contract defilement from contact with the uncleanness of the world in which they dwelt (John xiii. 4—11). Even

the "spiritual sacrifices" of prayer and worship are only "acceptable to God by Jesus Christ" as the High Priestly medium of approach to the Throne or Grace (1 Peter ii. 5). He thus, too, sustains the persons of His loved ones once washed in His blood, until those bodies of humiliation shall be changed into the likeness of His Body of Glory, to which they are predestined to be conformed, "according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself" (Rom. viii. 29; Phil. iii. 21; 1 John iii. 2). That most precious truth of 2nd Cor. v. 17, is apparent here: "If any man be in Christ he is a *new creature*, old things have passed away, behold all things are become new, and all things are of God, who has reconciled us to Himself in Jesus Christ." Mark: the very nature that committed sins and incurred guilt, is for ever put away out of God's sight; the old Adam nature is no longer recognized at all; the believer having died, been buried, and risen with Christ—Himself the Head of the new creation of God, "the first born from the dead" (Col. i. 18),—is "freed" or justified from sin" (Rom. vi. 6, 7). What consolation is not this to the child of God amidst the scenes of "this present evil world," and the consciousness of existing sin and infirmity of the flesh;—what perfect liberty is there not in this phase of The Gospel of Christ? "A New Creature or Creation" (Ephes. iv. 24).

The River of Life Pilgrims, or Homeward Bound. Who's for the Voyage? A Sacred Allegory. Printed by W. H. Collingridge, a fine large volume of over 700 pages, with a frontispiece which represents, we suppose, the author. The work is dedicated to "the whole world," and in its contents will be found pen and ink photographic sketches of nearly every character which fills up either the broad pathway of the world or the multitudinous chancery courts and assemblies of the Church. *Magdalena's Voyage* and this work are companionable volumes. *The River of Life Pilgrims*, however, furnishes an immense variety of material for thought, for inquiry, and for spiritual reflection beyond the former work. Be the writer who he may, he has devoted to this singular compilation much ingenuity of mind, talent, and experimental knowledge. Whether it will all be generally appreciated remains for another day to declare.

Our Churches, Our Pastors, and Our People.

TO THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION WORSHIPPING IN THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY.

(Continued from our last.)

I arrived in Birmingham on Saturday night.

I preached in the Protestant camp on Lord's-day; in the morning the chapel, or "Camp" was full; and I was helped by the Lord to preach the Gospel of Christ.

In the afternoon, I addressed the Sunday school, numbering 382, boys and girls, besides a large number of teachers and friends who are teaching the children bible history, and the great principles of the reformation.

In the evening it was a glorious sight! I shall never forget it; the place was crowded, the people were packed from one end of the camp to the other, including the two vestries, and every place both inside and out; hundreds went away who could not get near the building. For more than one hour I preached Christ to the people with great power and liberty; the Lord was with me, and the word had free course, the attention of the people was wonderful; crowded together most uncomfortably as they were, they listened with breathless attention.

On Monday I attended a public meeting in the Protestant Hall, Dudley, and spoke to about 1,500 persons upon Popery in the Australian colonies. I was received and welcomed in the warmest manner.

On Thursday, I again lectured in the same place. And on Lord's-day, I preached in the Baptist chapel, Dudley, and was received most kindly, the Lord was in our midst. Several friends present had heard me preach twenty years ago, when the Lord blest the word to their souls. In the afternoon and evening, I preached in the Protestant Hall, which was filled in every part, I was very happy while preaching Christ Jesus, the way, the truth, and the life. There were hundreds, unused to hear the truth, listened with profound attention; and as I was leaving the hall, many called out to me, "When are you coming again, sir?"

On Monday, I left Birmingham for London, arrived in time to attend the tea meeting at Woodbridge chapel. Mr. Luckin, and deacons, were very pleased to see me, and welcome me back to England, and delighted I was to meet with my dear friend and brother Luckin, under whose ministry my soul was delivered out of bondage twenty-nine years ago. Mr. Luckin introduced me to the friends while taking their tea, and said, "I am sure we are all very pleased to see our dear brother, John Bunyan M'Cure, from Australia, who

at one time used to worship with us. I am sorry he cannot speak to us this evening, he being engaged to preach this evening at Bethnal green, but we cannot think of his leaving us without a speech. I don't want to hurry you over your tea, but I want you to make haste, and then our dear brother will speak until half-past six o'clock, we will have a cab waiting for him, so that he will be able to go to the chapel where he is to preach by seven o'clock." Thus I was in true Christian spirit received by Mr. Luckin and his friends. Directly I had delivered my speech, I drove off in the cab, and arrived at the chapel, Squirries street, and there preached to a chapel full of people, for my old friend and brother Banks; there were three of our members present, brother and sister Lea, and sister Green. In consequence of my preaching and lecturing at Birmingham and Dudley, it was arranged for me to lecture at Leamington, Wolverhampton, and Birmingham.

On Tuesday 26th, I arrived in Leamington, and was most kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Stowe, who love the truth as it is in Jesus. I lectured in the evening in the public hall, fifteen years reminiscences of the colonies of Australia, with special reference to Popish encroachments, &c.

On Wednesday, I was requested to preach in the Baptist chapel where Dr. Octavius Winslow used to preach. Mr. Payne the present minister, told me that I could state my case, there would not be a collection, but the friends could give me subscriptions if they pleased. Directly after the service, a gentleman came into the vestry, and said, "The word has been blest to my soul, will you accept of 10s." A young woman said, "Will you accept of 2s. 6d. from a servant? I was passing the door of the chapel, I did not intend to come here, I am very thankful I have heard you this evening." One of the deacons, Mr. Clarke, took me round the next morning to visit some of the friends who received me in the kindest manner, and gave me subscriptions; the amount that I received in Leamington was £9 2s., very much more I could have obtained if I could have stayed longer. By the three o'clock train I left for Wolverhampton, arrived in time to lecture in St. George's hall. Mr. Fleming, who is a Christian indeed, took the chair. After the lecture a gentleman gave me his card, and desired me to call upon him next morning. I called upon him on Friday morning, he told me that he was very much pleased with the lecture, and believed that my visit would be the means of good, and he hoped that I would come again, and his house should be my home. This gentleman is a manufacturer in a large way of business, he very kindly inquired after my

wife and family. I told him my eldest son had some knowledge of the ironmongery business, and his two brothers, one is learning the building trade, the other is ready to leave school. The gentleman then said, "I should like to serve you and your sons, I should like to have an agent in Sydney, and I will give you the agency for your sons. I would recommend you to obtain agencies from other houses, it would prove a good business for your sons." "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel." This is just what I wanted, and having been praying the Lord to put it into the hearts of some in England to give me their agencies for my sons. I could not stay long for I was obliged to leave by train for Willenhall, and took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Forster, having arranged to lecture the next time I visit those districts. I then hurried off to Birmingham, and arrived just in time to lecture to a hall full of people, who received me with loud demonstrations of applause. After the lecture, several persons came to me and said that my preaching had been greatly blessed of the Lord, and they hoped that I would come again to Birmingham. I was most kindly entertained at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, and there slept that night.

On Saturday, I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Allen, and took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Pool, and Mr. and Mrs. Hunt. By the last train, I left Birmingham for Reading, in the pouring of rain. When I arrived at Oxford station, two gentlemen were in the act of leaving the carriage. I enquired of them, "Is this the Reading station?" one of them said, "Yes, it is." I got out, and asked the bussesman if he could drive me to 20, Broad street; he said that he was going past that number. When we arrived, I enquired for the name I wanted, when I found that I was in Broad street, Oxford, and not Reading. I went back to the station, and then was obliged to wait for the special train, which did not arrive till twenty minutes to twelve o'clock. I arrived in Reading by half-past twelve o'clock, by a quarter to one I found 20 Broad street, but my friends being in their first sleep and the bell being in the shop I could not make them hear. I then went to an hotel, there I knocked for a long while, but no answer; thus I went from one place to another, but I was a stranger, and they would not take me in. I then found a police officer, who took me to an hotel, and obtained for me a bed by two o'clock. At eight o'clock I presented myself at the house of Mr. Martin, deacon of the Baptist chapel, who with his good wife, were very pleased to see me, and thankful that I had arrived. I preached morning and evening, and in the afternoon we were favoured with being guests at the Lord's Supper. On Monday night I again preached, and on Tuesday evening lectured in the chapel for about two hours; there was a good attendance, and the people said that they were both pleased and profited, and hoped that I would

come again. £9 15s. I obtained in Reading.

On Thursday, I lectured in Mr. Stringer's chapel, London, which was quite full, and very happy I felt while speaking of this mercy,

"He near my soul has always stood,
His lovingkindness, oh, how good!"

The collections amounted to £6 2s. 8d.

On Friday, I spoke at North Brixton Hall; in consequence of the rain, there were not so many as would have been there if the night had been fine. Nevertheless we had a good meeting and the Lord was with me. £2 11s. 0½d. was collected. Saturday I left London for Warboys. On Sunday morning a very novel sight presented itself to me. During the night, it had snowed in abundance, and lay thick upon the ground, and it continued to snow all day, such a sight I have not witnessed for more than fifteen years. Notwithstanding the snow the chapel was full and I was helped to preach three times, and give an address to the Sunday school, after the afternoon service.

On Monday I lectured to a chapel full of people, who listened with great attention and preached to them again on Tuesday, the hearts of the people were opened to help me, and give me a good collection, £14; indeed every one in Warboys received and treated me in the kindest possible manner. By Mr. Child and his kind wife I was made very comfortable and felt to be quite at home. It appears that I have not satisfied the people, they want me to come again; not having an engagement for the fifth Lord's-day, I have promised to preach to them on that day. Wednesday, Mrs. Child drove me to St. Ives: by train I proceeded to Over, and was met by the pastor of the Baptist church, (Mr. Shaw), who received me gladly. In his chapel, I lectured with acceptance to his people, who all received me as Christians ought to receive a minister of the Gospel. Amount collected, £1 15s. 11½d.

On Thursday I went to St. Ives, and was most kindly received by the pastor and deacons of the Baptist church. Mr. Hynes, the minister, was most kind and brotherly to me; I preached in his chapel in the evening, there were a good many present, and the Lord was there. I felt quite at home, and the people appeared to feed upon the truths preached. A few friends gave me £1 3s. 6d. Friday, I left for Cambridge, saw Mr. Marks, minister of the Baptist chapel, who was very kind to me, gave me 10s., and promised me that he will talk with his deacons, and hopes that an arrangement will be made to give me a public meeting that I may speak for myself of the Lord's goodness to me in relation to my work in the colonies of Australia. Saturday, I arrived in Stowmarket. On Sunday, although it rained all day the chapel was full each time; three times I preached, the Lord was with me, the Word was blessed, I was happy, and so was the people. It was the fifth

anniversary of the opening of the New Baptist Chapel, Stowmarket. Monday, I gave an address for one hour and three quarters. "My life and labours during fifteen years residence and journeyings in different parts of Australia." The chair was taken by Mr. Bartholomew, Baptist minister who very kindly came from Mendlesham to help, welcome and encourage me in my heavy work, for which act of brotherly kindness, I am truly thankful. The chapel was full; the people listened with great attention, the collections were good, £5 8s. 3d., considering that the people had given to three collections on Sunday, and paid for their tea. Tuesday, I left Stowmarket for Mendlesham in the pouring rain. In the Baptist chapel, I lectured for about two hours; there was a good attendance considering the dark night, and the muddy roads. Twenty years ago, on the 18th of July, since I preached in Mendlesham. What a mercy after so many years, now to be able to say, and that from experience, "God is faithful!" Yes! I know he is, the faithful, the gracious and the long-suffering, and covenant-keeping, and performing God. £110s. collected. Wednesday, I arrived at Bury St. Edmunds; was most kindly received by the brethren there, and lectured in the Particular Baptist chapel; there were not many present, the cause is low, and truth in that town is unpopular. The amount collected, 10s. 9½d. Thursday, Mr. G. Ridley kindly drove me to Bradfield. There is a very nice cause of truth here, brother Wright the pastor of the church received me gladly, with whom I spent a good deal of profitable conversation at the house of a kind Christian sister, Miss Last. In the Baptist chapel, I preached a sermon, after which I delivered a lecture, descriptive of my work in Australia; the people were very much pleased, and many rejoiced in the loving-kindness of the Lord toward me, his poor unworthy servant. £1 0s. 10½d. collected.

There was a good attendance, considering the very unfavourable night. Friday, I preached in the Baptist chapel, Wethesden; after the sermon, I delivered a lecture descriptive of my work in Australia. The people listened with considerable attention, and many said that they were thankful for my visit. Mr. G. Ridley, is the pastor of the Wethesden church, he is beloved by his people, for his work sake, what a mercy! 18s. 6d. collected. After the service, I was driven to Stowmarket, and arrived there most dreadfully cold. I wished several times that I was back in Australia, for during the night I was so cold I could not sleep.

On Saturday morning, I left Stowmarket by the seven o'clock train for London, rainy all the way. Through the tender mercy of my most gracious Lord, I arrived in safety at the end of my journey, and went to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Cummings, was received by those very kind and Christian people with welcome, "Brother, we are glad

to see you." Mr. Cummings is one of Mr. Foreman's deacons, and has taken up my cause in earnest, for which I am truly thankful. I expect an arrangement will be made to give me a public meeting at Mr. Foreman's chapel in the month of February. Several friends were invited to tea, with them I spent a very comfortable evening, for how sweet to the soul is communion with saints. Lord's-day I preached morning and evening at East lane Baptist chapel, Walworth; there was a good attendance, the Lord was with me, the word blest, and the people appeared to be at home. Although unwell and very tired, I was strengthened and helped, to speak of his wondrous faithfulness, and sound his praise abroad, the collection considering the bad times was very good, £9 7s. 2d. Monday evening, I lectured in Providence chapel, Islington Green, there were not so many present as I expected and the collection was very indifferent, £1 16s. 7½d. Brother Minton, deacon of Mount Zion, Chadwell street, under the pastorate of Mr. Hazellon, gave out that precious hymn,

"Tis the right way, though dark and rough,
Mysterious, yet 'tis plain enough;
And we, when faith is changed to sight,
Shall know the ways of God were right."

Afterwards brother Cummings, deacon of Mount Zion chapel, Hill street, under the pastorate of brother Foreman, prayed for the divine presence with great savour and nearness to the Lord. I then spoke for two hours of the Lord's dealings with me in relation to the cause and kingdom of Christ in Australia. Tired and weary I am now in my lodgings.

My dear brethren, I find that it will be very hard work for me to accomplish the object of my mission to England, in consequence of the divisions there are everywhere in the churches of truth. I am frequently looked upon and spoken of as being a "Vessel man." How sad! I am the last man who ought to be so called by party names, because our church in Sydney is composed of members from all the parties—"Gospel Standard," "Zion's Trumpet," "Earthen Vessel," "Gospel Magazine," "Gospel Herald," and "Voice of Truth" parties. Seeing that I have for fifteen years been engaged ministering to the friends of all the parties of truth in Australia, for this reason they ought to make it their duty to make common cause of our case, unite together to help and enable me to return to my work as soon as possible. My prayer is unto the Lord that He will open the hearts of the rich in this world, to help us in the time of need, and that I may be restored to you, the people of my charge, a free man. "Now I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, for the love of the Spirit that ye strive together, with me in your prayers to God for me," is the prayer and heart's desire of your pastor and companion in tribulation.

I am sure that I need not entreat you to be kind and attentive to my dear wife

during my absence, who with me is called to make a great sacrifice for the sake of our place of worship, and is therefore worthy of all Christian consideration.

JOHN BUNYAN M'CURE.

6, Heygate street, Walworth road, London.

P.S.—Since I wrote the above I have been very unwell—worked perhaps a little too hard; and the weather has been so very unfavourable, every day I have been expecting that I should be laid aside.

On Saturday I went to Warboys very ill, and the weather was very bad. Had not Mr. and Mrs. Tyson, jun., nursed me as tenderly as they would a new born infant, I am sure that I should not have been able to have preached four times. I was too ill to lecture during the week in other places, which I should have done had I been well.

I left Warboys for Berkshire. Arrived in Reading, snowing all the way. I was most graciously helped to preach, and attended at the Lord's table; but I was unable to lecture in places where I should have gone but for being so unwell.

I left Reading for London, determined to take rest, thankful that I had not made any engagements for Lord's day. On the evening of my arrival Mr. Butt called upon me, and said that I must preach in the Surrey Tabernacle on Lord's day, Mr. Wells being very ill and unable to preach. On Lord's day I preached morning and evening, and although I felt that I was more fit to be in bed than in a pulpit, my ever loving and gracious Lord gave me his strength for the day, for I had none of my own; and in the strength of the Lord I preached with liberty, and was quite at home in the magnificent Surrey Tabernacle, while preaching to that large congregation the unsearchable riches of Christ. After the evening services I felt to be worse than ever, and made sure that I should be laid by. Oh, how I did cry unto the Lord to have mercy upon me, that I might not be laid upon a bed of sickness 16,000 miles from home. The Lord did bow down his ear to hear me, for he knows I am poor and needy. He was merciful unto me, for on Monday I was better.

On Tuesday I went to Tunbridge Wells. I preached there in the afternoon at three o'clock; public tea provided in the chapel. Directly I came down from the pulpit the Hadlow friends and others came round me with great joy and Christian affection. They were delighted in hearing and seeing me once more; they almost killed me with their love, for they would not let me go; they kept me talking until it was time to commence my lecture in the evening, when I spoke for over two hours. Considering that it was raining all day the collection was very good indeed, £18 10s.

It was encouraging to me to see my own children in the faith, that the Lord gave many years ago, still walking in the truth; and others I saw and heard of whom God

had given to me for my ministry, although I did not know it. Brother Comfort (the minister), the deacons, and friends of the Baptist chapel, were all as kind to me as Christians could be. They say that I must come again, and they will help a little more.

On Wednesday I left Tunbridge Wells for Gravesend very unwell; was received by my good brother Wall most kindly, and lectured in his chapel for two hours in great pain. The collection was £4 5s.

Left Gravesend on Thursday by train very ill; but when I arrived in London I felt a little better.

It is really wonderful how I have been upheld, and thus enabled to hold on "my way;" yes, my way, in which I have been called to walk of affliction of body. What a thorn in the flesh it has been to me. "For this thing I besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from me. And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." The power of Christ has indeed rested upon me, or I never could have gone forth as I have done, preaching, lecturing, travelling hundreds of miles, and exposed to the most trying weather of an English winter.

I am thankful in being able to record that I am better, and trust that the dear Lord will restore me to my usual health and strength.

I am now off to Wellingborough, where I am to preach on Lord's day and lecture on Monday; and on Tuesday I have to lecture at Raunds.

By this mail Mr. Butt will forward you the second £100. I shall have to work with all my might to obtain the next hundred. My hope and consolation is in the Lord, and with him there is nothing impossible; therefore, in him will I trust. —Brethren, pray for me.

MAYFORD.—Dear Sir,—On New Year's day, we held our first anniversary of the formation of the church. At half-past one, several friends met in the chapel for prayer, and at half-past two, we commenced public service. The sermon was preached by Mr. H. Stanley, of London, who selected for his text, the last clause of the 12th verse of the seventh chapter first Book of Samuel, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." After a brief but interesting description of the then condition of the Jews, the sins of Eli's house, and the capture of the Ark of God by the Philistines, the subject was noticed under the following heads. God had helped. 1st. Providentially. 2nd. Ministerially. 3rd. Graciously. 4th. Effectually. God was a God of Providence; he opened his hand and supplied every living thing; he provided for the animalcule which was imperceptible without a microscope, and for the huge elephant of the forest, and

lion of the jungle. There was no thing or place where his providence was not manifested, but this might be termed his general providence, while for his church and people he had a special or particular providence as indicated in Ezekiel's vision of a wheel in the midst of a wheel. Who would have thought that when the cogs of this wheel had brought Joseph into Egypt as a slave, and cast him into prison, that it was for the purpose of providing for his father's house, and those who sold him? The Lord watched over his people, and lest any should hurt them he kept them night and day. He had specially provided for the friends at Mayford during the past year, and had kept them together, kept them in peace, and love, and kept them in the truth. This was no small mercy, when many churches had been torn asunder, and some severed from the fundamental truths of the Gospel. Secondly, Ministerially; for the want of a proper ministry the Jews lost the ark, and the glory departed, but when Samuel came and a Gospel ministry came, by the sacrificial Lamb and intercession, then deliverance came; it was only as the minister preached Christ, and pointed to him that deliverance could come. There were some there who were ministers of the Gospel, and he appealed to them whether the Lord had not helped them hitherto, had they not been frequently cast down, and said, "Who hath believed my report?" Had they not thought at the close of the Lord's-day, that they had said all they could say, and had wondered how they should be able to stand the next Sabbath; and yet light had broken in and new beauties in the word had appeared, and thus by the help of God they continued unto the present day. Surely they could set up a stone of Ebenezer, at the commencement of a new year and say with a heart full of gratitude, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." Thirdly. Graciously; it was not by force of arms that Israel obtained the victory, but by the favour of God, who thundered upon the enemy, and discomfited them. It was remarkable that throughout the Bible, the doctrine of man's inability, and God's sovereign grace, stood out in indelible characters; thus Moses when about to die charged it home upon the people that it was not for their righteousness or uprightness that they should possess the land, but in consequence of his covenant of mercy which he swore unto their fathers. And the apostle alluding to the same subject declared it was not of works but of grace which is the gift of God. Fourthly. Effectually. Whatever God does, is effectually done, "And thus the Philistines came no more into the coast of Israel during all the days of Samuel." When the Holy Ghost took possession of a sinner's soul, he did it powerfully and effectually. The strong man armed was cast out never to take possession again; he who began the work carried it on till the day of Jesus Christ. The promise to bring the church through all her trials, and safe home

to glory was sure to be made good; for the Lord had declared he would never leave or forsake her, but would present her without spot or blemish, or any such thing. Such is a brief outline of the discourse which was greatly enjoyed, and resulted in an excellent collection. A goodly number of friends then partook of tea provided in the chapel, and at six o'clock we held a public meeting, which was most ably presided over by our highly esteemed friend and brother, Mr. Leake, of West End, Chobham, who called upon the deacons Messrs. Churchyard and Standbrook, to state the Lord's dealings with them, as a church, during the past year, from which it appeared they were not only out of debt, but had a little in hand to begin the year with, and that they intended opening a Sunday school the first Sunday in the year. Mr. Turner, of Ripley, then delivered an excellent address upon the work of the Holy Spirit; and Mr. Hetherington, of Frimley, spoke exceedingly well from the words, "Stand fast therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free;" and Mr. Stanley gave a good practical address from the words of the prophet Haggai, "From this day will I bless you." All the speakers spoke to the heart, and we are glad to say, reached the people's pockets, the sum of £2 10s. being collected for the Sunday school. A vote of thanks to the chairman, and singing the doxology, then brought the services to a close; and thus was spent the most delightful day ever witnessed at Mayford. Yours in the Gospel,
H. STANDBROOK.

LITTLE HILLS OF ZION.

A PREACHER'S life very often affords matter for the most serious consideration. Sometimes of a cheering and consoling character, but more frequently of a depressing and unhappy caste. Yet there are seasons when the spiritual winds of divine assistance, seem to blow a prosperous gale, then, and then only, can we feel the yoke of the ministry to be easy, and the burden light, called by divine providence to labour in the Master's vineyard. The wfter is often led to cry with the apostle, "Who is sufficient for these things? Yet God in his rich wisdom has wisely ordained that his strength shall be made perfect in our weakness, so that at times we are obliged, in viewing our own frailty, and meditating upon Jehovah's omnipotent power to sing the poet's words out of a full heart,

I tremble for the ark of God,
My heart is filled with fear,
But when I least expect his aid,
Deliverance doth appear.

During Christmas week I had the pleasure of preaching at some of Zion's little hills, in the rural county of Hertfordshire, but before I give you an outline of my labours I will just pen a few lines about the cause at West End, Tring. The former part of

its history you very well know. The people as a church have had many dark and stormy nights, and also many bright and sunny days, but hitherto hath the Lord helped them, and enabled them to continue even until now, and as the past is gone, they build their hopes for the future on that God who hath his way in the whirlwind, and storm and the clouds are the dust of his feet. During the summer months the hearts of the brethren seem to have been opened to the high and lofty One in right earnest; besides the two week night meetings for supplication, a 7 o'clock Sabbath morning prayer meeting was announced, all of which are still carried on vigorously although several friends have a long distance to travel. We have three services on the Lord's-day, besides a devotional meeting before the morning and afternoon worship. These things combined with a full attendance to hear the Word of Life, lead us to hope that the divine Spirit will bless us, by honouring our feeble testimony and leading poor sinners first to give themselves to the Lord, and then to his people. We pray and work, waiting the Lord's time, knowing that what he does is best. Our Sabbath school with its earnest teachers bids fair by and bye to present a formidable appearance. God grant that it may prove a nursery to the church. Monday evening, Dec. 28th, I visited the friends at Buckland Common Baptist chapel, situated on the borders of Buckinghamshire, after spending the day at brother Thorne's residence, Bottom House, Buckland Common; he is one of our West End deacons, a very quiet, sober, firm man, one of those that do not say much, but think the more. The religionists here have two places of worship; one already mentioned, the other raised in opposition to the cause of truth—a Puseyite church; this is reared at the back of the chapel. Wherever we go we see these deadly pests; when will they cease to infest this so-called Protestant England? The people here have no under-shepherd; a good opening presents itself for a man that loves to preach for Christ's sake, and not for his pocket's sake. They are at a low ebb, may a preacher of glad tidings besent them. I spent a happy evening in speaking from Isaiah xli. 17, to a large number of those who, I hope, are characterised by the language of the text. Tuesday evening, I tried to lift up my Master at Aldbury, a pretty village three miles distant from Tring. Here the Church of England, (not the Ritualists), have a neat little place of worship. The Baptists have a chapel and meeting room, to which I went and delivered my message from Micah vii. 8. The room was packed with anxious hearers, we enjoyed the divine presence, the Word was blest to some of the Lord's chosen ones present, so that we thanked God and took courage. Christmas day I rode over to the Longmarston Baptist chapel, here in the morning I found a goodly number waiting to hear what the

stripling had to say. With a darkened mind I tried to preach from Micah ii. 13. When one does not feel a present Saviour, standing to minister in holy things is indeed hard; but the cloud passed away, and in the afternoon I spoke with sweet liberty from Isaiah xxxiii. 16. May eternity prove the word to have been blest. Here is another church without a pastor, a neat little chapel and a good population for a country place surrounding it; here I met old master Green, one of the early members of our Ebenezer, waiting for a full sight of the Consolation of Israel. In the evening I returned to Tring, and met the friends at the prayer meeting. They did not put it off as some of our London folks do their services because it happened to be Christmas day, but they came together and sought the divine guidance of the star of Bethlehem, with full purpose of heart. Thursday, Dec. 26th, was our anniversary; Mr. Crampin, of Aston Clinton, preached in the afternoon from Prov. ix. 1. We had a good Gospel sermon, such as God's elect love to hear; a goodly company of about 180, sat down to a well conducted and orderly tea. In the evening I addressed the people from Isaiah xxxiii. 17, the congregations were good, collections good, and all went off well. Friday evening I preached at Higginton. Here the friends meet in a cottage, which will accommodate about 100 people, which is full every Sabbath evening. A village church stands upon the green, which from a distance looks very picturesque. A chapel is much needed for Dissenters. The 1st of Corinthians i. 18, formed the basis of my observations; truly the harvest is plentiful, but the labourers are few. The demand for faithful energetic men is great, and if they are to be got some of these country causes have not the means whereby to procure them. Is there no remedy for this? great is the demand for truthful, zealous, indefatigable preachers; not to enter so much into other men's labours, and so make an easy couch of the ministry, but to raise up instrumentally a church of Jesus Christ, where now there is only a cold, lifeless preaching of his name. I remain, yours in Christian love,

W. F. EDGERTON.

Ebenezer Baptist chapel,
West End, Tring.

HERTFORD, HERTS. — EBENEZER BAPTIST CHAPEL. The church and congregation held their annual New Year's meeting, Tuesday, January 7th. Soon after five, a good company sat down to tea, the quality and quantity of the provisions together with the excellent arrangements gave complete satisfaction. The evening service commenced by singing, "Come, thou fount of every blessing," &c., and prayer by the senior deacon. Mr. Bowles, the pastor, then made reference to his seven years' pastorate among them, it being seven years last August, since he first oc-

cupied the pulpit at Ebenezer. During that time they had experienced many vicissitudes, had seen many changes, and had been followed with many mercies; many with whom they had prayed, and sung, and communed, had been called home; they had therefore lost their society and their support, but others had been raised up; thus the cause had been sustained and the Word had been blest both to sinner and to saint. In a financial point, they were better off now than they were seven years ago. During the past year himself and beloved partner had been called to sustain a heavy domestic affliction, but the Lord had mercifully supported them, and the friends had given him many practical proofs of their sympathy. He would not conclude without observing, that it gave him great pleasure in stating that, as a church and people, they were enjoying the inestimable blessing of peace. Pastor, deacons, and members, were at peace one with the other; and his prayer was, that it might be perpetuated. Mr. Sampford, of Ware, gave an excellent address full of encouragement and exhortation. Another hymn was sung, when one of the deacons stated that he had a very pleasing duty to perform in reference to their beloved pastor, who had for more than seven years been labouring in their midst, faithfully and fearlessly preaching the glorious Gospel of Christ to the great comfort and edification of their souls. In his position he had had the opportunity of testing the feelings of the people towards their pastor Mr. Bowles, and from all, he had heard nothing but expressions of the highest esteem, and he thought he could say with confidence, that there was not one in the church or congregation, but what would be deeply grieved if, by any circumstance, Mr. Bowles was removed from them. As an expression of their sincere love to him for his work's sake, he had very great pleasure, on behalf of the friends, in presenting him with a purse containing £11 3s. Mr. Bowles suitably acknowledged the same, after which several friends and members of the church gave warm-hearted addresses. A more happy, spiritual, and united meeting we never before experienced. After singing and prayer the friends began to disperse; many giving vent to their feelings in the words of Holy Writ, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

JOYFUL IN DEATH.

MR. THOMAS SKINNER, of Union street, Borough, departed this life, Lord's-day, Oct. 27th, aged seventy-seven years; he was for more than twenty-seven years, a constant hearer at the Surrey Tabernacle; and profited much under Mr. J. Wells's ministry. Many of the friends there will be pleased to learn that he was greatly favoured of the Lord in his last illness and death. He was a man of a very retiring disposition; but blessed with a sweet ex-

perience of sovereign grace and redeeming love in his own soul, and in his last days the Lord loosed his tongue; it was a little heaven to be where he was. Blessing and praising his precious Christ; "Oh" he would ejaculate, "I will praise him, when I get home; I'll crown him, Lord of all; I cast my crown at his dear feet; Lord, thou knowest that I love thee; take me home, but give me patience to wait thy time. I don't fear death, he has got no sting, Jesus took that away, I look beyond the grave; when I am gone, don't think of the grave, but, think of what I am enjoying." With a sweet smile on his countenance, he would often repeat,

"On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

Some time before his departure, the enemy was permitted to set in upon him, telling him that he had been wrong all his life, and had neither part nor lot in the matter. This lasted one whole night, it was a severe struggle, but the Lord delivered him, and brought him forth as gold tried in the fire. His own words were, "I threw myself at the feet of Christ, and said, Lord, be merciful to me a sinner, and if I have never been right before, do put me right now, thou knowest that I love thee;" the Lord broke the snare, Satan fled, and he escaped. Whenever speaking of this deliverance afterwards, he would say, "Satan cannot get to the feet of Christ; we are safe there." The last conspicuous promise was, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee." In the strength of this he breathed his last, in sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life; and devout men carried him to his burial in Nunhead cemetery on Monday, November the 4th. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the judge shall come
And take his people up
To their eternal home.

We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound rejoice.

Yours sincerely, HOMER SKINNER.

CLAPHAM—EBENEZER CHAPEL, WIRTEMBURG STREET. The meeting held here on the last day of the year was, through the mercy of God, a good one. Mr. Wells preached in the afternoon; a goodly number of friends sat down to tea, and a public meeting was held in the evening. The minister, Mr. Hall, presided; who, after prayer had been offered by Mr. Battson, expressed his pleasure in meeting with his friends again at this season of the year, and remarked that he did not know any Scriptural injunction so well suited to their present circumstances, as the one used by the apostle "Be ye thankful." In spirituals he was thankful, his stay at Clapham, had not he hoped, been altogether in vain; he had had the pleasure of receiving into com-

munion 117 persons. The attendance at the chapel was good, and the testimony continued to be borne, was, that power attended the preached word, and they were dwelling together in peace and love. In temporals they had cause to be thankful; their outlay altogether had been £1,059, upwards of £800 of which had been paid off, £200 had been arranged for, by throwing it over a number of years, free of interest, and £50 remained to be paid off, towards which they had through the kindness of friends, some £15 in hand, for which they were thankful. Brethren Ponsford, Stringer, and Silvertown, delivered profitable speeches, which were listened to with pleasure. As the meeting was about closing, a gentleman asked to say a few words, which proved to be golden words, for he rose and said that he had felt much sympathy with both the minister and people, and having heard for himself that the Gospel Mr. Hall preached was such as he was in the habit of hearing, the good old Gospel of the grace of God, he felt so well satisfied that he should give £10 toward the remaining £50, and thought the least the friends could do would be to relieve the church of this debt at their next meeting. This golden speech threw a little enthusiasm in the meeting, and sent the friends away additionally cheerful and thankful. In December, Mr. Hall baptized three friends, who with three others were added to the church in January, 1868. May the good Lord bless the increase, and continue to bless for his mercies' sake.

BETHNAL GREEN.—A note to Samuel Foster, Sturry, near Canterbury. Dear Brother, Having been favoured to read your letter to our mutual friend Mr. T. P., I felt directed to send one word to you upon the resignation of my stated ministry in Bethnal Green; having laboured there in sorrow for some few years. On Thursday, January 16th, 1868, as I was going to the chapel, and to the church meeting I could think scarcely of anything but those words in Isa. xxx, "In returning and in rest, ye shall be saved; in quietness and in confidence, shall be your strength; but ye would not." I spoke for half-an-hour, or more. One feature I will notice. I felt, and I said, there is great need that we all return to a closer and more prayerful study of the Word of God; and that for three particular ends. 1. For a stronger faith in the doctrines. 2. For a deeper knowledge of the work of the Holy Spirit in the souls of the saved people; and, 3. to attain to a more correct obedience to the preceptive part of the word. The man who truly labours in the word for these ever must, I think, be in a safe, if not in a happy path. The word "returning" no doubt means a real repentance toward God, while the "rest" is expressive of the faith of reliance upon the Lord Jesus Christ, of which you may see a paper of some value in "Cheering Words"

for February. I will not detain you further. If you can lift your heart in prayer for me, I trust you will; and remember yours truly,

C. W. BANKS.

1, Portland terrace, South Hackney.

Mr. and Mrs. Pickworth have been exceedingly kind. Mrs. P., sent a little parcel of things, and some six-pences for the poor mothers; and Mr. P., sent us £2, to distribute among those who are in or near to a state of starvation. I knew one good man, who carried himself quietly and respectfully; but suddenly he died. After *post mortem* examination, it was said, "not one morsel of food was in his inside." He was literally starved to death. Oh, how heavy these trials appear!

JOYFUL OBEDIENCE.

A correspondent says,—“I have it upon my mind to give a few remarks upon Rom. vi. 3, ‘Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ, were baptized into his death?’ What were we baptized for? I answer because Christ hath said, ‘He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved;’ it gives us clear conscience in the sight of our Maker. Some have said while passing through baptism, they have had more of the light of God in their souls than ever they had before or since. One said, ‘If I ever was carried by the Spirit of Christ into the third heaven it was when I was baptized.’ If every one had his heart filled with the Holy Ghost like mine, there is no wonder so many went to John to be baptized; yet I know Satan would hinder it if possible; because he is afraid that there will be too many of his come to be baptized; and thus weaken his kingdom. There is also a newness of life in passing through it, because it is a more open way to put on our Lord Jesus; and it shows to the world that we are Christ’s. We do also show forth the Lord’s death till he come. Therefore we are buried with him by baptism. Christ commanded his apostles to preach and baptize all believers in him, and it is a glorious time when fulfilling the commands of our Lord; and I am glad to hear wherever I go among the baptized they are in a flourishing state.

“JOSEPH COLEMAN.

9, Wellington road,
St. James’s road, Holloway.”

CAMBRIDGE—Baptizing at Eden chapel. On Christmas day, afternoon, Mr. Marks, read the 28th of Matthew, and then addressed the people from Luke i. 6. This man of God made some excellent remarks upon the divinely appointed ordinance of believer’s baptism; he showed forth the sense, in which the believer stand righteous and blameless before the Lord. Then Mr. J. Simpkins, from Stapleford, baptized believers in the Lord, one female, and three

males, two belonging to the little cause at Stapleford, and two from Balsham. This servant of the Lord is a sound, faithful, Gospel minister; is well instructed in the mysteries of the kingdom; he preaches a full and free salvation to all the blood-bought family through the finished work of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord grant that more of his quickened family, who seem to disregard the ordinances of his house, may be brought to see the importance of following their Lord in his commands, and make a public profession of their faith, by being baptized. God's Word declares that "obedience is better than sacrifice;" again it says, "If you love me keep my commandments."

ONE THAT WAS THERE.

LEATHERHEAD.—We held a very interesting meeting of the children of God at Leatherhead, recently. The little place was nearly full. After tea, that sweet and sacred hymn, "Kindred in Christ," &c., was sung, and Mr. Luke Snow, of Wimbledon, then presented Mr. Ockington, with two volumes of Gadsby's travels in the East, and a purse of money as a Christian love token on behalf of the church, to their esteemed and highly favoured minister, who is enabled by God's grace to give them the pure milk of blessed Gospel from Sabbath to Sabbath. Mr. Ockington most feelingly responded, and expressed his deep gratitude, and he felt the Lord was blessing his humble efforts to extol that glorious redeemer, Jesus Christ. Mr. C. Turner, of Ripley, gave a sweet and sacred reading from St. John's Gospel. Mr. Luke Snow then presented us all (living souls) with a Christmas box, Christ, the gift of gifts; and I must say, it was one of the happiest meetings I have attended. To God be all the praise, that he still has a seed to serve him.

A VISITOR.

STOKE NEWINGTON.—Mr. Cornwell's fourth anniversary of his settlement with the church now meeting in Mount Zion chapel, St. Matthias road, was holden Tuesday, January 14th. After a comfortable tea in the school-rooms, the public meeting in the chapel commenced. A larger assembly than we have before seen was present. Mr. Cornwell spoke of peace and contentment, with prospects of steady progress. The friends had entrusted C. W. Banks with two presentations to be made to the pastor, and to Mr. Maskell, the precentor and helpful friend to the cause; both were gratefully acknowledged. Mr. Blake, of Dalston, gave a long and we may add practical address on the means of securing prosperity. It was exceedingly good; as were some short speeches by the brethren Alsop, Farnell, Foster, Battson, &c. Mr. Thomas Austin, of Hackney, was present, and many friends from neighbouring churches.

MR. JAMES WELLS.

THE church and congregation assembling in Surrey Tabernacle, Wansey street, Walworth, have, lately been deprived of the valuable services of their beloved minister, Mr. James Wells, affliction of a serious nature having quite laid him aside for some weeks. The Friday evening lecture at Bartlett's Buildings has been, for a season, suspended; and the pulpit, at the Surrey Tabernacle, has been occupied by C. W. Banks, John Bunyan M'Cure, Thomas Steed, and other ministers. Mr. E. Butt announced to the friends on the second Sunday in January, that Mr. Wells was considered a little better, but a severe cough and inflammation had so prostrated his physical powers, that it must be some weeks before he could again be found in that work in which his whole heart and soul are centred; and in which he has spent so very many happy and useful years of his life.

CAMDEN TOWN.—A public meeting was holden in Camden Hall, on Thursday, January 9th, on behalf of the friends who are now meeting there under the ministry of Mr. R. Wheeler. Mr. Wheeler fully explained his views; and announced that if a church was formed, it would be upon Strict Baptist principles. Mr. Marks, late deacon with Mr. James Nunn, said Mr. George Webb and his friends, were happily prospering in the Caledonian road; and Mr. Marks wished much prosperity might attend both sections of the church which had left "Zion." Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Nichols, Ponsford, Fothergill, C. W. Banks, and others.

EUSTON ROAD.—Mr. Waite, and his friends held public services in the hall, Jan. 9th. Mr. James Wells was announced to preach in afternoon; but illness prevented. C. W. Banks gave an address from the words, "He is not here," Luke xxiii. 6. In evening, Messrs. Wale, Baugh, Gander, Waite, Ballard, Sack, Kaye, and Cartwright, gave good words on the highest of all themes, the Gospel of the grace of God.

COLNBROOK, NEAR WINDSOR.—This veteran cause of God in the Baptist chapel here, held the 49th anniversary of the Sunday schools on Christmas Day last, according to their usage. The sermons were preached by Mr. Hawkins. The teachers and friends enjoyed their day, some of them saying they hoped they should never doubt any more, but work on, depending upon the blessings of the promised Spirit of God, encouraged by the approval of God, as revealed so copiously in His Holy Word. Fifty-one cloth caps were given to as many boys, and books were given to the girls.

The Canaanites in the Land.

BY A POOR AFFLICTED ISRAELITE.

THE Israelites were a typical people. They were typical of God's Israel after the Spirit. So the Canaanites are typical of those swarming evils which molest and distress the child of God. "The Canaanites would dwell in the land;" nor could the *priest* pray them out; nor the prophet preach them out; nor the judge condemn them out; nor the king reign them out; nor the sword drive them out; nor the altar fires burn them out. They would dwell in the land in spite of priest, altars, and divine service; in spite of prophets, and visions, and the word of truth; in spite of kings and armies, and all the appliances of warfare. Aye, and the Canaanites of evil will dwell in the land, in spite of religion and the fear of God. In the land of eyes, "Mine eye affecteth mine heart;" in the land of tongues, "Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren these things ought not so to be." In the land of hands. The martyr who signed a recantation of his principles, thrust his Canaanitish hand into the devouring flame, and the Canaanite perished only in the martyr's immolation. In the land of feet, "Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;" in the land of hearts, "The heart is deceitful above all things."

I. Notice there was a marvellous *disparity*. *Seven* nations to *one*, and oh, is there not a vast disparity between the evil and the good; between the evils of our nature, and the goodness of our lives; between the evils which we do, and the goodness which we do not. There was something evil in all these Canaanites. There is not one good thing in the names of these nations; and nothing good can spring out of our fallen nature; the fruits of the flesh are evil, and only evil; the imaginations of the thoughts of the heart are only evil, and that continually. There is a mighty odds, the renewed spirit, like the emancipated Israelite, lives in a land full of Canaanites, in a body full of evils. And their giant stature and strength often alarm the child of God, and frighten his little faith almost out of existence, and he is as fearful and unblushing as to the issue, as were the men of Israel, when they saw the sons of Anak. *Seven to one* is enough to make one quail and quake, for who is there that knows his own heart, but fears that he shall one day fall by the prevalency of the evils which doth so easily beset him? *Seven to one*, is it not so? Have we not seven vain thoughts to one good one? And are not our evil desires in equal excess of our good ones? But, beloved, as God was with Israel, and not with the Canaanites, so is He in the good and not with the evil. And as one good sovereign is worth more than seven bad ones, so one good thought outvalues seven bad ones. As much greater as God is than the devil, so much greater is a good thought than a bad one, for God is in the good, and the devil is in the bad. The numerical difference was nothing, because the Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty, yea, mightier than all.

II. Notice there was physical superiority, "Greater and mightier than thou." The least sin is greater than the greatest sinner, and

mightier than the mightiest saint; there is the might of hell in it, for "sin is of the devil." Indeed, Bible history assures us, that it was mightier than the angels, that fell from their first estate. It was mightier than Adam and Eve, even when they were fortified with the strength of their new created innocence and purity. Mightier than Abraham, who soiled his praying and believing lips with prevarication, if not a lie. Mightier than Aaron who danced the dance of deception before the golden calf e'en while God was proclaiming "Thou shalt have none other gods but me." Mightier than Samson, who slept away his strength in the lap of sensual pleasures. Mightier than David whose harp it flung upon the willow, while he wailed in deepest sadness, "Bring my soul out of prison." Mightier than Solomon, whose wisdom it tarnished with the folly of heathenish practices. Mightier than Job, whose patience it insulted with curses of awful rebellion. Mightier than Jonah, for it baptised him in the belly of hell. Mightier than Peter, and filled his mouth with libels against his faith. Mightier than Paul, and brought him into captivity, and made him exclaim, "I am carnal, sold under sin." Yea, sin is mightier than the mightiest saint, and therefore it must be God's work to drive the Canaanites out of the land; "The Lord thy God will drive out," &c. We gather from this Divine promise that the church is not always to be in a militant state, the time will come when she shall learn war no more, when the last enemy shall be destroyed, when there shall be no more Canaanites in the land; when she shall put up her sword, and wear the victory palm, put off her helmet, and wear the conqueror's crown, and exchange her garments rolled in blood, for the white raiment of peaceful immortality. This end will be realized not by our sword, but by the prowess of our captain; He will drive them out, He can drive them out, because He is "The Lord of hosts;" Jehovah Sabaoth, "The Lord mighty in truth;" our Shalom of peace. He strengthens their hands, sustains their conflicts, provides their rations, binds up their wounds, and proclaims peace. In the church militant "The Lord is a man of war," having on "the garment of vengeance" to execute judgment upon all foes, and "the cloak of zeal" to vindicate his honour; and "a vesture dipped in blood," proclaiming His deeds in the field of Aceldama, and a sword upon His thigh, to show that He is prepared for His adversaries; and the panoply of righteousness upon His breast, to proclaim the equity of His warfare; and "the helmet of salvation" on His majestic head, to exhibit the success of His engagements. "The Lord is a man of war;" He is well versed in the arts of war, He has fought a thousand battles, and won a thousand victories; He never fell but once, and in that fall, He fell with such destructive power, that hell lost the day; and He sang the victory when He rose, bearing on His hands and feet and side, the marks of His bloody contest with the powers of darkness. "The Lord is a man of war" to muster, march, and manage the armies of the living God, to enlist them under the standard of His cross, to drill them for active service, to teach their hands to war a good warfare, to equip them in the whole armour of God for the fight, to point out the foe, to help them to resist the devil, and to overcome the world. Yea, the Christian's captain prepares him for warfare, preserves him in the heat of the battle, prevents him from the deadly touches of the wicked one, and finally promotes him to glory and honour.

Notice 1. Thy captain is thy God ; "Thy God to preserve thee in going out against the foe ;" "Thy God" to cover thy defenceless head with salvation ; "Thy God" to strengthen thee, and help thee to stand ; "Thy God" to smite thine enemies before thy face, and make them flee before thee. The Lord thy God is thy captain.

"Here's our point of rest,
Though hard the battle seem
Our captain stood the fiery test," &c.

From thy captain's presence, devils flee apace, and the poor demoniac sits a willing captive at his feet. If thou wast the hold of seven devils, like Magdalene, or of legions of devils like the mad Gadarene, or of so many devils as were expelled from heaven, He can drive them out, and He will drive them out, not because He can, but because He will ; and "Who hath resisted His will ?" Not devils, or they would have held possession of heaven, and damned to hell the whole human race. Not the Canaanites, or they would have exterminated the sons of Jacob, and set the Almighty at defiance. Notice

2. The effectuality of their expulsion, "The Lord will put out those nations." The Lord will put them out, because none but the Lord can put them out. Israel tried their united and their undivided strength against them, but they could not drive them out. The tribes collectively, and separately fought against them, but they could not expel them. So the congregational and individual strength of the church is brought against evil, and still evil exists ; still the Canaanites are in the land, they are deeply intrenched in the heart of unfathomable deceitfulness in the members of the body of sin ; and therefore it is impossible for any but the Lord to put them out. He will put them out of all the members of the body when "we shall be changed," then our eye shall be single, and our feet obedient, and our hearts pure.

Notice 3.] The visibility. "The Lord will put them out before thee." God's people know the cursed Canaanites of the land, they are "before them." They that never saw a nation of Hittites (fears) never saw the Lord putting out that nation with His "fear nots." There is a large army of fears, of death, of hell, of judgments, of eternity in Immanuel's land ; but when the army of "Fear nots" came into the field the Hittites fled apace. They that never saw a nation of Gergashites (of filthy spirits) never saw a nation of sins, never saw the Lord putting out that nation by the blood which cleanseth from all sin, and giveth the victory over the devil. Israel's captain goes before them, and gives them a sight of their enemies, and then slays them before their eyes. Do you not remember when a thousand sins suddenly rose up against you, and the guilt of years hung heavy on your soul, how He put out those sins before thee, and made thee whiter than snow. The Canaanites were discovered, before they were destroyed ; and our sins must be brought before the eye of our remembrance, before they will be put out from our vision by the love that covers a multitude of sins, and remembers them no more for ever. Notice

IV. Graduality—"By little and little." The Christian when first brought into "the glorious liberty of the sons of God," knows nothing of that warfare which is sure to follow his enlistment under the banner of the cross. He feels a peace which passeth all understanding, and dreams not of war. He has no idea but that he shall "sit and sing

his soul away to everlasting bliss." But he is not called into the army to stand at ease, and sing of peace, but to buckle on his armour and fight the fight of faith, and though in fighting his way he be wounded deeply and fall frequently, yet he shall get a progressive advantage over all his enemies till the last enemy shall be destroyed, and there shall be no more Canaanites in the land. Christian warrior, you have fought and fallen, you have determined to defeat, and have been defeated, you have vowed to overthrow, and have been overthrown again and again. The fact is, whoever goes a warfare upon his own charges, relying upon his own strength, will be defeated in every engagement; for the battle is not to the strong. "The battle is the Lord's," and your reverses and falls are to teach you that your strength against these nations is in the Lord Jehovah. Your strength against your Canaanitish evil is in the blood of the Lamb, "which cleanseth from all sin;" your strength against your fears, is in that "perfect loving which casteth out fear;" your strength against the world, is in that faith which "overcometh the world;" your strength against the devil and death is in the cross, "the death of deaths and hell's destruction;" under the foot of which the serpent's head was bruised, and on which death was crucified to death.

"By little and by little" &c. The Christian's life is a life of conflicts and conquests; but he shall not have more conflicts than conquests, for the Lord will bring him off "more than conqueror," through help by little and by little. Sometimes he gets a little boldness at the throne saying, "Avenge me of mine adversaries," and the Canaanites are defeated; sometimes he gets a little faith, and faith "turns to flight the armies of the aliens." Who can tell by how many little helps this warfare is carried on, and brought to a successful issue? God gives them here a little in this promise, "Sin shall not have the dominion over you;" and then a little in that promise, "God shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly;" a little here in this promise, "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper," &c.; and a little here in that promise, "Thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee, and thou shalt tread upon their high places." Yes, God gives them a little here, and a little there; a little now, and a little then; and by these little communications,

"The weakest saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way."

Notice lastly, that the Canaanites were left in the land for two objects:—

Firstly, to try and prove Israel. He could have put them all out at once and for ever; but He saw that it would be for Israel's good to leave some of them in the land, to try them and prove them. So the Canaanites of evil are left in the land to prove us, and try us that we might know all that is in our heart. The Canaanite of sin in the members is left to try the law in the mind. And hence it is that "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would," Gal. v. 17. If there were no Canaanites in the land, no evils in the flesh, there would be no dispute between the flesh and the Spirit; if the flesh were holy, the Spirit would have no cause of complaint; if there were no Canaanites in the land, the armour of God would be superfluous, I should not require the sword of the Spirit, nor the shield of faith, nor the helmet of salvation. And herein we see the propriety of the divine

prohibition, "Slay them not, lest my people forget," Psalm lix. 2. If they had no sin they would forget the Saviour, for

"Sinners can say, and none but they
How precious is the Saviour."

If they had no conflicts, they would forget their salvation; if they had no reverses, they would forget their refuge; if they had no fiery darts they would forget their shield;" if they had no foes, they would forget their sword, the sword of the Spirit; if they had no lets or hindrances, no oppositions, they would forget the song of songs,

"Grace, grace unto it,"
"Grace 'tis a charming song,"

The second object was "Lest the beasts of the field increase upon thee." Here we see the wisdom of God in sparing one enemy to destroy another. He spares some of the Hittites, with their legion of fears to save from presumption, which sin was so beastly, that God would not allow an atonement for it. He spares some of the filthy Gergashites to make us cry unclean, and to save us from the beast of pride. He spares some of the Amorites to talk bitterly against us, to save us from carnal security. Indeed the beasts of insolent pride, of daring presumption, and of fatal security, would increase upon them, if the Lord did not spare some of all the Canaanites. We see this illustrated in Paul, his Canaanitish "law in the members" kept under the remains of Pharisaic holiness, and saved him from trusting to a bundle of old clothes, of filthy rags for raiment in which to appear before God. Paul wore his moral dress a long while, and although the filth of pride was upon it, and a terrible rent was in it, he was so infatuated that he thought it "blameless," but when the law in the members revealed its nastiness, he flung it away as dung and dross. The thorn in the flesh he tells us was left to kill his pride, 2 Cor. xii. 7. In Peter's case we see the Lord permitting one evil, in order to destroy another. Satan's sieve sifted away Peter's chaff; his false confidence in his own powers, and did him and the church good service.

Christian, you know that the Lord putteth out these nations before you by little and by little. Again and again he hath silenced your fears, subdued your sins, and scattered your enemies. And as the Canaanites are still in the land, there will be more employment of the same kind for the divine power to-morrow. Fear not, the battle is the Lord's, and He will carry on the contest to a glorious and triumphant issue, by "giving power to the faint" from time to time, by little and by little, till in death He ends the strife, and bestows the crown of life.

Love to the Word of God.

"These were more noble than those of Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so."—Acts xvii. 2.

THE testimony here borne to the superior religious character of the citizens of Berea, to that of the people in a neighbouring city, points out in an instructive manner, the secret of that eminence, by which they were distinguished, namely, their love to the word of God. With

equal facilities for obtaining a full knowledge of the truth of the Gospel; the conduct of the Jews towards it at Thessalonica, compared with that of the people of Berea, was adverse in the extreme. Not only did they reject it with the most violent manifestations of personal hatred, but raised such a storm of opposition against the preachers of it as set the whole city on an uproar, venting their rage on private Christians, and pursuing the objects of their vengeance to Berea, to stir up and disaffect the people against them there. But how differently did the Bereans regard the Gospel on its introduction to them. "These were more noble than those of Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so. Therefore many of them believed."

Of the two classes of characters here compared, the one is affirmed by the sacred historian to be more noble than the other. And that which is pointed out as the ground of their acknowledged superiority, was their love to the truth of God. The contrast of the two, viewed in a proper light, not only proves that, but points out an error of a serious nature very common amongst men. It is this. That true religion is a despicable thing; and that a contempt of it, and a persecuting violence against those who contend for it, and adhere to it, are marks of dignity and spirit in its opponents. It was under the predominating influence of this error that the prophets were persecuted, that the Saviour was put to death, and that Papists and others of an equally dominant spirit have thought they did service to God and honour to themselves by torturing in all imaginable ways those who, like the Bereans, made the word of God, the rule of their faith and practice. That which the sacred penman here records of the Thessalonian Jews, and the Berean believers, exhibits the clear general outlines of the saints, and the heretics in all ages. The heretics may have the Scriptures and hate the truths they teach, and shew their zeal for religion in their burning indignation against those who have it as the life of their souls and the rule of their lives. They set "glory to God in the highest" on the reverse side of "good will towards men;" and pretend to make "peace on earth" by making "war with the saints." From Cain to Armageddon the features of the false and the true church are clearly visible in the zealots of Thessalonica, and in the converts at Berea.

The superior nobleness of the Bereans, to others with whom they are compared, arose not from any material difference in respect of external advantages, for in that respect they appear to have been much alike; but from the fact of their being, in the proper sense of the term, more religious. They received the testimony of God as the basis of their faith. In matters of mere human opinion, persons may or may not be the better for receiving what is propounded for their belief and observance. But it is otherwise with regard to what God has revealed to man under the seal of His high authority. To deny, disregard, or oppose, that, is in the highest degree criminal; it proceeds from a spirit of moral debasement, and indisposes the unbeliever for that which alone can save from sin, and impart the necessary elements for ennobling the human character. Whereas a cordial reception of Divine truth, is at once a proof of the existence of a better principle, and the effectual means of maturing it; which raises believers of the Gospel into a state of greater nearness to God, and brings them into more habitual acquaintance with the Scrip-

tures, wherein is revealed the will of God concerning them, both as regards the method of their salvation, and the manner of their life and service.

True religion is of God. It is designed for bringing sinners from their state of contrariety to Him, into a state of conformity to His will. The Scriptures contain the whole body of Divine truth necessary for man's instruction unto righteousness and salvation. Looking into them for the necessary knowledge of truth is a proper exercise for a rational being, an ordained means of leading the seeker to Him of whom they testify, and, when done with a desire to know the truth and be guided by it, cannot be pursued without profit. Principle, and pleasure, and profit, unite in inducing believers in Christ to search the Scriptures, and the influence of this threefold inducement, causes the practice to become habitual, as an integral part of their religious life, and as an important means of grace, in the hands of the Spirit, for promoting their spirituality of mind, their establishment in the faith, their sanctification, and their usefulness in every good work. Hence, the power of the Gospel induced those herein referred to, to search the Scriptures daily. Religion, where it is real, is a daily thing, and requires day by day its daily bread. The word of God is not only the rule of it, but an essential means of sustaining it in health and vigour. A disrelish for it indicates a sickly state of soul, but a daily desire for it, and a consequent daily application to the Scriptures, for the purpose of collecting the spiritual manna, shows a spiritual healthiness, like that of David, who esteemed the words of his God, more than his necessary food. "Search the Scriptures," said our Lord, "for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me."

Blessed Dying Scenes and Sentences of the late Mr. Collis.

FOR SEVERAL YEARS PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, COGGESWELL, ESSEX.
WRITTEN BY HIS SON ELEAZAR.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 37.)

You may perhaps feel it rather tedious having so much quotation from hymns, but this seemed to be my dear father's happiest mode of uttering his deepest and best feelings, therefore, if I prove somewhat irksome, I must beg pardon on this account. Another time while speaking of his dissolution, he said, "Boasting grave, where is thy victory? thou hast boasted over millions of souls, but I don't think you will ever boast over me, for Christ has conquered your power, and thus made me more than conqueror through his precious blood." Thinking we should grieve his loss very much, he said to me one day, "Don't make yourself too uncomfortable about me when I am gone, for I shall be all right, you will have this sweet thought that I am in heaven.

"Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's shore."

"I shall soon be there, I only just want a lift over Jordan."

"Happy songsters,
When shall I your chorus join?"

In reply to the question as to whether he had any wish to see the New Year in, he replied with much emphasis, "No! no! no! To-morrow, if it were the Lord's will, I should be glad to be gone; but,

"I wish to want the time decreed,
And then meet death with joy."

Once when suffering very much he said, "My sufferings are great, but I've only to drink of the cup, for Christ has drunk it to the dregs." The following lines I heard him frequently repeat, and which are from another of the hymns he wished to be sung upon the occasion of his funeral service;

"Corruption, earth and worms,
Can but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh."

These lines were also very sweet to his soul:

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

On conversing with one of my brothers I heard him say, "My hope is not fictitious, I know, for it is established on firm ground, upon the promise of him who cannot lie." Shortly after which he repeated the subsequent lines:—

"There is a day fast hastening on,
When Zion's God will purge his floor,
His own elect will then be known,
For he will count his jewels o'er."

While in his own room one day he very feelingly rehearsed these two lines:—

"If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost."

And when interrogated as to whether he had any doubt, he very earnestly, and with much emotion replied, "I can't, I dare not." Upon another occasion when going into his room and thinking him to be asleep, he looked at me and said, "What a blessed thing it would have been had you found me in an eternal sleep, asleep in Jesus."

Not now being able at times to converse but little, he once said to me, "How I love to think upon his name; and we read in Scripture, that a book of remembrance was kept of them that thought upon his name;" and he said, "I know I have thought upon his name many times and in many ways." To-day on awaking from sleep, as I entered his room, and having had but little comfortable rest since the commencement of his illness, he said, "Oh! I've been in such a beautiful sleep, everything was so quiet and so serene," then very emotionally exclaimed, "How sweet it is to drink of the fulness of this fountain. I've tasted and drunk of it many times before, but never to such a ravishing extent as this, surely I must have been in heaven, how sweet to have such blissful foretastes, heaven can't be complete without me, I must be there, I must be there." His countenance at the time beaming with more than terrestrial joy. Shortly afterwards when suffering much pain, these lines dropped from his lips:—

"Not all the pains that er'e I bore,
Shall spoil my future peace,
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please."

When in anticipation of his dismissal, he repeated, to-day the following lines :

"Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
O may my last expiring breath,
His loving-kindness sing in death."

My dear father was taken with hæmorrhage, which through the immense loss of blood, rendered him extremely weak, and by this means he had little strength for conversation, either physically or mentally considered, yet during a brief and more lucid interval, he expressed a desire to see me. I went at once, when he grasped my hand very affectionately, and said, "You'll not have a father much longer, now you will have to struggle on through life for yourself in future, but there's the same God for you, as has helped me through all my many trials," making reference to my name as being a monument to the will of God. In the afternoon of the same day, as a friend who had called to see him was standing by his bedside, my father pointed upwards with his hand signifying that he should soon be gone ; and on being interrogated as to whether "all was right," he said, with all his energies apparently concentrated to speak to the praises of his Redeemer, "Can't be more so ; can't be more so." Once after this, while gazing on his dear and pallid face, I said, "You don't wish to come back, do you, father?" to which he instantly replied, "No ! no ! no ! What ! come back after what I have suffered?" This seemed so to move his feelings, that he reiterated several times, "Come back, no ! no ! no !" Briefly after this he appeared to be ruminating on his family, for he thus addressed himself to me, "My dear children, where are you standing ? oh ! to meet an angry God how solemn, there is nothing short of a sin-pardoning God can save your souls," but he said, "I can't talk now, or I have more I should like to say."

A few days subsequent to this, my dear father particularly wished to see me again. I at once went, and never shall I forget that sight, or become oblivious of the words that then fell from his dear lips. Death is the crisis and trial proof of the genuineness of religion, then is the time, if thoughtful at all, to estimate more nearly its value and importance. I was astonished to hear my father speak so consciously and so collectedly in the extreme lassitude to which he was reduced. Some-time preceding he had been in a quiet and comfortable sleep, from which he awoke in rapture inexpressible, and not entirely to be conceived only by those who were present. Such was the elysian transport that filled his heaven-born soul. This was quite a different state from that in which my father had been during the earlier part of his illness, which, prior to this, I had committed to paper. He awoke exclaiming, "Victory ! victory ! victory ! Angels are awaiting to conduct me home. Victory through the blood of Christ. No merits of my own. All a free gift ! all a free gift. Oh the love of my Saviour to condescend to save me one of the vilest. Tell it unto sinners, that I am a sinner saved wholly and entirely by Jesus." His countenance during this period, which continued for a half hour or more, become quite animated

and refulgent with truly celestial bliss. "Call this dying!" "Call this dying!" he shouted (his feelings of happiness being so vast at the time, he appeared to become unconscious of his pain and suffering). "I have never tasted such sweets, nor have had such an earnest before, I am only just out of heaven." While this frame of mind lasted, he very lovingly and earnestly admonished his family, and commended them into the Lord's hands, assuring them that nothing but a broken heart would stand the solemn test. "You have heard my religion often spoken against, no doubt, but now you see its necessity and importance." Natural ties must be broken, and this will be a great loss to you all, you will lose a praying husband and a praying father, all that I can do now is what before I have many times done, that is, to ask the Lord to bless you. Oh that we may all be bound up together in Christ, that will be a blessed union indeed." Very much more could be written of his conversation at this time, (or rather preaching, as he called it himself, for he said repeatedly afterwards, "He never preached like it before"); but enough I think is expressed in the above to explain the happy confidence of a dying saint. According to my dear father's request, I would prefer to make less of this circumstance than attempt to augment it fictitiously, being quite sure if he could now speak for himself, he would desire to be nothing, that Christ might be all in all, having expressed this wish as his heavenly rhapsody somewhat subsided. From this time my dear father was not sufficiently collected to be able to converse upon any subject, although generally sufficiently sensible to reply in a concise manner to any interrogation that was put. The night previous to his dismissal he was extremely restless, but about a half an hour before his death, he became quite quiet, and at half-past six, a.m., without a struggle, he left behind all pain and sorrow, in glorious exchange for an everlasting, immutable heavenly rest. Thus, "Having fought a good fight, finished his course, and kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give him in that day."

Coggeshall.

EBENEZER COLLIS.

REHOBOTH.

ENLARGE our borders O our God,
Our minds enlighten more;
Enlighten us in all that's good,
And thee we will adore.
Increase our numbers if thou wilt,
And let us patient wait,
Advance thy cause of Zion's hill,
With showers of blessings great.
Enlarge our borders, O our God,
For this is Rehoboth;
Hast thou not promised it much good?
Hast thou not pledged thy troth?
The dead in sin awake to life,
The blind thy light to see;
The enemies to cease their strife,
And bow like friends to thee.
Enlarge our borders, O our God,
Give room that we may dwell;
Saxmundham.

With Jesus' righteousness and blood,
Our hymns of praise shall swell.
Enlist more soldiers of the cross,
Thy bounty to receive,
And then whatever be their loss,
With thee at last they live.
Enlarge our borders, O our God,
The wanderer's restore;
And let it be well understood,
That we thy name adore.
Encourage the weak-hearted one,
To cast all care on thee,
The helpless and the poor lead on,
And set the captive free.
Jehovah, kindly prosper us,
If this is not too great;
O do thou richly bless us thus,
Enlarge, enlarge, our state.

W. HOUSE.

Memorials of the Life of Mr. Joseph Hamblin.

BY THOMAS JONES.

(Continued from page 49.)

JOSEPH HART gives it as the lesson of his life that, "it is not so easy to be a Christian as most men imagine." His own exercises under the strong hand of God, as recorded by himself, fully justifies his conclusion, which agrees with an ancient testimony : "For thou, O God, hast proved us, thou hast tried us as silver is tried. Thou broughtest us into the net ; thou laidest affliction upon our loins. Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads ; we went through fire and through water : but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place." Thus, also, spake Moses to the children of Israel, "The Lord thy God, which brought thee forth out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage ; who led thee through that great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought, where there was no water ; who brought thee forth water out of the rock of flint ; who fed thee in the wilderness with manna, which thy fathers knew not, that he might humble thee, and that he might prove thee, to do thee good at thy latter end." Not all Christians can minutely describe the way or the voyage through which they have come, but those who could, tell of warrings between the law of the members and the law of the mind ; of a confused noise, and garments rolled in blood ; cries of fear, mingled with hope ; liftings up and castings down ; death struggles with the adversary, and vehement wrestlings with Jacob's God ; their feeble vision overpowered by the brightness of his glory, and they, anon, plunged into thick darkness which can be felt. These are among the means whereby the Father of spirits "exercises and proves, and tries the heart and the reins."—Psalm xvi. 2.

Joseph Hamblin was taught in the same school as Joseph Hart, and, like him, learnt that "faith, like gold, must be tried in the fire before it can be depended on." One day, he relates, while employed in his business, and thinking of his manifold backslidings, Satan entered his mind with fierce rage and malice, and stoutly charged him with having sealed his own condemnation by committing the sin against the Holy Ghost, the sin the Saviour declares shall not be forgiven to men neither in this world nor in the world to come. The suddenness, the violence, the frightfulness of the charge, and the manner in which it was made, shook his whole system, and rendered him incapable of following his usual occupation two weeks. In this his distress he betook himself to his knees, and with many tears entreated help of Him who is "mighty to save." His cry was heard, his soul was relieved, and the accuser was cast down. He was given to see that many and heinous as were his transgressions, the unpardonable crime was not among them. Nor was this all the spoil he acquired through the fight, as a fresh sense of pardon was sealed on his conscience ; and though there was not the same glow and joy he had felt before, he realised that sweet peace which Satan may be suffered to disturb, but he is never able to destroy.

It would seem that this accusation of unforgivable blasphemy is the enemy's great gun, with which he contrives to rake and harass poor souls to a fearful extent. Many of our Father's family have been struck with a shot from that engine, but they fell to rise again. Bunyan was bruised by it, and he obtained healing for himself, and such instruction concerning the whole matter as qualified him to minister to the relief of others wounded by the same weapon. He says a seared conscience is one of the marks of such reprobates, and he who fears he has committed the sin against the Holy Ghost, hath not committed it.

We read that after Satan, in his devilish impudence, had attacked our blessed Lord with his wonted subtleties, and continued the siege forty days and forty nights, HE DEPARTED FROM HIM FOR A SEASON. Luke says he had "ended all the temptation," implying that he had tried all his skill and craft, and expended all his ammunition in this desperate campaign, artfully judging that if he could conquer the Captain of our salvation, the rank and file would be an easy prey. This is recorded for the comfort and encouragement of His tempted followers that "He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin;" Satan could not induce him to sin. But lest we should be too jubilant when he has fled from us, and so become carelessly confident, we are told that when he had tried his every stratagem on our Lord, and been constantly foiled, he departed only for a season, still bent on mischief, and waiting for opportunity.

After he had inflicted a painful wrench on our friend Hamblin, who in his anguish sought succour under the shade of the cross, he departed from him for a season.

"Satan trembles when he sees,
The weakest saint upon his knees."

During a few years following he travelled through chequered scenes; some bright, some gloomy; sometimes rejoicing in the Lord, and sometimes crying out, "O, wretched man that I am: who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" He had numerous sins to mourn over, and countless mercies to praise for, in the year 1819, he was visited with fatherly chastisement in the shape of a dangerous bodily affliction: "What son is he whom the father chasteneth not?" Disease made such rapid progress that in the space of one night he sunk so low that his recovery was very doubtful. Through mercy he did recover, and it was not till he was convalescent that he came to know how near he had been to the grave, and how manifest was the hand of God in plucking him from the jaws of death. Then he was led to see the wisdom of Divine goodness, as in the extremity of his weakness had he apprehended a speedy dissolution death would have been hastened by those fears which infested his soul, and which would have been intensified a thousand-fold if he had believed he was so near to the bar of judgment; his body healed, the Holy Spirit led him to deeper examinations of his own heart, and to enquire more jealously into the nature of his hope and the grounds of his faith. Here he encountered difficulties he had not so much as dreamed off. He was conscious of abounding sin; he was not so conscious of the super-aboundings of grace. He did not doubt the Word as it stands, but could not realise his own standing in the grace of the Word,

and it was after much reading, pondering, and praying that he clearly perceived that the sinner becomes just before God by the righteousness of Christ freely imputed; and in that same Jesus is wisdom, sanctification, and redemption. He ceased to trust to some good thing in his own flesh, and looked only to the Saviour, in whom it hath pleased the Father all fulness should dwell. Legality, slavish fear, fleshly reasonings, engendering doubt, were expelled by faith in the Gospel record—in the Christ of the Gospel; and he felt his feet were set upon a rock, while glory shone around.

WHEN DID THE HOLY SPIRIT BEGIN HIS WORK IN THE GOSPEL DISPENSATION?

I WAS thinking of those words in Psalm ciii, "But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him." This mercy appeared to be like a river flowing out of the heart of God; and, coming down, in the person of JESUS, rolling on through all the Ages of Time; its streams making glad the citizens of Zion; and emptying itself in the sea of everlasting love, which is before the throne of God and the Lamb for ever. In the character of the Good Samaritan, the living embodiment of mercy appeared in its most benevolent employment—healing, raising, and taking care of the poor man who had fallen amongst thieves; but the most powerful thought in my mind was upon the exercise of mercy manifested in the power and grace of the Holy Ghost.

Did not the ETERNAL SPIRIT begin His great work in the New Testament dispensation just as the Redeemer was finishing His great sacrificial work? I think He did. There is something very pleasant, yea, most exceedingly powerful as illustrating the faithfulness, the harmony, and the beautiful unity of the Three Glorious Persons in the ever-blessed Trinity in the work of salvation, if you look at two things for one moment.

I. Did not the Saviour say unto His disciples, "If I go not away, the COMFORTER will not come unto you; but if I go away, my FATHER will send Him unto you?"

II. Now before the Saviour was quite gone, did not the Holy Spirit fly from the eternal throne, and entering into the soul of one of the expiring malefactors on Calvary's Hill, did He not convince him of his sinful and dangerous state—and then, directing his eye and his heart toward the bleeding and expiring JESUS, He secretly said, as it were, within him, "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world?" The poor dying thief looked, and as he looked, the SPIRIT wrought faith in his soul, and prompted him to throw himself upon the all-sufficiency of the Son of God, with, "LORD, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." And was it possible he could be denied? In ancient prophecy had not the Lord cried out, "Look unto me and be ye saved all ye ends of the earth? For I am God, and beside me there is no Saviour." And now from the ends of the earth indeed a poor dying thief was "LOOKING" and crying too. Besides, in the days of His holy ministry, the Great Immanuel cried, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Therefore, in the fulness of His faithfulness, the dying Saviour replied, "To day shalt thou be with Me in paradise." Thus, the prophetic exclamation, the Saviour's proclamation, and His promise concerning the coming and work of the Holy Spirit, were all fulfilled and realised in that dreadful hour, when Jesus on the cross did hang.

Lights and Shadows of a Pastor's Life.

BEING A DOZEN CHAPTERS IN THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A
LIVING MINISTER.

(Continued from page 45).

PASSING through the street one day about three months after, I had begun the French, I picked up a leaf of some philological work on which I saw it stated, that the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese were all sister languages, and were derived from the Latin. Then, thought I, with my present knowledge of Latin and French, I shall be able to acquire these with comparative ease. I commenced with the Italian, adapting my usual course of reading in it the first chapter of John, and so going through the Italian Testament. I thought that my best course would be to acquire the Italian through the medium of the French; I accordingly bought a French and Italian dictionary, and Zotte's *Grammaire Italien*, in French and Italian. By this process I acquired it rapidly, and at the same time strengthened and increased my knowledge of the French. A Florentine gentleman to whom I was introduced, kindly volunteered to teach me the pronunciation, which I found remarkably easy, and extremely musical.

I then set to work at the Spanish through the French, and the Portuguese at the same time; and acquired a tolerable knowledge of both in a few weeks, so as to be able to read the prose writers in both languages. Here I paused in my study of languages for a few months, till one day, in the course of one of my rambles, I found a Greek Testament; at this time I had never seen a letter in the Greek alphabet, but the title *Novum Testamentum Græcum*, being in Latin told me what it was, and in a few months I had read it through, and could "parse" it too.

Some time subsequent, to this, with the object of reading the philological works of Bopp, Grimm, and Adding, in their native tongue, I turned my attention to the German, and then to its collateral dialects, the Dutch, and the Danish. I then commenced the study of the old Slavonic, the modern Russian, and the Luthuarian, the old Prussian, and the old Gothic, the parent of the Anglo-Saxon. Then the Anglo-Saxon itself, then the Erse, or old Irish, and the old Celtic, or parent of the Welsh.* In fact I had a perfect passion for languages, and acquired a knowledge of them with great rapidity.

At the close of these chapters, if I have space, I will add an appendix of some of the interesting results to which I was led by this study of languages. During all this time I was a stranger to vital godliness, but still I looked upon a profession of religion as a respectable and necessary thing, and though as I was now twenty years of age, it was time for me to put it on. Beside several of my old schoolfellows had done so, joined churches, and were now at college, and studying for the ministry, and why should not I? and I accordingly began to look round, and see which seemed the most

* I do not mean to say that I mastered these latter languages, as I studied them chiefly with a view to their philology.

respectable and fashionable Independent church in London ; and I soon decided in favour of the church at S—— chapel, then under the pastorate of the late Mr. S——. After attending public worship there some four or five months, I called on Mr. S——, and expressed a wish to join the church. He received me very courteously, and the following conversation took place.

Mr. S——. "Where do you live?" I told him.

"How long have you attended my ministry?"

"Four or five months."

"And you like it?"

"Yes! sir."

"Can you give me two references as to moral conduct?"

"Yes! sir."

"I will send two of my deacons to see them and you. Good morning."

"Good morning, sir."

A week or two after, two of the deacons, having seen my references, called on me when the following conversation ensued.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty."

"How long have you attended Mr. S——'s ministry?"

"Four or five months."

"Do you like it?"

"Yes."

"Then you will receive a ticket of membership, between this and the first Sunday in next month. Good morning."

Six other young men that I know were received into membership about the same time, on the strength of a precisely similar conversation. In fact I had ascertained from one of them before I went to see Mr. S——, what questions I was likely to be asked that I might be prepared to answer.

I have been thus particular in detailing the conversation, because it affords a sad but striking illustration of the way that members are received into the great dissenting churches. Had minister or deacons asked me any questions in relation to soul matters, as to when, where, how I had been convinced of sin, what I knew of the burden of sin, of the felt necessity of salvation, of communion with God, or yearning after it; I must have been speechless, and covered with shame and confusion of face before them. But as far as their questions were concerned, I might have been a positive atheist, and they would not have known, and I should have been admitted. This is a fearful state of things, in what is not inaptly termed, the "professing world," (it is certainly not the church of Christ). Having a name to live (in members, zeal, profession) but being dead. Nor was this mode of admitting members, confined to this church, I found from my intercourse with the members of the metropolitan Congregational churches, that this was pretty much the rule in them all.* Soon after I had joined the church, I was sent out to preach at different stations, prisons, and workhouses in the

* I know of one church where quite recently, sixteen members were admitted by a letter, one of the sixteen wrote it, and the others copied it, only making certain verbal alterations.

metropolis. My sermons chiefly consisted of exhortations to my hearers to mend their lives, and come to Jesus Christ directly. Some of my sermons having been spoken favourably of to Mr. S——, he desired me to write out two or three for his inspection, which I did; after reading them he signified his approval of them, and intimated a wish that I should go to Cheshunt college to study for the ministry. This plan with which I fell in most readily, was frustrated by two circumstances, which I shall relate in the proper place.

I now gave myself to the study of theology as taught in the colleges, the works of Payne, Wardlaw, Jenkyn, till my mind was saturated with it; I found a special pleasure I remember in confuting and ridiculing what I was pleased to call, the narrow and bigoted views of the Particular Baptists. I used sometimes to accompany my parents who belonged to that body, to hear some of its ministers, but always with the object of ridiculing their ignorance, and censuring their bigotry. I found a malicious pleasure too in arguing with my poor old parents on disputed points of doctrine, such as particular redemption, personal election, and final perseverance; and though they could not always reply to my arguments, they had a living witness within, (which I had not) whose testimony none of my arguments could shake. God bless them and forgive me, they are in heaven now. Whenever they spoke of vital godliness, or experimental religion, I felt the sneer curl my lips, and the enmity rise in my heart; when I have heard them speak of what "the Lord had done for their souls," I have said within myself, "Cant! What has the Lord done for your soul more than for any one else's?"

I had my plan of salvation cut and dried in the most approved fashion; Christ had died for every member of the human family, whether in heaven, earth, or hell; the elect certainly would be saved, and all the rest might if they liked. A scheme which of course ignores the existence and agency of the Holy Spirit altogether, and transfers his powers, and assigns his work to the sinner, making free grace stand as a dutiful lacquey behind the chair of my lord free-will; man walking in front as a sovereign Lord, and the great God bringing up the rear like an hired servant. I believed then with the author of "Mammon," that the church is responsible for the conversion of the world.*

* Such is the teaching of "Mammon; a prize essay," by the late Dr. Harris. Let the reader remember, too, that it was a prize essay, adjudged worthy of the prize awarded to it, by the leading divines of the Congregational body. Let him remember that it had an immense sale and an unbounded popularity, and may, therefore, be regarded as a fair representation of the denomination by which it was issued. Besides, these sentiments, now are repeated *ad nauseam* upon every missionary and evangelical platform, and from thousands of pulpits through the land. The Church responsible for the salvation of the world! Where is the Scripture for this assertion? Let us reduce this statement to a simple question of arithmetic, and then see how it looks. The population of the world is about one thousand millions. Now supposing the church to consist of fifty millions—which is far beyond what we have any just reason to believe—she is responsible for the salvation of the other nine hundred and fifty millions. Now, as the "Church" is but an aggregate of individuals, it follows that every individual member of the church is responsible for the salvation of nineteen souls. How terrible, how Christ-dishonouring the thought! Has each of the reverend writers and speakers who hold this sentiment saved the nineteen souls, whose eternal destinies are thus placed in his hands? If not, what is the penalty for failure? Or has this terrible responsibility no penalty annexed to its violation? This

MR. JAMES WELLS'S FIRST SERMON AFTER HIS LONG ILL- NESS.

AFTER preaching at the Surrey Tabernacle on Wednesday evening, February 5th, a friend referred to the sermon by Mr. Wells the previous Sunday morning in such terms as made us anxious to read it. The next day we obtained a copy, and eagerly and carefully perused it. The most precious testimony which Mr. Wells therein gives of the Lord's indulging, confirming, and comforting him, exceeds anything we have read in modern times. The report was very current for some few days that Mr. Wells was really gone to heaven. As far as we could we contradicted that report; but when we read of that spiritual baptism into the holy light and heavenly love of the glorious New Covenant with which our brother was favoured, the secret whisper would arise within, "Is this the chariot of fire to fetch him home?" For the Church's sake, we hope not; may the Lord restore and re-build him with greater physical strength for years to come, and may the harvest time of his ministry be most abundant both in the quantity and the quality of the increase to Zion which shall yet be effected through his instrumentality.

We are, perhaps, over-zealous and too anxious to publish EVERYWHERE the testimonies to the Lord's grace and goodness which the Lord's servants often bear. When we read Mr. Wells "Bright Cloud," we could not resist the temptation of asking him to allow us to insert the record of his own experience in "Cheering Words" for March. We most intensely enjoyed the testimony ourselves; and if we could get the thousands who profess the Gospel, but who are taught to believe that Mr. Wells holds some strange doctrines, and that he preaches some dangerous errors; we felt, we repeat, if we could

get them to read this precious unfolding of the Lord's dealing with him while on a bed of sickness, their prejudices must perish, their thanksgivings to God must abound. We wrote to him, and received the following kind note:

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD.—I am much obliged by your kind note of this morning, and I feel much indebted to you for your great kindness in preaching so many times at the Surrey Tabernacle during my illness, and pleased I am that you have been so well received.

Now as to the humble testimony I was enabled to give last Sunday morning, do by all means what you please with it, as I need not say you are welcome to do with any or all of my sermons. I am in a great measure recovered from my hoarseness, but I still feel very weak about the chest.

How are you getting on with the new Tabernacle? If the ability of all your friends in town and country could be concentrated something might soon be done, but your forces are so scattered: just a few here and a few there, but amounting in all to a large number; and if they could be concentrated two or three years would give you a nice little 3000 chapel, which I should greatly rejoice to see. Yours gratefully and truly in the truth,
J. WELLS.

Mr. C. W. Banks.

Feb. 7th, 1868.

2, Amphilh-place, North Brixton.

LETTERS FROM THE HEART.

I FEEL greatly obliged to you for "Cheering Words," &c. Having been seventeen years a member of the Church of England, to many of the Baptists I am as yet comparatively a stranger; but time and patience will bring all things to pass. I never shall be able to express the intense gratitude I feel to my heavenly Father for giving me an opportunity to unite with a people whose views always coincided with my own. I was kept from joining them sooner because there was formerly a mixture

stereotyped falsehood has, within the last twelvemonth, been circulated again through the length and breadth of the land in a pamphlet, which the "greatest preacher of the age" has publicly recommended. It is entitled "Words to the Winners of Souls." On the twenty-ninth page of the seventeenth edition, which is now lying before us, are these words—"What a mystery! The soul and eternity of one man depends upon the voice of another!"

of unitarianism in the Church. Thank God He has sent a faithful preacher amongst us! We have in Mr. W. Wilson all we could desire, and I doubt not the Lord will bless his labours. He has said, "In every place where I record My name, there will I meet with thee, and will bless thee." He has frequently met with us, and graciously manifested Himself to us, and He will never forsake the work of His own hands. Sooner shall heaven and earth pass away than one of His promises fail.

It is very sweet to withdraw from the world, and commune with One who understands all our trials and sorrows and temptations, and who is able not only to sympathise with us, but to support us under them. It is sweet to realise that when we are bowed down with anguish either of body or mind, that the Saviour's own shoulder is sustaining the burden, that our feet are on the Rock of Ages, which can never be moved; sweet to know that His covenant is "ordered in all things and sure," and that "neither death, nor life, nor any other creature can separate us from the love of God."

[We hope to give some experimental papers from this correspondent.]

THE DEATH OF MR. FRIEND, OF GEELONG.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I wrote you a few lines, which were published on the cover of the *VESSEL*, for January, relative to my very great loss, the loss of one of the most faithful brothers in Christ I have ever known. For fifteen years we have walked and worked together in unbroken friendship; he ever was to me a true friend, a dear loving brother in the Gospel. I have just received by the mail, some particulars of his happy death, written by my very dear friend and brother Stephens, of Melbourne. I shall feel obliged by your publishing the enclosed letter, which I have no doubt will be read with great interest by the Lord's people. Yours in the Lord, JOHN BUNYAN M'CURE.

6, Heygate street,
Walworth road, London.

My dear brother,—I have to inform

you of the death of our very dear Mr. Friend. You know how he was when you saw him last; he only came to Melbourne twice after; and the last time was so weak could scarcely walk; he was only from our house four hours at business, when he returned, I never saw him so much knocked up. He said, "This is the last time, my brother S—, I shall ever be in town," and I thought the same. I went with him next morning towards the station; after that he was but a few times able to go to business in Geelong. He was nineteen days in bed. The first Scripture he preached from was, "Charity never faileth." Mrs. Stephens happened to be there; and said to others "this is the Lord's sermon;" many others thought the same. The Lord blessed the word. I heard some say they were afraid to speak; they never felt so under the word before. The fourth day after taking to his bed, he sent for us to come and see him once more. My dear partner went at once, and found he was fast sinking; but thought he would last a week.

On the following Wednesday, I received a telegram to come at once. I got the first train. He had rallied a day or two before; a great many of the friends went to see him; to each one he gave his dying testimony for truth, showing them that the Gospel which he preached was now his stay; and the heavenly witness he gave they will never forget. Brother Cakebread told me that he put him to the blush, such a meeting he never experienced, and shall never forget the heavenly manner and glorious way in which he spoke. Mr. Strickland told me than his meeting with him was delightful; and he had lost one of his dearest brethren on earth; his love was so great to the Lord's children, that on parting, he embraced them in his poor arms, and kissed them like a loving wife. When I got there, he was suffering much. When better, he said, "Oh, if the Lord will raise me, I will not go to the law, but will give myself to the preaching of the Gospel; and proclaim Jesus, my blessed Lord to his people." I was with him till Lord's-day week before he died; it was blessed to hear

him, he said, "I am happy on the rock!" He said, "My dear brother, tell all the church of Christ that the same truths I have preached are now my comfort, and stay in the valley; and I know they will carry me through Jordan." At another time he said, "O that blood! the preciousness of it, I now enjoy! O the blood of my Jesus!" The next day, he was very low, I was sitting one side of his bed, and Mrs. Stephens the other; he lifted up his arms, and said looking up, "I can see the pearly gates! O my dear brother I can." I said "By faith?" "No! (he said) I can see them." Some time after the same day, he said, "Read a psalm." I said "Which?" he said, "Any one." I read the 166th. As soon as I had finished he said, "Amen, amen, glory be to God, so be it." On the next day, Saturday, he was so faint he said, "It is all right, dear Lord, dear Lord, I have perfect peace, my standing is on him." Getting lower he looked up and said, "O Father, why are thy chariot wheels so long coming to fetch thy servant home? He was continually saying, "Come! come, quickly," then he said, "Pardon me, Father;" give me patience." On Lord's-day morning, I left him, I went to say "good bye," he held me in his arms, and said, "Well, I have embraced you; I will let you go." This was the last time I saw him alive, this was a week before he died. After I left him, Mrs. Stephens and Mrs. Friend never left him. He said to Mrs. Stephens, lifting up his hands, "Glory! glory! I can see my glorified Jesus! O the glory! millions of angels. Don't you see them?" Mrs. S—— said "No, my brother, sin hinders me;" he said, "Oh, but you will;" the sight continued for some time. A few days before he died, Mrs. Stephens was with him; he looked up, and said, "Glory! glory! I see my son Paul, grandma, and thousands of spirits; oh, what glory!" On Wednesday before his death, like Jacob, he had all his children in to take leave, and bless them; he took them separately, and you know what a father he was. Mrs. S—— said, "It was one of the most exciting scenes she ever witnessed, especially his ad-

dress to his eldest son, Burnham, he believed him to be one that God had designed to preach the Gospel, and may it prove so. And to his dear wife he said, "My dearest, sweetest wife, we shall meet again." To her his language was sublime, for he told me he was sure she was in the covenant, one with us; and I believe so too; for her concern was so great for his happiness, continually asking him "Are you still happy?" On Saturday he asked my partner to read the 1012th hymn in Denham's Selection. Seven times that day his very soul drank into the spirit of it; and on that day often he said, "Come magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together." The last Scripture was Job xix. 25th and 27th verses.

There was no change till a few minutes before he died, he said, "I feel faint, give me some cologne," his dear wife wetted his temples, and he gave two or three long breaths and fell asleep in Jesus at half-past six, Sunday morning, 20th, just forty-six years and three days old. His funeral was on Wednesday; a very long train of carriages and horsemen followed; the mayor and council joined about half way. Mr. Strickland spoke first in his drawing room, then at the grave, and was very good. I have given you the fullest account in a letter, if I could tell you all he said, it would fill many pages. I have been requested to put it in the *Vessel*, but I thought you could do it better than I can. My nephew Frank, of Ballarat, was in consumption, stayed at our house six weeks, he was a babe in grace; our brother Friend was with him, and was made a great blessing to him; the Lord took him home about six weeks before, they are both now before the throne, praising in that happy kingdom where I hope we shall ere long join. We are both well in health as usual, hope you are the same; give our love to all friends, especially Mr. and Mrs. Wyard. I should like you to bring out the book he has published when you come. Yours in the Lord,

W. STEPHENS.

122, Gore street, Fitzroy,
Melbourne, Australia, Oct., 1867.

NEW BOOKS.

RELIGION :

ITS OBJECT, TRIAL, JOY, AND
MANIFESTATION.

The Christian Man's Calling is the title of a new volume sent out from Edinburgh last month by Mr. John Nichol, being the first of the "Complete Works of George Swinnock," one of the Puritan Divines. It certainly must be a happy family where Christianity is realised, maintained, and practised according to the instructions and scriptural expositions given by the ancient and excellent George Swinnock. For ourselves, for our readers, for all believers in the Gospel, we could desire nothing for this life, more blessed, than to have such a measure of the grace of God as to enable us all to adorn the doctrines of the Gospel, and to wear the badge of true discipleship so faithfully and consistently as is enforced in the several chapters given by this venerable servant of Christ, under the heading of the "Christian Man's Calling."

We have thought to present this volume of Swinnock's Cautions, Exhortations, and illustrative quotations of the duties and doings of the Christian man, to young people just entering upon a profession of religion, might be a service of much value. But to many of us who have been thrown about upon the troublesome sea of this world, never having such an instructor nor guide, Swinnock's words become like arrows to pierce, censure, and condemn. The perusal of some parts of his writings led us to reflect upon the expressive words of the Church in the Canticles. When she found Him whom her soul loved, she says, "I HELD HIM, AND WOULD NOT LET HIM GO." There is a beautiful and useful example; and the connection furnisheth the four parts of that real religion of the heart which every one who has the saving grace of God in him must know something of.

First, the Object. The living soul seeketh after Christ. It was nighttime; it might be a sense of great distress and desertion, but then the Church says, "I sought him whom

my soul loveth." This is the purpose of God: "Unto Him shall men come;" and though the search may be long and painful, it cannot be in vain.

Second. The great trial of religion in the soul, is next expressed, "I found Him not." Many sigh and cry, and wait, and sometimes wrestle, but they cannot find Him—neither in the Word—nor in the Gospel—nor in prayer—nor in providence. No evidence of His nearness to them can they discover. This is a trial severe indeed to all who can truly say, "Him whom my soul loveth."

Thirdly. The joy of religion arises from the finding Him. Oh, there have been seasons on this earth when the glory of the Lord hath shone in upon our souls! Through the medium of the Word, and by the illuminating power of the HOLY SPIRIT, we have found His presence to be life and joy most pleasant and heavenly indeed. And could we have holden fast by Him, lived far more, and for nothing but Him, it must have been well. Alas! with many it has not been so.

Lastly. There will be the manifestation of this religion. The true believer comes into the Church; brings the Spirit of Christ and testimony concerning his grace and mercy, and with a heart to love and serve Him, there to abide until from the chamber of communion to the kingdom of glory such an one is caught up to be for ever with the Lord. Of this religion may we be the vital partakers, and then (although good Mr. Swinnock's holy instructions may cause us much sorrow of heart), proving Ralph Robinson's doctrine true, that Jesus Christ is a good and unfailing Physician, our souls shall by His blood and righteousness be saved; while

"Loudest of the crowd we'll sing,
With shouts of sovereign grace."

THE DOCTRINE—NOT THE
DRESS—OF THE RITUALISTS.

AN octavo volume containing one hundred and seventy pages, has been printed and published by George Waters and Son, of Cranbrook, in Kent; and will be sent post free for ninepence. The Rev. Thomas O.

Beeman, son of the late most excellent Mr. Isaac Beeman, has, in this volume, given to the public a large and rich variety of "Notes of Lectures on Ritualism;" which are accompanied by extracts, and remarks worthy of the most careful attention at this conflicting crisis. Mr. Beeman has read, reviewed, and collected from, nearly all the ancient and modern productions of Protestants, Romanists, and Ritualists; and consequently, has an historical, well authenticated, and extensively illustrated record of the rise and progress, the true character, and the real tendency of the Ritualistic order, no better book, for its size and price, can be found; it is a charitable, comprehensive, and honest contribution to the literature of the present time; and will be gratefully appreciated by the faithful in the land.

A Plague in the House. Two sermons preached in Feb. 1868, by the Minister of the Congregational Church, Lewisham (Mr. George Martin), have been published under the above title, by J. Paul, Chapter House Court, St. Paul's. Mr. Martin has with great clearness entered largely upon a review of the apostasy, the immorality, and the anti-righteous character of this great nation. No Christian man, whose eyes are open, whose conscience is awake, and whose knowledge of the Divine word is correct, can possibly read these sermons without exclaiming, "Alas! this is a dreadful report, but it is, unhappily, too true."

The Rock is a new, large, weekly penny paper, whose object is to oppose Ritualistic and Romanising encroachments; and to exhibit and contend for that earnest Protestantism which has been the strength and glory of this nation for many centuries. "The Rock" is printed and published by Mr. William Hill Collingridge, of the *City Press*, and is, certainly, thoroughly respectable, and must be a useful family paper. We take the following lines from one of its choice corners:—

"Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. xxx. 5.

After a long, dark night,
A glimmering of the dawn;
A few faint streaks of light
Tell of the coming morn.

After a sultry day,
A sweet refreshing shower;
A few cool drops of rain,
Fall in the twilight hour.

After a time of woe,
A ray of comfort given,
A clear star mid the gloom,
Lighteth the soul to Heaven.

After a storm a calm;
Clear shining after rain;
The clouds but hide the sun,
Light flasheth forth again.

FIDES.

Mr. John Dixon's third part of the "Autobiography of a Minister of the Gospel," is issued. Mr. Dixon has completed the written history of his ministerial pilgrimage in three six-penny parts, which may be had of him at his residence, 17, Buckingham road, Kingsland gate, London, N.E. This last part contains "Mementoes of Seven Years' Itinerancy," and those persons who have any sympathy with such of the Lord's servants as are called to run in all directions to supply vacant pulpits, will here find a book full of incidents strikingly illustrative of the good spirit, the simplicity, the sincerity, and the Christian urbanity of the author. We should be very glad to hear that Mr. Dixon was comfortably settled in a useful pastorate again. If brethren in the provinces could read and recommend this "Seven Years' Memento" it might lead to such a result. Mr. Dixon enjoys good health, and appears as much fitted for pastoral labour as in any part of his life.

The Kingdom of Grace. This is a quarto map of a very singular kind; THE STUDY of it (with the Bible, and a key to explain its different sections), would be, to the thoughtful Christian, a source of much comfort and edification. We can send six copies of this map, post free, for twelve stamps; and all intelligent Christians would, we think, gladly possess a copy of it, if they could see it. We think a key to the map will be issued. If so, we shall give our readers some further description of this remarkable production which, at first, appeared as one of three maps, illustrating

"Magdalena's Voyages." That volume can still be had of Mr. Robert Banks for thirty-four stamps.

The Martyrdom of Latimer and Ridley, before Baliol College, Oxford, October 16th, 1555." Such is the inscription at the bottom of that large and interesting plate to which we have before referred. A copy of this plate, in a substantial and good gilt frame, may be seen at our office in Crane Court, and can be had for seven shillings and sixpence; or the plate can be sent, post free, for 19 stamps. The fathers to their children should present this plate as a present.

Christ All and in All. This is a new volume just published by J. R. Dickinson, Farringdon-street, containing over fifty sermons on the character and offices, the types and metaphors in which the Redeemer is revealed and spoken of in the Bible: composed by that spiritual puritan, Ralph Robinson. It is a large storehouse of experimental and Gospel truth.

The Baptist Almanack, for 1868, is found useful in all the ministerial and private circles where it is known. It is still to be had, post free, for three stamps; or of any bookseller.

Our Own Fireside. A large sixpenny monthly magazine, still holds on its way with a large variety of historical, domestic, and scriptural papers, fully sustaining its title, and is alike honourable to the zeal and perseverance of its devoted editor, the Rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester.

Will all who are friendly to the circulation of "Cheering Words," remember, each year is bound up in volumes, with neat cover, for eightpence; or, post free, for nine stamps. We have many volumes of last year, some of 1866, and a few of the earlier years. We should be glad to send them out in all directions, if our readers would send us orders and stamps.

Fatal Apostasy. Such is the title and subject of a most searching and powerful discourse upon the sixth of Hebrews, by Mr. C. Cornwell, minister of Zion chapel, Stoke Newington Green. In reading it ourselves we

were both condemned and comforted. We feel certain the churches now require such discriminating and arousing discourses.

"LET ISRAEL HOPE IN THE LORD."

[The following is by a child of God who once wrote of herself in much darkness and almost despair.]

THE words you once wrote to me I now can believe: "Being confident of this one thing, that He which hath begun the good work in you will perfect it unto the day of Jesus Christ."

"The work He hath begun,
He'll surely carry on."

Oh, how sweet these lines are to me now! I can believe He hath begun, and also will carry it on. A long time I thought Him a hard Master; after I was driven out of the paradise of ignorance, I found Him to be a consuming fire. When He said, "Where art thou?" oh, how I did strive to hide me; and when I was obliged to appear, I sewed fig-leaves together to hide me, but it was no use. He could see through all that; and the more I strove to appease an angry God, the further I was off, until it was forced from me, "Thou art an hard Master." Oh, what would have become of me if the Lord had left me then fighting against Him? Bless His dear name, I do think He has taken away the heart of stone, and given me a heart of flesh. I wish I could praise Him for it as I want. I think I could always hear these words preached from, "He that hath this hope purifieth himself, even as He is pure." What a contradiction to those who say we can live as we list, because we believe we are saved. Oh, no! It causes a faster clinging unto Him. I wish I could feel a daily losing my life for His sake; this is all I have to complain of, that I cannot serve Him as I would. E. L.

We are apt when we look at troubles to be terrified, but we do not know how great they are with blessings, it is for want of looking to Christ more under our afflictions.

A REVIEW OF THE GOSPEL MINISTRY.

(By a Correspondent in America.)

(Continued from page 57.)

It is in the contemplation of these glorious realities, that my soul can and does rejoice, and that ministry that lifts me up from the things of time and sense, that raises me up out of myself to look unto and upon Him, is where I hear with and receive comfort. I find none in the ministry of law and bondage, that ministry that consists of and dwells for the most part on law and bondage, human depravity and experience thereof. The Lord has made me acquainted with the plague of my own heart, the sink of iniquity within, and has brought me under the law and its dominion, but I found no beauty there, no comfort, support or strength, but in support of such a ministry. It is said that a prisoner loves to hear the clanking of his fellow-prisoner's chains. But what pleased me best was the words of my gracious Deliverer, "Loose him and let him go," that, my poor soul found to have the ring of the Gospel; it was good news and glad tidings. Paul says the law was but the schoolmaster to bring us to Christ; and if the professed minister has been brought to Christ, received pardon, experienced delivering grace, has been made experimentally acquainted with the preciousness of Jesus he will be more enraptured with His beauties than with Moses. The person, office, and work of Christ will be more excellent than the mountains of prey, and his (the minister's) thoughts will be more engrossed with the purity of His sacrifice, than the corruptions of the flesh, "the promise was not through the law," "the law worketh wrath," saith the apostle, as Hart has beautifully expressed it,

"Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone,
But a sense of blood-bought pardon,
Soon dissolves the heart of stone.

But to the soundness of this I have met with some objectors, though Hart has Paul on his side, "if the law hath dominion over us then are

we yet dead in our sins," but if we have by the body of Christ become dead to the law it hath no dominion over us, we no longer serve the law but Christ who is "the end of the law to every one that believeth." Notice the Saviour's commands to his disciples "Feed my sheep," "Feed my lambs;" and by His apostle "feed the flock of God," "feed the flock of slaughter," "take heed to feed the church of God," &c., &c. And pray what is this feeding? is it the law, is it bondage, is it the evils of our heart, is it even the experience thereof, is it doubt and fears, or frames and feelings? Verily not one of these, but they feed upon His word and truth, they feed upon Him as the way, the truth, and the life; they are fed by the Spirit, they feed upon His redemption, upon His grace and fulness, upon His providence, power and authority, this is clean provender, the other is fouled by the feet. Paul speaks of the ministry which he received of the Lord, now he explains the nature of that ministry to be repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ, to testify as he declares the Gospel of the grace of God; not Moses, not of the ministration of death, not of the ministration of condemnation, and His ministers "having a good hope through grace, use great plainness of speech (I hope therefore, due allowance will be made for my plainness.) Not as Moses, (and here trust me, my brother, I draw the likeness true of these law and bondage ministers, in the language of the apostle.) Not as Moses, who put a veil over his face, that the children of Israel could not look steadfastly to the end of that which is abolished." Instead of feeding the flock, their attention is drawn to law, and bondage, and experience, under that state of things, inasmuch as to make salvation for the most part hinge upon law and bondage, experience of corruption, and doubts and fears; is this "the feast of fat things, of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined?" I pause for a candid, not evasive, answer; is it not a miserable feast to set before

the king's children who are hungering and thirsting after righteousness, who want to see Jesus? This is not feeding them with the flesh and blood of Christ, "for my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed;" such ministry can only engender to bondage, to a harsh and censorious spirit, as is painful to state too often evinced towards others who desire not to be brought into or again entangled in the yoke of bondage; deep spirituality and censoriousness are incompatible; therefore we are forced to the conclusion that these ministers are not yielding implicit obedience to their Master's commands, for they feed the flock with stones, straw and husks instead of living bread, for neither of these things before mentioned form any part or portion of the constituents of living bread; may such persons be led carefully to ponder over these things for

"Truth crushed to earth will again,
The eternal years of God are hers,
While error wounded writhes in pain,
And dies amid its worshippers."

I apprehend when the tempted, tried and afflicted family of God go to the courts of Zion, it is to see Jesus, to hear the gracious words which proceed out of his mouth, not Moses, to hear words of comfort, not the terrors of the law, "knowing the terror of the Lord, we persuade men" by the Gospel of life and liberty as being more excellent and glorious than the law of condemnation and wrath. "Say unto Zion that her warfare is accomplished, her iniquity is pardoned, and she hath received at the Lord's hands double for all her sins," it is that those who are bowed down may be raised up, that the stumbling blocks may be removed, not increased, is it that the poor soul may be directed to Moses? Verily no, but to the Lamb of God; behold Moses? No, no, but the man whose name is the *branch*. "The wise man's eyes are in his head, and the Lord's ministers are made wise, "able ministers of the New Testament" not the old covenant "good ministers of Jesus Christ" not themselves let their experience be what it may, "For we (says Paul) preach Christ Jesus and not ourselves," they do not look into

or at themselves, or their experience even, nor Moses and his bondage, but their eyes are in their head, Christ Jesus, "For where your treasure is there will your hearts be also." Does your treasure consist in bondage, in the light of God's countenance, in the acquaintance of human depravity, or the grace of His Spirit, in doubts and fears, or the faithfulness of Jehovah? Ye that desire to be under a law and bondage ministry, that encourages instead of removes your doubts and fears, do ye not hear the law? are ye not fleshly? Read the eighth chapter of Romans attentively. But while I thus write I trust, my brother, that we, without presumption, can say, with one of old, "Our hearts are fixed trusting in the Lord that our experience is not one-sided; in short that it is a Gospel experience that we prefer to contemplate more upon the fruit of the Spirit and less upon the works of the flesh. Who should be preached but Christ? who but the God-man Mediator should be set upon the pole of the Gospel? "He is before all things, and by Him all things consist," "He is the head stone of the corner," "and I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Yet, while I make these remarks, let it be understood I do not seek to make void the law, "for the law is good if used lawfully," but not when it is made to take precedence of Immanuel, not when it is given a prominence above or beyond the Lawful-filler; our objection is against those who profess to be the ministers of Christ, occupying so much of their time with the law and its bondage, the flesh and its corruptions, (which every one of the Lord's children are, more or less, made well acquainted with), and devote so little to Immanuel, who is the Alpha and Omega of our salvation, and this forsooth is called deep preaching; deep enough it is, in one sense, I admit, but I forbear. The depths of depravity and the depths of everlasting grace, the law of Moses and the law of Christ, the bondage of sin and the liberty of the Gospel are two very vastly different things.

(To be continued.)

Our Churches, Our Pastors, and Our People.

MR. J. B. M'COURE'S LABOURS IN ENGLAND.

TO THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION
WORSHIPPING IN THE BAPTIST CHAPEL,
CASTLEREAUGH, SYDNEY.

MY DEAR BRETHREN.—Since I wrote my last letter to you, in February EARTHEN VESSEL, I have been doing business in the deep waters of affliction. I have been brought low, very low; but the Lord helped me, and has now raised me up. Oh, I do feel thankful, unto my ever kind and gracious Lord, who did not lay more upon me than I was able to bear, and when I felt, and sometimes said "I can't bear it," he placed underneath the everlasting arms, and thus he sustained me; and now he has raised up the poor bowed down one. More than ever do I now desire that I may spend and be spent in his service, and particularly in Sydney, for the truth's sake, that our mouths may be filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing, that the heathen may see it and say, "The Lord hath done great things for them, the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." I will copy from my diary that you may see that the Lord has not been unmindful of me, who himself gave power to the faint, and strength unto me, who had no might.

Saturday 18th.—I left London for Wellingborough, by the Great Northern train, very ill; doctor told me that I must not go, that I ought to be in bed, but our chapel debt said I must go! so off I went. I arrived at Wellingborough, and proceeded by bus (for I was too ill to walk) to the house of the pastor of the Baptist church, brother Bull. Mrs. Bull is a mother in Israel, and a pastor's wife in the strict sense of the word; directly that she knew that I was ill, poor dear soul, I shall never forget her kindness and attention to me, which was indeed the means of enabling me to go through my heavy work. When Mr. Dully knew that I was ill, his carriage was sent for me before and after each service; so that I was indeed cared for, and which was a blessing for my poor aching side. I preached morning and evening in the commodious and very comfortable chapel, named the "tabernacle" which was crowded to excess. In the evening many could not get in. No one knew that I was ill (only a few friends), for I had said nothing about it from the pulpit; as an instance, Mr. and Mrs. Pool from Birmingham were present, they were very pleased to see me, and glad that I was well. Yes! I was well in my soul, and was enabled to speak of the glorious honour of his majesty, and of his wondrous works. But oh, the thorn in my side, that dreadful pain all the while that I

was preaching, I could not have endured it but for enabling grace.

All day on Monday, I was nursed and cared for with all the tenderness of real Christian affection. My lecture was to come off in the evening, and that was the great object of attraction. Oh, how I did cry unto the Lord that he would be my strength, "I will strengthen thee," and bless the Lord, oh my soul, for he did indeed strengthen me. When I commenced my lecture the chapel was crowded, the people were packed together, and numbers could not get in. I commenced with my hand pressing hard against my aching side. I soon warmed up in my subject, when all at once the pain moved for the first time for eight days, and went to the left kidney; then it came back, and again it moved to another place. Directly that I found the pain had moved for the first time, I felt that I could have shouted aloud for joy; and so I did in my soul. I spoke with great liberty for two hours and a half right off, and the attention of the people was riveted throughout the lecture. The collection was made, the amount of which was £28 12s. I wept for joy and praised my ever gracious Master who had strengthened me with his own strength, and had blest my poor labours unto his people, so that their hearts were opened to help me, which they did willingly and liberally.

I will make an extract from a letter I have received, that you may see that my visit to Wellingborough was of God, although the doctor said that I must not go.

"Your visit to Wellingborough will be long remembered by some of us; the word of God came with unction and power to my soul. In the morning your text was one of several that were most precious to my soul on the last day of the past year. I had indeed felt that I had sinned to the uttermost, and at times filled with fear that I was beyond the reach of the uttermost grace, but he who is rich in mercy remembered me in my low estate, and caused his face to shine upon me once more, bless his dear name. May he in his love and goodness speedily restore you to good health again, and prosper your mission here, &c., &c. And may the Lord long spare your life, that you may be a continued blessing in his hands to the people of God. God bless you," &c.

Directly after the lecture, Mr. Dully's carriage was waiting at the chapel door, by which I was taken to my lodgings. I had a better night than I expected, and was not any worse in the morning. "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy day so shall thy strength be." After breakfast, I went to see Mr. Drawbridge, Baptist minister of Rushden, and Zoar chapel, Welling-

borough. I think he has been preaching the Gospel in those parts for about forty years. The last few weeks he has been suffering from a most distressing mental affliction of mind; from my experience of persons in his condition, I very much fear that he will never preach again. He ought never to be left for one moment either night or day. How varied and how mysterious, and often distressing are the sufferings that are experienced during this mortal life; but this is our comfort, "That no man should be moved by these afflictions, for yourselves know that ye are appointed thereunto."

All shall come, and last, and end,
As shall please our heavenly friend.

I took my leave of my afflicted brother, and of kind and loving friends, and proceeded by train to Raunds, and was met at the station by brother Childs, the pastor of the Baptist church, who drove me to his house, where I remained talking of the kingdom of God, and those things which concern the Lord Jesus, until it was time to commence my lecture. At seven o'clock I was taken to the Baptist chapel, I commenced my subject with my hand as usual pressing my aching side. I did not intend to speak long, but, in consequence of the clock that deceived me, for it seemed to go just as it pleased, and caused me to speak for nearly three hours. For such immense labour the collection was not in proportion, the amount collected was £1 18s. 6½d.; but the friends say that I must come again, when they will obtain for me a better collection.

I left Raunds next morning, amid snow and rain; arrived in London, very ill; when I called upon the doctor, he told me that he did not expect to see me again, for he felt sure that I should be laid up in the country. He said he would not prescribe for me any more, for it was impossible for me ever to get well, preaching, lecturing, and travelling hundreds of miles, as I was doing, and the weather so much against me. He was sure that there was not another man suffering as I was, that would attempt to leave his bed. I went to my lodging, and prayed unto the Lord to have mercy upon me, and that I might not be laid aside from my work.

The next Lord's-day I was to preach at Clapham, I therefore determined that I would not go to another doctor until Monday, that I might not be prevented from preaching at Clapham. But on Saturday I was worse, and obliged to send for a doctor, who having examined me said that I was very ill from inflammation of kidneys, that I must not preach, if I did he would not attend me. I was therefore against my will obliged to submit. The friends at Clapham were very much disappointed, for which I was indeed very sorry. The following Lord's-day I was to preach at St. Neot's. I was obliged to write and inform them that I should not be able to be with them, being a prisoner in affliction. I appeared to be progressing very favour-

able until Saturday, doctor gave me permission to walk out to see brother Wells, who was then in the furnace of affliction. I had not walked far when the pains came on as bad as ever. On Monday I was obliged to have six leeches, which somewhat relieved me. Directly it was known that I was ill, the sympathy that was created among the friends at the Surrey Tabernacle (I am lodging near the chapel) and others, I shall never forget. I think I may say that I have never met with such kindness in my life; if I were to particularise the different acts of kindness, and visits during my illness, it would take two or three pages to record the practical sympathy of Christian friends. Not getting better, I was obliged to disappoint other friends. On the 6th, I was to have lectured at Pottton, and on the 9th and 10th, at Newport Pagnell. To me it is a very great trial, not only in being ill and laid aside from my loved work, but in the loss of collections in those places on behalf of our Sydney cause. My dear brethren, when you read these lines, don't hang your harp upon the willow, and say, there, it is impossible for him to get the money that will save our chapel from being sold, for in obtaining what he has, he has nearly worked himself to death, don't look on the dark side of the cloud, for there is a bright one and a smiling face there, trust in him, he will deliver us. I am as confident as ever, I am sure that the Lord would not have done for me what he has, he would not have brought me to England, opened doors to preach his precious Gospel, which he has blest to many, which is to me a token for good. And having given us £200 (which is an earnest of the rest) and after all this to send me back to Sydney, ashamed, which I should be if I returned without the money! Cheer up, my friends, our fathers trusted in him, they trusted, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me, though he slay me yet will I trust in him," and the Lord did deliver them; they cried unto the Lord, and were delivered, they trusted in him, and were not confounded. My faith has been tried to the uttermost, but blessed be God it is gold, it has not been consumed in the fire, it has not failed, my trust and confidence is still in the Lord, that I shall in due time, the time appointed by the Lord, return to Sydney, a witness of the faithfulness of my covenant God. The Lord, whose right it is to do as he please, is pleased to try his dear children by great and sore trials. This is a very great trial for me to be laid by ill, sixteen thousand miles from my dear wife and children, and while engaged in a good and very important work, but it is all for the best I am sure, and this I well know by experience, when he tries, he strengthens and upholds by the right hand of his righteousness, so that the faith of his children shall never fail.

But where faith is not right, it never can fight,
The wilderness trials will slay a man quite;
But if the Lord's grace a sinner embrace,
The wilderness proveth a blossoming place.

So may I be found when trials abound,
And learn to walk steady on wilderness ground.

All the dealings of the Lord with his own dear children are in love, and it is by these trials we are kindly weaned, and reminded that this is not our rest. Oh for grace cheerfully to do the will of God, and drink the cup, it must be good, 'tis thine; the cup that my Father has given me shall I not drink it? This is the way in which the Lord walks in mercy and love with his own beloved ones, even in affliction's storms, which he holds in his fists. Through much tribulation they must enter the kingdom. They are predestinated to be conformable unto Christ in sufferings as well as glory, and himself having borne their sorrows and carried their griefs, the curse is taken out of all the affliction of the predestinated, the afflicted ones. It is given unto them on the behalf of Christ, not only to believe, but also to suffer for his sake, but when they pass through the waters, the Lord with them, the rivers cannot overflow them, and through the fires, the flames cannot kindle upon them. The bush on fire could not be consumed, because the Lord was in the midst of it; Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, were not, and could not be consumed in the midst of the burning fiery furnace, because the Son of God was with them. And this is the covenant engagement and covenant promise of him who cannot lie, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." But! oh dear me, what a poor weak creature I am, I have at times during my illness felt as though the Lord had forsaken me, and that his loving kindness was clean gone for ever. Then Satan came in like a flood, and threatened to overwhelm me, "there you see what you have come to England for, viz., to be laid aside from your work, and die sixteen thousand miles away from home, from wife and children, is this your love for those whom you are bound to care for, and whom you ought never to have left, and will never see them again. Shame of you! And now you will be found to be a liar, for you have again and again most confidently declared that you will be sure to get the money, and the chapel in Sydney shall never be sold. You will never get it, therefore you had better give it up at once, for you will never recover from your sickness; and every one will soon know that your faith and confidence was not from God, but only that determined self-willed spirit that you have. Under the influence and power of this dreadful temptation, I could not so much as lift up myself; he seemed for a season to have possession of me. And it appeared to be so true, what he said, until I was enabled to say "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy, when I fall I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." By the power of heart prayer I was helped to pour out my complaint unto the Lord, with strong cries and tears, and blessed be my dear and almighty deliverer, he did indeed cast out the enemy,

and took me to himself my refuge and strong tower, when my spirit was overwhelmed within me, for he led me to the rock that is higher than I. My soul rejoiced and shouted for joy, "For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy." I sang and prayed the spontaneous feelings and wants of my soul before God.

For shelter to the rock I fly,
O lead me to the rock most high,
Where waves of sorrow must not rise,
Although they seemed to reach the skies.
O'erwhelmed I come, and in distress,
Dear Jesus, take me to thy breast;
My Rock of ages smote for me,
Oh! let my soul rejoice in thee.
Oh! lead and guide my soul I pray,
And turn my thoughts and eyes away,
Beyond the reach of Satan's power,
Sheltered in Christ my glorious tower.
Oh! glorious leader Holy Ghost,
Lead on thy saints through all the host
Of men and devils in the way,
To Christ, O lead my soul they say.
With heart o'erwhelmed, to thee I cry,
Lord Jesus, save me or I die,
Let thy salvation cheer my heart,
From Christ the rock I'll ne'er depart.
Sheltered within thy saving arms,
I've nought to fear from sin's alarms,
Oh! speak the word, Lord, say to me
Thy rock and shelter I will be.

Thus Satan is a liar, for I am better, Jehovah is true, a God of truth without iniquity, just and right is he; and by the grace of God I am the Lord's witness, and will by the help of the Lord, speak of those things which I have seen and heard. I have seen his love in times past; I have seen that his arm is not shortened; I have seen that he always helps the helpless, and that right early, never too late. I have seen that his ear is not heavy; he hears and answers the poor and needy; I have seen whatever the Lord begins he finishes.

For what his wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

I have seen it on the mount, I have seen it in the valley, I have seen it in poverty and in wealth, I have seen it in affliction and in health, I have seen it in the bush and in the city. I have seen it at home and abroad, on the land and upon the sea, that God is faithful, and will not suffer his people to be tempted or tried above that they are able; but will, with the temptation or trial, (not without it) also make a way of escape, that they may be able to bear it. "Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." "God is faithful by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of his son Jesus Christ our Lord." "Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind, and in the same judgment," is the constant prayer of your brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ,

JOHN BUNYAN M'CURE.

P.S.—The above letter I wrote in faith

while I was very ill, confidently believing that the Lord would raise me up, restore me to health and to my work. But unbelief kept it back for two days, and then it lay upon the table to the great joy of my tormentor. I could not tell for some time on which side the victory would turn. "Now if you send that letter to the press it will go forth to the world, and if you do not get better consider what harm you will do to the cause of truth, and the stumbling-block you will become unto the weak in the faith; you had better wait till you get better before you send it." Thus spake my enemy. Oh, you cunning deceiver, a great deal you care for the cause of truth! and how long is it since you have been so very considerate for the weak in the faith? You know that the letter was written in believing confidence in the faithfulness and sufficiency of God, and you want me to make it a matter of seeing and feeling, that you may triumph over my faith, and say, "Where is now your faith?"

My gracious Lord came to my help against the mighty, and to my faith he gave the victory: the letter was sent off, and the devil too.

Although I had scarcely strength to walk yet my mind was impressed that I should preach at Rushden. On the following Lord's-day I felt that I must go. On Thursday it appeared impossible, for I could only walk as an old man of ninety. On Friday I was a little better. Contrary to the advice of kind and faithful friends, who begged of me not to take such a journey in my weak state, I left London on Saturday afternoon for Higham Ferrers. After a journey of nearly four hours I arrived at Irchester station. Brother Brown who is one of the deacons of the Baptist Church was waiting for me with a conveyance; we drove off to Higham Ferrers, and I was most kindly received and cared for, although I looked very white, so they said. I felt none the worse for my journey, for the Lord gave me the strength that I needed.

On Lord's-day (which was the finest day I have had since I left Sydney), I was taken to the chapel at Rushden, which was crowded. I was helped and strengthened with all needed might, and preached for over one hour (the doctor told me that I must not preach longer than the half hour). At two o'clock the chapel was packed full in every part—on the platform, each of the vestries, and crowds went away who could not get in. Again the Lord strengthened me, and I preached for another hour. I felt quite well and happy, the smiling faces and tearful eyes cheered me, and had such a mighty influence on my mind, I forgot my weakness and the doctor's orders: and in the strength of the Lord I could sing:

Though ten thousandills beset thee,
From without and from within;
Jesus saith He'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin.
He is faithful
To perform His gracious word."

On Monday evening there was an immense number of people who were crowded together most uncomfortably, yet they listened with great attention while I lectured for two hours and a quarter, concerning those things I have seen and experienced.

And through the mercy of the Lord, when I arrived at my lodgings I was none the worse for my work and labour in the Baptist Chapel, Rushden. When the deacon, brother Brown, informed me of the amount of the collection, £15 7s., I was astonished and delighted, for my congregation were all the Lord's poor.

I am requested before I leave England to visit Rushden again to preach two or three farewell sermons, and they will give me another collection. I have promised, subject to the will of the Lord, to do so.

On Tuesday I went to Wellingborough, saw poor Mr. Drawbridge, who I am very sorry to say is no better, and there is little or no hope of his recovery.

Have you ever thanked God for your reason? ought indeed to be the question with us all, and bless the Lord for all his benefits toward us. Particularly for preserving our senses, and enabling us to discharge the duties of life in a reasonable manner.

I arrived in London a living witness of the faithfulness and lovingkindness of the Lord, that God is true and the devil a liar.

6, Heygate street,
Walworth road, London.

THE CHURCHES IN NOVA SCOTIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EARTHEN VESSEL."

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Although it is many years since I had the pleasure of hearing you proclaim the Gospel message in Enon Chapel, Chatham, where I have enjoyed many precious seasons, yet, as each month rolls round, bringing THE EARTHEN VESSEL to our shores, I still enjoy the privilege of reading the same precious truths from your pen, and feasting on the rich treat there offered. May you be long spared to preach and write, and the VESSEL outride all storms, and bear rich cargoes to rejoice the hearts of all readers for long years to come.

Knowing it is your wish to allow nothing but truth on board, I feel assured you will pardon my trespassing a little on your valuable time by offering a few remarks in reference to the contents of a letter on page 256 of the August number of the VESSEL, and dated from this place June 20th.

Forgive me, dear brother, if I say that I fear you did not exercise your usual good judgment when enlisting the aid of the Christian public in England to form "The Nova Scotia Free Distribution Fund," without first finding out if the facts are as stated in that letter.

The good providence of God sent me to this place, where I have resided for more

than eight years, and cannot say that I have found it to be a "desolate land;" on the contrary I have enjoyed many precious seasons of refreshing from the Lord. The little Church where I am privileged to hold a name and place, in conjunction with the writer of the letter above referred to, numbers two hundred members, and our heavenly Father is smiling on the labours of our much loved pastor, the Rev. J. E. Goucher, by monthly adding to our numbers such as we trust will be saved. Our hearts are made glad as one after another follows our dear Saviour in the way he has marked out. Our house of worship has got far too small, we have therefore set our energies to work in building a much larger place, and hope soon to get it finished.

Having been connected in some humble manner with most of the religious enterprises in this province for the past six years, I can testify to the ministers of our Baptist Churches being for the most part good sterling men, who do not shun to declare the whole counsel of God, as he hath given them ability, and without any mixture of Arminianism; and therefore feel it my duty as a member of the same Church, sitting under the sound of the same servant of God, as the good brother referred to above, to state that I cannot agree with him in saying, "We cannot feast on the food we get here;" nor in his expressed desire of "gathering in a number of truth lovers to form a Church in this desolate land."

Far be it from me to suppose brother W. has wilfully misrepresented facts in order to mislead you as to the spiritual state of the people on this side of the Atlantic; but there are statements in the letter which, if I read them correctly, are quite inconsistent with truth; however, I find my letter has already reached to too great a length, and will therefore leave it for the present, by just appending the statistics taken from the minutes of the three associations for the present year, as follows:

	Ministers.	Churches.
Eastern Association	29	60
Central "	29	41
Western "	34	55
Total . . .	92	156

	Baptisms.	Members.
Eastern Association	179	3,668
Central "	296	5,199
Western "	169	7,879
Total . . .	644	16,746

If agreeable to you I may at some future time jot down a few of the Lord's dealings with us in this new dominion, as they may be of interest to your numerous readers. The VESSEL can be obtained of Miss Wells, of the Bible and Tract Depository in this city, in any quantity by ordering in time. May grace, mercy, and peace be with you. Amen. Yours in Christian fellowship.

107, Maitland St., GEORGE ROBINS.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, 1867.

[We should be thankful for testimonies

from Mr. George Robins, descriptive and conclusive, of the experience and faith of the ministers and Churches he refers to. We sincerely desire to give no tidings but what are faithful and true.—Ed.]

DACRE PARK CHAPEL, BLACK-HEATH.—The third anniversary of the Rev. B. B. Wale's pastorate, was commemorated on Tuesday, February 4th, when a goodly number of friends sat down to an excellent tea. A public meeting was commenced by singing, reading, and prayer, brother Baugh, of Islington, invoking the Divine blessing. The Pastor, who presided, opened the meeting by speaking of the Lord's dealings in bringing him to Dacre Park, and of the great happiness and sweet liberty he had experienced in his work here, and the heart-felt joy of which he was the subject in seeing the Church in so happy, peaceful, united, and prosperous a condition. Mr. Gwinnell, of Greenwich, then addressed the Church in affectionate terms, urging them to hold fast the truth as it is in Jesus, and to exemplify the same in a closer walk with God. Mr. Rosa, of Hackney, congratulated the Church on its great increase since his first acquaintance with it, and then with his usual tact made some telling and forcible remarks on the scriptural mode of supporting the cause of God, and the ministry, by laying by in store weekly. After Mr. Baugh had addressed the meeting, a purse containing fifty pounds was presented to our Pastor by one of the deacons, from the Church and congregation, and as a token of their love and esteem and sympathy, and with the earnest desire that God would still abundantly bless him in his labours, not only in Dacre Park, but in the surrounding Churches where he was called to declare the truth. Our esteemed Pastor having acknowledged with deep feeling the testimonial thus presented to him, Mr. Silverton, of Trinity Chapel, Borough, addressed the audience briefly, and then this very happy and united meeting closed with singing and prayer. To God be all the praise.

W. P.

BERMONDSEY.—EBENEZER CHAPEL, WEBB STREET, NEW ROAD. The seventh annual meeting of the Sunday school, in connection with this place was held on Tuesday, Feb. 11th. Our esteemed and venerable brother Thos. Pocock, Esq., occupied the chair; Mr. Stead implored the divine blessing on the meeting, after which the secretary read the report, from which it appeared that though the chapel and school had through the year past, gone through the trying ordeal of the loss of a minister, yet that both had come through the trial with comparatively little hurt, only about ten or twelve members having left the chapel. The committee of the school earnestly wished their late pastor "God speed" in his new sphere of labour, while they regretted the falling off in the church,

which appeared to be the Lord's hand in causing his removal. The superintendent of the school had been unanimously asked by the church to supply the pulpit for the second three months which he was now doing (as the report expressed it) without money and without price. The school still continued to prosper, several pleasing incidents being given in the report; to bear this out, the treasurer held a balance of about £5, which by the collection of the evening was raised to over £11. Unity, peace, and harmony reigned among the teachers, the school had more scholars than it would conveniently hold, and as many teachers as classes could be found for. The report was altogether of a most pleasing character and promised well for the future prosperity of the school. Mr. Thos. Stringer, of Stepney, in a speech overflowing with zeal and humour, moved its adoption, which Mr. C. W. Banks seconded in a warm hearted speech, shewing that God had given him his first seal to his work within the walls of a Sunday school. Our highly esteemed friend and brother, Mr. Wm. Caunt, followed with a hearty address on the moralizing effects of Sunday schools; while our respected late member, Mr. Thos. Steed, followed in the same strain. Mr. R. A. Lawrence made a few remarks on Sunday school work, and in doing so passed a graceful tribute of respect to the faithfulness of our late minister, and concluded by moving a hearty vote of thanks to our respected chairman, which being seconded by Mr. W. Caunt, was carried unanimously, every one (at brother Caunt's suggestion) holding up two hands instead of one. After a few remarks from our good deacon and clerk, brother Stringer numbering one or two remarkable ways in which God had blessed his word through our young brother Lawrence's instrumentality a truly happy meeting was brought to a close. The children sang several pieces in the course of the evening which seemed much appreciated, the chairman made several weighty remarks, the chapel was well filled, (being the largest attendance we have ever had on behalf of the school) and all seemed to promise well for happy, bright, and prosperous days at Ebenezer.

A MEMBER.

SUTTON, ISLE OF ELY. — Five corpses were lying in our little village on Lord's-day, Feb. 16th; four of them aged females; one was our dear sister Mrs. Mary Gunton, the beloved wife of our aged deacon for more than half a century, who died Friday, Feb. 14th aged seventy-five years. She was a real lover of the truth; and lived and died firm in the faith of Christ, having been a member of the church for nearly fifty-four years. Here was a rare instance of undying attachment of husband and wife, apparent to everybody who came in contact with them; they were like two turtle-doves, they had but one heart and one voice. Her husband said to me this

morning, "We never had a quarrel in all our lives, a kinder-hearted creature never could be; I believe she would have laid down her life for me." This is indeed the fact, and without saying more at present. I will just state that she actually became a martyr to her fond affection for her husband. He was taken very ill on Feb. 1st, but on the 6th, he was so much worse, as to require watching and attending night and day. Though she had assistance, and might have had to any extent, yet against all our protests, she must attend, she must do all for him, which she carried out five days nights, till at last she assented to leave him, and go to bed in another room. She never saw him again, the next day she was delirious, and though after she became sensible, yet in four days and four nights from her leaving him, she breathed a last and long farewell to all leaving her loved husband helpless on a bed of affliction, and we fear hopeless of permanent recovery. She leaves a fond sister near her own age, and other relations to mourn her loss. The last Sabbath she was at the house of God, I preached from Isaiah lx. 11, "Therefore, thy gates shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day nor night." She had such a blessed time, she wept for joy continually whilst referring to that precious sermon; little did she surmise then they were opening to receive her so soon.

Feb. 17th.

R. C. EDWARDS.

SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS, — Although I have been a reader of THE EARTHEN VESSEL some years, I have never before sought the favour of a place in its columns, for I am rather inclined to be retiring, "little and unknown;" but when one's toes are trodden so sharply, like the poor worm that turns in self-defence, when the foot comes upon it, I ask some corner in the VESSEL, to correct a misrepresentation, such as truth and righteousness to myself, and the Church of God, render imperative. A few weeks ago I was invited to preach at a place in Gloucestershire, but before I reached the place, a gentleman, and a minister too, on leaving the place, represented me to be a Fullerton, an Open Communionist, and coming to the place under false colours, although we were entire strangers to each other. I need not ask your opinion of such conduct, but as the whole statement was base and fabulous, I may say that there was no regard to the teaching of the Holy Spirit, in James iv. 11, "Speak not evil one of another brethren," etc. Of all men, ministers should be the last to speak evil one of another. While I feel "In my flesh dwelleth no good thing," and that "I am the least of all saints," still, I do not feel I should be justified in suffering false reports to be circulated, damaging, not only to myself, but the cause of truth. While I remember what is enjoined upon saints, 1 Thess. v. 15, "See that none render evil for evil," I cannot but

think if the man is a son, he will be dealt with as a son; but if a bastard, he may be let alone. At the proper time God may say to him, "Shouldst thou not have compassion on thy fellow-servant, as I had pity on thee? and his Lord was wroth and delivered him to the tormentors." Suffer me to say I am not a Fullerite, neither have I any sympathy with his opinions. Permit me also to say, I am decidedly a Strict Communionist, as the following will show. A dear relative of mine, a subject of quickening grace, an Independent, often expressed a wish to commune with us, but I have sternly refused. Again, the first church meeting I attended here, nearly six years ago, I proposed the following resolution "that no person not baptized on a profession of faith be admitted to the Lord's table," this resolution was carried by a majority. I may further refer you to Mr. W. Norton, who fought so nobly in the cause, in the Norwich case, who, for some time attended my ministry. For twenty years, I was an Independent, of Mr. Huntington's cast, before I saw the fallacy of infant sprinkling. Ten years ago, God brought me into the light, and to the obedience of it. I have made no stir to get myself known, but like the snail am creeping along toward the ark which will not be closed till I am in, and all the redeemed. The covenant of grace is an eternal covenant, and when the last chosen blood-bought gracious soul is home, the Conqueror will again say, "It is finished."—I am, yours truly, J. KIDDLE.

Great Ellingham, Jan. 15, 1868.

DORSET SQUARE. — MOUNT ZION CHAPEL SUNDAY SCHOOLS, HILL STREET. On Thursday evening, Feb. 18th, brother Hawkins met the elder scholars of these schools, and held a kind of catechetical service with them commanding in a very pleasing manner their attention for nearly two hours; the subject for the evening being the Gospel church: comprising, its divine ordination and authority; its constituted members, and their necessary qualifications; its officers, with their approved credentials, its ordinances, and observances, according to New Testament order, in their variety and harmony, and its holy and happy fellowship, and unity. The whole being supported by very appropriate scriptures, in the quotation of which, many of the children showed an aptitude and proficiency, as well as an interest, which was pleasing, and we trust profitable to many of the listeners. It occurred to us that these services might be multiplied over this highly favoured land, to the exceeding great advantage of the numerous schools in connection with the Strict Baptist cause, and that our good brother possessed in no ordinary degree the very necessary qualifications for such work; and that it was worth an effort on the part of the lovers of truth in some systematic way to try to engage him for such a laudable purpose. Should others feel as we do on this subject,

and be ready to help, we should be glad to hear of their willing response.

WM. HOLMES.	} Deacons.
BENJAMIN BUCKLE.	
JOHN CUMMINGS.	
O. WILSON.	
EDWARD HARRIS.	
RICHARD ROBBINS.	
JOHN KNIGHT TINSON.	Superintendent.

IPSWICH.—ZOAR CHAPEL. Dear Mr. Editor,—Mr. Samuel Willis, late of Clare, has been supplying this pulpit, for the past seven months, and has accepted a unanimous invitation to take the pastorate commencing January 1st. On Lord's-day Jan. 5th, Mr. W——, was privileged to baptize three believers, and a happy day it was. I am glad to say Mr. W——, is not ashamed to speak out boldly the truth as it is in Jesus; and while there are some in Ipswich who with all the wisdom they have, try to make the people believe that infants are the subjects, and sprinkling is the mode warranted by the New Testament, Mr. Willis declared that believers in the Lord Jesus Christ are the only persons who have a right to be baptized, and that immersion is the only Scriptural mode. Many rejoiced to witness the baptism opened again, and I am happy to say many are enquiring the way to Zion with their face thitherwards. The friends at Zoar feel grateful to the great Head of the church for directing the steps of Mr. W—— to Zoar. Our prayer-meetings are well attended, and the presence of the Lord manifested amongst us, and the heart-stirring ministry of Mr. W—— is much appreciated. That he may still go on proclaiming the precious Gospel and extolling the Triune Jehovah, Father, Son, and Spirit whom he so delighteth to honour is the prayer of yours in Jesus.

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

STEPNEY.—On Sunday, Feb. 16th, special services were holden in Cave Adullam, when Mr. Webster, the pastor, and Mr. B. B. Wale, of Blackheath, preached sermons edifying and profitable to many assembled. Mr. Wale supplied the place of Mr. James Wells, who was announced, but his recent illness prevented his fulfilling his engagement at the Cave; although we are happy to announce he is fast recovering; and, to the great joy of his numerous congregation, has again occupied his own pulpit. His experience in the depth of his illness is given in "Cheering Words" for March. Mr. Webster has also been very ill. The teachers of the Sunday school held their first quarterly tea meeting since its re-opening on Tuesday, Feb. 4th, and though it was not made public in any way, the vestries were crowded with friends anxious to take tea with us. Our worthy pastor, Mr. J. Webster, though still suffering from his recent illness occupied the chair; speeches were delivered by the pastor, superintendent and others, hymns

and pieces being sung at intervals during the evening. The school has greatly increased since its reopening; we have on the books upwards of 100 children, and fourteen teachers, working in peace and love, and their desire is that the Lord may send his Holy Spirit down, and with success their efforts crown. A vote of thanks was passed to the chairman and the meeting (one of the best for some time held) was closed with prayer. H. FREEBORN, Superintendent. J. E. MOORE, Secretary, 31, Richard street, Stepney, E.

BETHNAL GREEN EVANGELICAL SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Our second anniversary was held in Squirries street chapel, Tuesday, Jan. 7th. The bills announced two sermons; in the afternoon by J. Cartwright, and C. W. Banks, the president of the school. As Mr. Banks could not come, Mr. Wall, of Gravesend, delivered an appropriate discourse. Between sixty and seventy friends took tea; all was cheerfulness. Although the weather was most inclement, a goodly company was present at the evening service, prayer was offered by Mr. Warren, of New Cross; T. Pickworth, Esq., who should have taken the chair, was unavoidably absent, but very kindly sent a letter and two guineas for the school; unfortunately the letter did not reach the superintendent in time to be read at the meeting. Mr. Wall, of Gravesend, presided; and gave a very encouraging address to the teachers and friends. The secretary read the report. The number on the school register at the present time is 158 scholars, who are instructed by a band of eight teachers, three males, including the superintendent, and five females. The number of children that have been admitted since the school commenced Nov. 1865, is 296; many of whom are with us now. In March of last year, the children were rewarded for regular attendance during the year. Through the kindness and liberality of T. Pickworth, Esq., at our last meeting we were enabled to take 100 of the children to a beautiful part in Beckenham, Kent, known as Eden Park, the estate of J. Chichester, Esq., who kindly granted the use of it. The teachers meet for special prayer every fourth Sunday in the month. Although the number of teachers is small compared with the scholars yet we would thank God and take courage, adopting for our motto, this year "I will go in the strength of the Lord."

"God bless our Sabbath School," being sung to the tune of the national anthem, and the benediction pronounced, one of the happiest and most profitable meetings ever held in Squirries street was brought to a close.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

GRAVESEND.—ZOAR CHAPEL. The

Lord is still blessing the labours of his servant, Mr. Wall. On Sunday morning, February 2nd, he led three into the watery grave; and in the afternoon he received two out of the three into Church fellowship. Our Pastor is not only blessing the aged, but the young also. The sister we received in was quite young; as for the one not received he was so blessed by the prayer meeting on the Friday before that he felt as though he must be baptised; but we hope to receive him on the first Sunday in March. We do hope and believe the Lord is doing something for little Zoar. We have sittings enquired for every week, and do not know where to find them.

A YOUNG ONE.

PROTESTANTISM WAKING UP.

A GENTLEMAN sending for one of the plates, representing "the burning of Latimer and Ridley," gives us the following note:

Your "body" is doing much good in exposing Rome. I am one of twelve young men employed in one office. We all stand connected with different persuasions, Church, Wesleyans, Independents, and Reformers. We have the *Standard*, *Vessel*, *Sword and Trowel*, and I must say the articles therein upon Popery have aroused us all. I think your accusations against us of being apathetic and indifferent are rather extreme at times. I can tell you this question is being more looked into than editors seem to imagine. We mean to have some petitions for the Commons next sitting, and if you think our liberties are going to be lost without a struggle you will be deceived. Keep on. Your magazines are read where you never even dream they penetrate.

[This note encourages us to say a word respecting the plate of Latimer and Ridley. In these days of lecturing, we simply ask, would not a good lecture expository of all the persons represented in this plate, be useful in schools? We believe it would. The appearance of the martyrs approaching the stake, and the features and faces of Romish prelates, and a host of their hirelings, well pointed out, and described, would fire many a little soul with zeal against the horrors of the papacy. Every Protestant should place this plate in his house where all might see it, who dwell with him.]

IPSWICH.—A correspondent writing under date of Feb. 4th, says:—Mr. Pocock had rather a severe attack last week, but was just able to preach on Sunday last, but looked sadly.

DEATH.—The excellent wife of Mr. W. Sack, (a preacher well-known in many churches,) has recently been called home. She was, for many years, a decided believer in Jesus, and a lover of His own Gospel. Our brother is well supported under this bereavement.

In the Church of England, and Out of It,

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE EARTHEN VESSEL"]

MR. BANKS, MY DEAR SIR,—With your permission, I have taken up my pen for the purpose of writing you a little of the Lord's dealings with me.

It was my intention to write only of the time I was a member of the Church of England; but I find on looking back, circumstances connected with my religious experience, so linked together, that it seems necessary to begin where I received my first serious impressions. Much, very much could I write of the goodness and long-suffering of my Heavenly Father, manifested toward His wayward child. I see much to favour the hope that I have always been an object of His special love. One of those "other sheep" whom He has condescended to bring into His fold. But if I were to write details, it would make my communications too long and tedious. I will therefore be as brief as I can.

I was born of religious parents at Henley-upon-Thames, Oxfordshire, April 19th, 1817. There is a large Independent cause in that town, of which my father was a member. At a very early age I was sent to the Sabbath school in connection with that place of worship. There, at the age of about ten years, I received the first arrow of conviction into my heart, which did not escape the notice of my anxious friends and instructors. I was watched over with tender solicitude by minister, deacons, and teachers. Still I remained in an undecided state, although "the Spirit had moved upon the face of the waters," God had not yet said, "Let there be light."

In 1832, Dr. A. Nettleton, of America, paid a visit to Henley, and preached several times, and under his preaching I became more deeply convinced of my sin and danger, and was, in consequence, very much distressed. I dare not go to sleep at night, lest I should die before I had obtained the pardon of my sins. One of his sermons I have great cause to remember with gratitude. It was from Col. iii, first three verses; I remember I wept bitterly, while he spoke of the vanity of the world, and I think I can see the countenance of the dear aged and venerable servant of God, as plainly as though it was but yesterday, as he very touchingly quoted some lines,—

I tried each earthly charm,
In pleasure's haunts I strayed,
I sought its soothing balm,
I asked the world its aid.
But ah! no balm it had
To heal a wounded breast;
And I, forlorn and sad,
Must seek another rest;
My days of happiness are gone,
And I am left to weep alone.

The third verse, "For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God," led him to speak of the safety of God's people, &c., and from that time I felt a more earnest longing after Christ, and I began to see

that my own efforts were of no avail, and that however I was invited to come to Christ, I could not come, until God the Holy Spirit gave me the power. No one had ever worked harder, or with more patience than I had, to work out a righteousness of my own, and many a sharp stroke of the rod have I had to receive before I was convinced that I could do nothing to merit the favour of God. My mind seems to have been exercised in reference to my interest in the covenant of grace, from the time I heard the before-mentioned sermon, my ideas about election, God's sovereignty, &c., were very confused, and as I was not amongst "Free grace" people, I had no one to whom I could look for instruction, but the Spirit of God was at work, and while thinking over years that are past, I can see more clearly now than I did then, how the hand of the Lord was leading me on step by step by circumstances which would appear frivolous, and unworthy of notice to many, but to me it is most interesting to trace the leadings of Providence, and think how very gradually my mind was opened to receive the substantial and wholesome truths of the Gospel, and to feel that however rough and thorny my path is, however I may be buffeted by the enemy of souls, I am safe in the hands of a faithful God, safe because He is bound by His own word, and that word cannot fail until He ceases to be God.

But I have had to learn my lessons of Christian experience in the school of affliction. In 1837, I lost my invaluable mother, whose case proved to me that little faith is as safe in the Lord's hands as strong faith. Her timidity seems to have prevented her from making a public profession of religion, but she gave us reason to hope that she was a Christian indeed. In her we saw religion in its loveliest form; she had a "meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." She did not seem to enjoy the spirit of assurance until a short time before her death. My father was one night conversing with her, longing to hear something that would assure him of her safety for eternity, when to his unspeakable joy she exclaimed, "I will cast myself at the foot of the cross, and if I perish I will perish there." From that time she seems to have enjoyed peace, but her words were very few; she died with the prayer of Stephen on her lips, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Soon after this I joined a Particular Baptist cause at Henley, which caused me much uneasiness after, for young and inexperienced as I was, I was led into it without sufficiently counting the cost. Would to God I was the only one, but there are many in the present day, (we see it in our own village) who unite themselves to a church with far different motives than the glory of God. After I had joined the church, I soon found that the minister was a man-pleaser, and when he found the people did not like free grace doctrines he did not preach them; but the cause was not of God, and therefore it came to nought. The next few years I spent in London, and fain would I forget them for ever, for they were years of deep sorrow and suffering, such as I would hope but few experience. Still, I must not altogether pass them over, for He who had said, "I will be with thee, and keep thee in all places whither thou goest," was as good as His word, and saved me from many a snare that was laid for my feet. And during a long season of darkness and distress, He still upheld me, and of this I am assured, that a particular providence was watching over me and directing me. He had chosen me in the furnace of affliction; but I am convinced it was quite necessary,

for I had a proud heart, and I have a proud heart still, and I believe it is quite needful I should be kept very low. Some of my sweetest lessons have been learned in the valley of humiliation.

After spending some few years in London, in hope of bettering my condition, I removed to Market Rasen, Lincolnshire. There fresh trials awaited me; I had not been there long before I received a letter, informing me of the unexpected death of one of my sisters. She suddenly lost her reason, was taken to a London hospital, and died the third day, raving mad. She was a beautiful girl, eighteen years of age, a special favourite, and I had not seen her for several years. The shock this sad news produced was too much for my weak frame, I fell ill and was confined to my bed, as near as I can remember, sixteen weeks. My sufferings at this time were intense; a stranger in a strange land, not a single friend to speak a word of spiritual comfort, or try to direct my mind upward. I thought, what will become of me? I could not realize then, that my heavenly Father was trying me as gold is tried; that He was sitting as a refiner to remove the dross, and watching for His own image in His afflicted child. The extreme weakness of my body so clogged my soul, that I sank down into a fearful state of despair; death stood ready, as though impatient for his victim, but even death must wait the command of God, before he can strike the blow. In 1846, I married, and removed to Spalding, where I was again laid by with a long and dangerous illness; here my heart was again drawn out after God; I seemed to behold the hand of a particular providence stretched over me. I was enabled to bear calmly the most intense anguish. The support I experienced I was sure could come only from God, still my mind was comparatively dark, religion was at a very low ebb; Satan persuaded me that it was impossible to serve God while surrounded with so many trials and difficulties. The truth of the matter was, there had not been a thorough coming out from the world, I had not laid aside "every weight;" for a time, I believe Satan led me captive at his will.

From Spalding we removed to Pinchbeck, where I had a little relief from suffering for a few months, but soon relapsed into my former state. What a rebellious child must I have been to require so much to humble me! For two years my bodily afflictions were fearful, and I began to feel that I must either lose my life or my reason; the doctor pronounced my case to be hopeless, and himself requested the clergyman of the parish to visit me. Mistaken kindness! of what use is a minister in the last extremity? If there is not an understanding between God and the soul before, then farewell to hope. The minister came, but in vain for me, to all appearance my eyes were closed in death. My friends were watching, scarcely knowing whether the spirit had fled or not; no! the spirit had not fled, for the work of grace was not complete.

After a time, I partially recovered my strength, and removed to Billingboro', where better days began to dawn, but of this I will write in my next, with a few particulars in relation to my union with the Church of England. I have written much more in reference to my bodily sufferings than I like. It is not the sympathy of friends I wish for, but to magnify the distinguishing mercy and grace of God, for I feel so convinced that all these afflictions were the Lord's way of

opening and preparing my heart to receive the solid and substantial truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. And strange to say that during all my illness, I had always sufficient faith to believe that the Lord would not take me out of the world in an unprepared state. And when I knew the doctor had said I could not survive, I could not bring my mind to believe that it was really so. I had always an impression that my Heavenly Father would, some time or other, shine into my soul.

"Though my cup was mixed with gall,
Something secret sweetened all."

I was always inclined to the doctrines of "Free grace," but I never heard or read anything about it, only from my Bible; and if ever I took up my Bible to read, I was sure to turn to the epistle to the Romans. I have dwelt upon the ninth chapter until my little strength was quite exhausted, and lost in wonder I have closed my Bible exclaiming, "O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out." When I look back upon these seasons, I am filled with wonder at the long-suffering of God, and with intense gratitude for His loving-kindness, for though my cup of life has been mixed with the bitterest ingredients, mercy was mingled with it, and none have more cause than I have to say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." The natural pride of my heart proves to me that it has all been needful, and every stroke of His rod has proved Him to be a loving and merciful Father, because it has been the means of drawing me into close communion and fellowship with Him. I would not for all the so-called happiness and pleasure of the world, forego one of those sweet seasons, such as I have enjoyed when I have been permitted, as it were, to creep into His very bosom, and while He has been listening to the overflowings of a heart bursting with grief, He has breathed into it words of love and comfort, and I have left the throne of grace exclaiming with Watts,

"If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be?"

At that fountain of everlasting bliss I hope one day to drink; in the presence of that Saviour I love, I hope for ever to dwell; for I disclaim all merit of my own. I trust only in the finished work of Jesus; through His merits I hope to stand perfect and complete at the last, wrapped up in the robe of His righteousness. To His praise will I for ever sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

Billingboro'.

MARIE.

"I mean nothing by imputation, but what is included by acceptance which themselves grant. When a surety's payment is accepted on behalf of the debtor, it is imputed to him. If Paul had paid what was owing to Philemon, or satisfied for the injuries done by his servant Onesimus, Philemon's acceptance of that payment or satisfaction on behalf of Onesimus would have been the imputation of it to him; for imputation here is nothing else but the accepting of what another doth for us, instead of what we should have done ourselves. I showed this before by instances in such things whereby the satisfaction of Christ is held forth in Scripture, and gave you a plain text, where imputing and accepting are terms of the same import."

Funeral of the late Mr. John Webster,
PASTOR OF THE STRICT BAPTIST CHURCH,
CAVE ADULLAM, OLD ROAD, STEPNEY.
WHICH TOOK PLACE ON TUESDAY, MARCH 2ND, 1868.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

DEAR SIR,—I shall deem it a favour if you will give in THE EARTHEN VESSEL the following particulars of the above solemn event, connected with a few remarks in reference to the Cave during the past, and the leadings of God in providence towards us: and this was suggested to me when I entered the chapel in the mournful procession: the chapel was filled to overflowing with friends, members, and hearers. I could not help looking back at the past when Mr. Allen—fourteen years ago—was, in like-manner, carried in, in the presence of a like mass of people; but he has long gone to rest, and many of the people then present have passed away from this world, while others have been removed in providence: But the dear old Cave still stands; the same glorious truths as were preached then, are still proclaimed; precious souls have been, and still are, being gathered in by Divine grace; many also have been ripened for glory! and are now singing the high praises of heaven before the throne of God and of the Lamb; among whom I firmly believe will be found at the last great day dear George Way, who faithfully served his day and generation of whom I have had good report; dear William Allen, who for eighteen years was favoured by our covenant God in establishing the faith of the pilgrims of Zion (and who was the instrument employed by the Lord in first awakening, and afterwards bringing into Gospel liberty the writer of these few remarks; and who deemed it the greatest honour ever conferred upon such a poor mortal worm to follow the Lord in that much-despised ordinance, believers' baptism). And, lastly, our late dear and much-respected pastor, John Webster. There are still one or two left in the Church who have sat under, and can bear testimony to the truths preached by each of these faithful servants of God. Troubles, trials, bereavements, and separations from loved friends must take place here below; but no separation above.

Our late pastor came among us about six years ago, on a six months' probation; he was then heard to profit by many, and was unanimously received as pastor of the Church. Since that time many have been baptised by him, and received into Church fellowship; some of them in that short period have been removed by death to a better land; of a few others we can only say, where are they? but many are with us still, as helpers in the faith by their presence, their prayers, and their means.

A little over twelve months ago our late pastor lost by death the beloved partner of his joys and sorrows; and, doubtless, he felt then it was but the warning note sounding, "the time of departure must soon come, saying, Arise and depart, for this is not thy rest."

On Wednesday night, ten o'clock, Feb 26th, the writer saw him for the last time, but he was too low and weak to recognise any one, but the writer believes he was happy in the Lord: all that might have been out

of square made square by the blood of Jesus; and the truth of His word realised that "at eventide it shall be light." His immortal spirit took its flight to eternal rest fifteen minutes past twelve on the morning of Thursday, February 27th, 1868.

It was arranged by those who had the management of the funeral that it should take place on the following Monday, March 2nd; and on that day about one o'clock the mournful procession left the residence of our late pastor; Mr. C. W. Banks and Mr. Stringer walking before, and the personal friends of the deceased, with the deacons of the Church, following on its way to the Old Cave; and there under the shadow of that pulpit, in which for the last six years he had dispensed the word of life his mortal remains were placed.

Mr. Stringer commenced the service by reading the third hymn, second book, Dr. Watts, in that firm, decided tone so usual to him, as hymns ought always to be read in public worship; C. W. Banks then read I. Thessalonians, second chapter, and engaged in prayer; both reading and prayer was solemn, impressive, and very suited to the occasion, as well as comforting to the Church in its present bereaved and trying circumstances. Mr. James Wells gave the address, taking for the ground-work, Matthew xxv. 23, explaining who was a good man, how he became so, and the certain results—faithfulness to his Lord and Master, limit of knowledge on earth indicated "over a few things," the development of a full understanding in another world "ruler over many things;" and, lastly, the completeness and satisfaction of the soul to all eternity, "enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." One remark: I must not omit in reference to the last clause, the phrase was so homely, and the thought may prove comforting to many of the Lord's people who may be travelling under the shadow of death and fearing that last enemy. Mr. Wells said the separation of the soul from the body at the hour of death would be but the soul saying to the body, "good night," and the body saying to the soul, "good night." Then, at the resurrection the body would rise and meet the soul, and say, "good morning," and the soul would say to the body, "good morning"—at that glorious re-union, when the body sown a vile, a corruptible, a mortal, now raised a glorious, incorruptible, immortal body, to be united with the soul, and made perfectly happy in the presence of our Lord for ever and ever. Mr. Lodge then read that sweet hymn of John Kent's, 1025th Denham's Selection, and Mr. Wells gave a short prayer with the benediction.

The body was then conveyed to Ilford Cemetery, a quiet and beautiful resting-place for the dead. About 200 friends went down by various conveyances, and met the mournful *cortège* on its arrival at the cemetery gates, and while surrounding the grave, the mortal remains of our late dear pastor were committed to the silent tomb to await the general resurrection. Mr. Stringer made a solemn appeal over the grave to the living, the ground-work of his address was a believer, and what constituted a believer in Christ, in the great fundamental truths of the Gospel. The address occupied about twenty minutes, when the benediction was given, and the friends quietly retired. It had been arranged to sing a hymn over the grave, but the wind blew too cold to prolong the service and it was therefore dispensed with.

[FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.]

ALL that remained in this world of our departed friend, Mr. John

Webster, was, on Monday, March 2nd, 1868, carried in the most solemn and truly becoming manner from his residence in Wilson-street, to the Chapel. The venerable Mr. Bowers (brother to the late Mr. Webster), two of Mr. Bowers' sons; deacons Abbott, Beckett, and Evans; Mr. Lodge, Dr. Hawker, &c., followed. When the coffin was placed on the stand in front of the pulpit, Mr. Stringer read, and the congregation sung,

"Why should we mourn departed friends," &c.

C. W. Banks then read the second chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Thessalonians, observing that that chapter very fully expressed the character and spirit of the brother whose mortal remains they were about to convey to the tomb; he earnestly prayed for the Lord's presence, and blessing, and guidance to rest upon the deacons, the Church, the ministers who might come to occupy the new vacant pulpit, and for those brethren who were about to address them on that solemn occasion. After this, Mr. James Wells delivered a truly appropriate, edifying, and comforting address from the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." The character of the Christian minister, his happy end, and great reward were clearly and Scripturally expounded. Mr. Wells appeared quite at liberty, and was listened to with most profound attention. The procession proceeded to Ilford Cemetery, where a large assembly of friends were gathered around the new grave, opened expressly for our departed brother; and when the coffin had been carefully laid therein, Mr. Thomas Stringer delivered a warm and truthful oration; after which all retired from the grave, many asking, "Which of us will be the next?"

Mr. George Reynolds preached at Cave Adullam on Sunday, March 1st, 1868, with liberty and acceptance. We feel bound to add, the whole of the funeral ceremonies were conducted in a manner most creditable to the Church at Cave Adullam, and to the undertaker, Mr. Evans, jun.

THE FUNERAL SERMON

was preached on Sunday Evening, March 8th. The doors of the chapel were opened at six o'clock, and before a quarter past, every seat was taken; and by the half hour not an inch of space in the gallery and body of the chapel was left unoccupied; the vestries were both filled, and numbers remained during the service outside the doors of the chapel, while very many had to go away. The service commenced at half-past six precisely, by singing the 778th hymn (Denham's). Mr. Stringer then read the fourteenth chapter of Job, and part of the fourth chapter of the First Epistle to the Thessalonians, making some solemn and impressive remarks in the reading, appropriate to the occasion; after earnest prayer to the God of all mercies for the people present, the Church and congregation, and its officers, the 999th hymn (Denham's) was sung; after which Mr. Stringer took his text from Matthew xxiv. 44, "Be ye also ready." He said the text comprised three departments—

I. Those addressed: disciples learners.

II. When they are to be ready.

III. Why they are to be ready.

1. Those addressed—disciples. A people called by grace ; a people convinced of sin ; a people converted to God ; a people consecrated to the service of God.

Question : How many present, disciples ? What is our hope, our expectation ?

2. "Be ye also ready." Death will soon come to all of us. Negatively, none can make themselves ready. Three-fold readiness. 1st, Regeneration ; 2nd, Sanctification ; 3rd, Justification. All these by relation to God :

Evidential readiness. 1st, Love to God ; 2nd, Love to God's Truth ; 3rd, Hatred to Sin ; 4th, Faith in the dear Redeemer according to the faith of God's elect.

Lastly, why we should be ready, because there is no certainty of life here.

Proof. Observations of mortality around us, and the growing feeling of infirmity within us.

Mr. Stringer then read an outline of the early as well as more recent history of our late dear pastor with his expressions to those around him prior to his flight to eternal bliss.

The 17th hymn, first-book, Dr. Watts, was then sung, the benediction pronounced, and the service brought to a close by the choir singing Pope's "Vital Spark."

May the Lord still bless us ; cause his face to shine upon us, and give us at the Cave, with all his Church in the wilderness, continued peace and prosperity, for his great name sake. Amen.

J. W. B.

THE LATE PASTOR JOHN WEBSTER.

THE Church of Christ meeting in the Cave Adullam, Stepney, has lost another venerated and esteemed minister, in the person of the late Mr. John Webster. Two rather aged servants from that field have been called home since we have known the cause. The happy departure of Mr. Webster led us to a silent reflection, and to a rather happy public exposition of Isaiah lvii. 2, "He shall enter into peace : they shall rest in their beds : each one walking in his uprightness." In an experimental, in a practical, and in a heavenly sense, we considered these words : When a living soul enters by faith into union and communion with Christ—it enters really into peace. There and then it leaves sin behind, Satan behind, self behind, and every hurtful snare ; and although it has its sore trials afterwards, still, in CHRIST JESUS they have peace.

And true is the marginal reading of the text, when applied to the happy believer's departure. It reads, "HE SHALL GO IN PEACE : " so it was with the late pastor of the Cave. He lived in peace ; he is gone IN PEACE !

There are three words in Holy Scripture descriptive of the unconverted man : 1, Enmity ; 2, Malice ; 3, Unbelief. The unregenerated man is at enmity against God's sovereignty—so he cannot go into God's presence in peace. Against the person of Christ there is malice in the Jewish and unregenerate heart ; he cannot thus go in peace ; but the

believer loves and lives in Jesus, and by Him enters into peace. Unbelief is another hindrance to peace; but the Christian, as he draws near his end, is frequently favoured to stretch forth the wings of faith and love, and thus to find an abundant entrance administered unto him.

C. W. B.

LINES IN MEMORY OF OUR LATE BELOVED PASTOR,

MR. JOHN WEBSTER, OF STEFNEY.

DEATH has been here, and borne away
A faithful, loving pastor dear:
He's gone to realms of endless day,
His Saviour's glory there to share.

John Webster's gone, and left below
A church bereaved, and people dear;
These things but teach, and let us know,
We've no abiding city here.

This widowed church, and people, keep!
To each fresh strength and life impart:
Give grace that we may cease to weep,
Comfort and cheer each mourning heart.

Dear Lord, the deacons still maintain;
Guide and direct them by thy will:
Send those that will thy truth proclaim,
Till one at last this gap shall fill.

Farewell, dear Webster, though no more,
You're safe at home with Christ above;
We shall, through grace, to glory soar,
To sing with you redeeming love.

March 5th, 1868.

THOMAS E. MOORE.

FUNERAL SERMONS.

In *Our Own Fireside*, there are a series of papers on "The Homes of Old Writers;" and to the antiquarian, and lover of literary research, they must be pleasant and edifying. The March number has a chapter on "Old Thomas Fuller." The writer has seated himself in the Church where this quaint and learned divine ministered about 1630 and onward; and from the writer's musings in the Church, the following extracts are taken:

"The curiously carved pulpit and reading-desk at Broadwindsor still remained to tell where Fuller gave his parishioners the first hearing of the discourses which were published in 1640, forming part of a collection of "Funeral Sermons" by eminent preachers of the day. From that pulpit some of his characteristic utterances were given; as when he was once heard to say,—

"I know, and see by daily experience everywhere, how few there be that in their lifetime deserve the praise of religion in their death. For my part, I never did and never will gilt a rotten post or a mud wall, or give false witness in praising; to give the praise of religion to those who deserve it not. I desire those of my own congregation would make their own funeral sermons while they be living, by their virtuous life and conversation. As the Apostle saith, 'He hath not praise that is praised of man, but he that is praised of God.'"

We could not help sitting for some time in silence before that

pulpit, until our inward ear caught a few broken sentences as from our old friend's voice in the distance; he was not seen in the pulpit, but it was Fuller verily saying to us,—“Let the man of meanest parts labour to some competent measure of knowledge in matters of salvation, that so he may not trust every spirit, but be able to try whether he be of God or no. Believe no man with implicit faith in matters of such moment; for he who buys a jewel in a case without ever looking on it, deserves to be cozened with a Bristol-stone instead of a diamond.” A pause, and then the voice again—“What shall I say? Shall I praise you in this? Pastors may and must praise their people wherein they do well. 1. Hereby they shall peacefully possess themselves of the good wills of their people, which may much advance the power and efficacy of their preaching. 2. Men will more willingly digest a reproof for their faults if praised when they do well. 3. Virtue being commended doth increase and multiply; creepers in goodness will go, goers run, runners fly. *Use.* Those ministers to be blamed who are ever blaming, often without cause, always without measure (whereas it is said of God, He will not be always chiding. Do any desire to hear that which Themistocles counted the best music, namely, themselves commended? On these conditions we ministers will indent with them. Let them find matter, we will find words. Let them do what is commendable, and blame us if we commend not what they do. Such work for us would be recreation; such employment a pleasure, turning our most stammering tongues into the pen of a ready writer. To reprove is preat from us, as wine from grapes, but praises flow from our lips as water from a fountain. But, alas! how can we build when they afford us neither bricks nor straw? How can we praise what they do, when they will not do what is to be praised? If, with Ahab, they will do what is evil, we must always prophesy evil unto them.”

[It is said, Mr. Stringer wisely praised his departed brother Webster as a good man. Mr. Stringer rejoiced in the faith he enjoyed, that he also should live and die in THE TRUTH. What a mercy!]

Is the Gospel Ministry Paralyzed?

OUR attention has been specially directed to a small volume published by Messrs. Partridge & Co., bearing this significant Title, *The Present Crisis of the Church of God, &c.*, by E. Cornwall of Craven hill chapel. The contents of this volume are quite in agreement with the spirit and teaching of other works of a similar character; but, in this book we have a comprehensive view of the professing church of Christ earnestly expressed, by one who has carefully and feelingly watched over, and deeply lamented, the present divided, weakened, and almost nominal, if not fearfully deceptive condition of our so-called “Evangelical Christendom.” Mr. Cornwall opens his first chapter with the heading, “The Church of God asleep.” We fear it is worse than being asleep. There is a kind of mental weakness, called “Sensible Insanity.” That we are nearly all of us, (in a religious sense) insane, we can believe; but it is a blind, prejudicial hardened, deluded, and dreadfully blind insanity; so that while men are on the borders of destruction, they are crying out, “Peace! safety!! prosperity!!! grace now, and glory for ever.” “We have come (says Mr. Cornwall) not only to a great uni-

versal political crisis, but, also, and no less, to a great, to the greatest crisis in the spiritual world. Everywhere we perceive a spring-tide of Romanism. Infidelity, open, unblushing wickedness setting in on the world, which bids fair to sweep before its almost resistless progress, every half-hearted professing Christian, every one who does not decidedly and at once enter the life-boat of the Gospel, and manfully pull against the flood.

We are glad to find Mr. Cornwall faithfully pointing to the church's only remedy for all the evils awaiting her. "Nothing but what constrained the apostles, and Christians generally, of the first and second centuries, and enabled them to overcome the Roman world in the very midst of suffering, persecution, and death; nothing but what strengthened the martyrs, reformers, revivalists, a Wycliffe, a Tauler, a Luther, a Wesley, a Wilberforce, even a powerful realization of the love of God in Christ Jesus themselves individually, and to all." Nothing but the mighty power of God put forth in the souls of His own people, ever can make the church to be "terrible as an army with banners."

Those persons who read different reports of the rapid rise of new churches and chapels everywhere under the presidency of the Bishop of London, the Wesleyan Conference, the Congregational Union, the Scottish and English Presbyterians, Mr. Spurgeon, and the Baptists generally, such casual and it may be, indifferent readers will not entirely agree with Mr. Cornwall; as regards "the present alarming symptoms, everywhere being manifested throughout the Christian world."

Whether they enter into these things or not, there is, to us, a solemnity indescribable, in the question, "Why are hundreds of millions suffered to go down to their graves with a lie in their right hands? *WHY is it so?* Who, or what, is the cause of this unspeakable, this eternal calamity? * * How shall we account for the palpable fact, that the Gospel, in our day, appears, generally speaking, so paralyzed? Why is it so ineffectual in stemming the enlarging tide of sin?"

It was not so, Mr. Cornwall believes, before the anti-Christian apostasy set in. Ere that period, the Gospel spread rapidly, triumphed gloriously, and, soon, it was thought, its conquests would be complete; and that the dispensation would close. But, there was a falling-away predicted. That falling-away has ebbed and flowed for centuries; and until "He shall come whose right it is to reign"—this overspreading of heresy and schism, of apostasy, and of different kinds of delusions will continue. Lamentable is the fact; but it is, nevertheless too true. Satan is not yet cast out. Christ is not yet come the second time without sin unto salvation; the true knowledge of the Lord does not yet cover the earth; the church is not yet called to the marriage supper of the Lamb, nor can we be bold enough to predict how near to us are the crisis and the change which shall usher in the fulfilment of many prophecies yet in abeyance. These few introductory notes to a further notice of Mr. Cornwall's book, must suffice for the present. Meanwhile, we inwardly mourn o'er the desolations of sin, the spreading of error, and the inactivity and lukewarmness of multitudes who believe they are saved themselves, and there contentedly rest. Ought such things to be?

Whether Mr. Cornwall's prophecies are all correct, according to the will of God, may be left for another notice of his stirring work.

Tights and Shadows of a Pastor's Life.

BEING A DOZEN CHAPTERS IN THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LIVING MINISTER.

(Continued from page 82).

UP to this time I had earned little or nothing towards my own livelihood, and my parents sometimes murmured, and murmured justly, that I was doing nothing to support myself. They would occasionally ask me what good so much reading did me? I answered that I hoped it would do me good hereafter, though I confessed that in a pecuniary point of view, it had done me no good hitherto.

But one day, about the period I am speaking of, I saw an advertisement in the *Times*, for a French tutor, at a school at Merton in Surrey; and it was added, that a gentleman possessing a knowledge of Greek preferred. I at once wrote in reply, and received an invitation to call on the proprietor. I saw him. After a little conversation, he asked me what salary I should require. Afraid of losing the situation if I asked too much, I said £20 per annum, board and lodging. He at once assented, and promised me the situation. I was to enter upon my duties after the Christmas holidays, (it was now the beginning of November). Meanwhile, he wished me to come over twice a week, from D—— to Merton, a distance of nearly ten miles, to teach the boys. This I consented to do, and the small sum I received for this six weeks labour (three pounds) I laid out in purchasing certain necessaries for my outfit. About a fortnight before the holidays expired, and I was to commence my duties, I received a letter from the proprietor, saying that his former tutor, who had left through illness, having now recovered, and expressed a desire to come back, he had consented to let him do so, and he hoped that I should not feel disappointed!!! Not disappointed! What did he think I was made of? Never shall I forget that day, I seemed prostrated in mind and body, my hopes had been raised so high, and coloured with the rich lines of youth; nothing had ever opened to me before that I felt I could undertake, never before therefore had I met with a disappointment. I groaned in spirit being troubled, and for an hour or two could scarcely speak. Even now after the lapse of more than twenty years, the memory of it brings a gloom over my spirit. Let not my reader smile at this; my circumstances were peculiar. My brothers were hard working men, and earned their living by manual labour, but I was not fitted for this, either physically or mentally; yet it was absolutely necessary that I should do something for a living, and teaching was the only thing I could undertake, and for a moment the prospect brightened, but only to shroud itself in deeper gloom directly after. This was my first engagement in the battle of life, and I was knocked down at the onset.

I next endeavoured to get into the British and Foreign School Society as a master, but for want of a few pounds which were necessary at starting, I was again doomed to disappointment.

I now began to attend several forensic and debating societies, and taking part in these discussions, to familiarise myself with public speaking.

After having spoken a few times in public, I began to receive invitations to attend public meetings, and at last to deliver lectures on various subjects. My first lecture delivered at Albion Hall, Moorgate street, for a public Institution was on "Elocution."

My lecturing engagements now began to increase rapidly, and at length I began to realize a little monetary help. I received an invitation to deliver a series of lectures at Swansea, in South Wales, an engagement which paid me very well. From Swansea I went to Cardiff, Newport, Abergavenny, Carmarthen, Pembroke, Tenby, Milford, Haverfordwest, lecturing in all these places; at Brecon, I lectured to the students at the college on Elocution, by the request of the president. On returning to England, I was invited to deliver a series of lectures at Manchester, at Liverpool, (collegiate institution) and other towns, in the north-west of England, on the origin and affinity of the European languages.

I now began writing fictitious and literary articles for different periodicals, but sometimes did not get the stipulated sum for them when I had written them. Being asked one day by a friend to write a paper for a sanitary journal, the proprietor expressed himself so pleased with it, that he wrote and asked me to take the editorship of the "Health of Towns Magazine," which I did, and held for some considerable period. My remuneration for this was a small weekly salary, and furnished apartments rent free at the west end of London.

Having obtained a number of subscribers, I now issued, at the interval of some few years, two volumes of original poetry, but they have both long since sunk into oblivion. When the printer sent me in his "little account" for the first, £20, not being in London, I sent the money up to a friend to pay the bill for me; instead of which he appropriated the money to his own use, so I had the pleasure of paying it twice.

Speaking one night at the Literary Institution, Aldersgate street, in reply to Charles Pearson, the late City Solicitor, a gentleman came to me at the close of the meeting, and asked me if I was open to an engagement? I asked him of what nature? He said, a lecturing engagement on behalf of one of the London Assurance Companies. I told him that I was ignorant of the subject, but that if the engagement were worth my while, I would soon master the details. I saw him next morning at the office, and he wished to know what salary I should require. Afraid now of saying too little, as I was once afraid of saying too much, I told him that I must take time to consider, but would let him know in two or three days. I then called upon a friend who was one of the directors of the Legal and Commercial, and having ascertained what they paid their travelling agents, I went according to my promise, and said I should require five guineas per week, and half a guinea per day travelling expenses. To these terms he assented in a moment, and then asked me when I would start for the north-west of England, to begin my lecturing tour. I answered to-morrow morning. "Well," he said, "I like decision in business, here is five pounds to pay your fare, and I will forward you your money weekly." The next morning at six o'clock I was on my way to Manchester, making that my centre of operations. I lectured and appointed agents in Liverpool, Staleybridge, Oldham, Ashton, Bolton, and all the principal towns in the north-west.

While here I had a public and unexpected discussion with an atheist. Entering the hall where he was lecturing I heard him close his lecture with the following remark:—"That nothing ought to be believed that could not be mathematically demonstrated; and as the existence of God could not so be thus demonstrated, it ought not to be believed. But as a report of the argument was published in several newspapers and magazines, I extract the following from the *Liverpool Courier*, of course omitting the name.

On being invited to take a position on the platform, he said he had no intention of wading through the continent of mud which the lecturer had been so long constructing; he should only fasten upon his two closing remarks, namely, that nothing should be believed that was not susceptible of mathematical demonstration; and that the existence of God not being susceptible of mathematical demonstration; ought not to be believed. Now, in relation to the first position, it was a fundamental axiom in mathematics, that every circle must have a centre; but he need hardly tell the lecturer, that while it was absolutely necessary to admit this centre, its existence had never been demonstrated. "Let this table" said Mr. —, laying his hand upon a circular table which was on the platform, "be considered a yard in diameter: now, I cut it into two equal semi-diameters; now where is the centre? It is not in either of the semi-diameters, for they are equal; and if it be in one it must be in other; so you prove too much, for you show that there are two centres in one circle, which is an absurdity, and destroys the very thing that you are trying to establish. It cannot be between them for they are in contact. You are thus driven to this conclusion,—that this mathematical centre is a point devoid of parts, namely, a spaceless point—something that does not occupy space. Now, as all entities occupy space, if this centre does not, then it is not an entity: *ergo*, it is a nonentity, that is—nothing! So much for the lecturer's first proposition, that nothing ought to be believed that is not susceptible of mathematical demonstration.

"This conducts us to the second proposition, that the existence of a God is incapable of mathematical proof. Let us test this assertion. And here I hope the lecturer will signify his admission or rejection of the premises laid down as I proceed.

"First, then, attraction either resides in matter, or it does not reside in matter."

It was admitted to reside in matter.

"Secondly, it is equally diffused through matter, or it is not equally diffused through matter."

Admitted, that it was equally diffused.

"Thirdly, repulsion resides in matter, or it does not reside in matter.

Admitted to reside in matter.

"Fourthly, it is equally diffused through matter, or it is not equally diffused."

Admitted, that it was equally diffused.

"Now mark the result," continued Mr. —, "Here are two permanently antagonistic forces, equally resident in matter, equally diffused through matter, equal in extent, and equal in power; these forces are said to be the motive power which moves all bodies. But it is one of the most self-evident propositions of Euclid, that where equal is equal to equal, the result will be equal; in other words, that where two forces of equal strength are in antagonism the result will be the establishment of an equilibrium; not motion, but quiescence or rest. Thus, if you take a pair of scales and place a pound weight in each, you establish an equilibrium which will remain for ever undisturbed, unless interfered with by some external agent. If, on the other hand, it is contended that attraction is stronger than repulsion; then, once stronger, it will for ever remain so, and drawing all bodies into

one agglomerated mass, again the result would be, not motion, but rest. If, on the contrary, it be said that repulsion is the strongest, then every particle of matter dilating and expanding to its utmost tension, would fly off into space, which being filled with a concourse of disconnected atoms, again the result would be, not motion, but rest.

"But nothing is at rest; suns, systems, planets, stars are all in rapid motion. What, then, is the power which has destroyed the equilibrium of these two antagonistic forces, and which has given to the universe that motion which they are ever striving to prevent? We find no evidence of its existence in matter; yet it is evidently superior to matter, since it controls the motions of matter, and neutralises the tendency of those laws and forces which reside in matter. Now this power, which without residing in matter, is evidently superior to it, constantly acting upon it, overcoming its inertia, and compelling it into motion, we call God. God! the inevitable word which terminates all our studies, the grand climax to all our knowledge, shining like a mysterious star upon the bodies of both worlds, revealing to us the moral liberty of this, the moral justice of that."

Mr. —'s argument, certainly one of the most lucid, forcible, and original, for the existence of God which it ever fell to our lot to hear, seemed to make a great impression upon the audience, more especially as his opponent declined to reply in "consequence of the lateness of the hour," though it was not quite ten o'clock!

JAMES HAMILTON IN DEATH.

Our Own Fireside, in few words beautifully opens to us the dying chamber of the late Dr. Hamilton:

"Our God is love when nature falls,
Then fix thy gaze above;
And calmly wait till heaven reveals
How life, death—all is love."

T. DAVIS.

A true "poet of the sanctuary," the gifted James Hamilton, whose "Mount of Olives," and "Life in Earnest," are heirlooms to the Church Catholic, has "fallen asleep"—gone home. Seldom has a loving life ended more lovingly. A brother who went to see him shortly before his death, gives this touching record:—

"He was no way surprised at seeing me step into his room, and welcomed me in his own peculiar manner,—'My dear William, how glad I am to see you! How kind of you to come so far.' 'I have just come,' was the reply, 'to let you know, dear James, how many of us are envying you your happiness in being so near home.' 'I sometimes hope it may be so,' was the rejoinder, 'and yet I may perhaps be disappointed.' 'No, James, dear, you won't be disappointed in this, for you cannot be long here; you will be at home in a day or two or perhaps in few hours.' He then brightened up, and gave us such a loving look. 'O William, you have brought me good news indeed; how kind of you to tell me this!'

"After a short silence, the conversation was resumed. 'I have been preaching lately from these words: 'Whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord;' and I have been much interested in finding that in the Greek, the expression in next verse—to be absent from the body and present with the Lord—may be rendered at home with the Lord, at home, because of His being there; at home, because the family are gathered there! 'Oh, how beautiful! how beautiful!'

he exclaimed. 'And that is the meaning of "I go to prepare a place for you;" I go to make it a home for you.' Then, after a pause he continued, 'O William, you are a happy man, You are strong and well; and you have the privilege of preaching the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ.'

"Asking for his brother's wife and children, and being told that they had all sent their love to him, he said, 'Oh, do you know I am lying in love, and hemmed in by love on every side; there is nothing but love around me; I don't say within me, for I am not so full of love as I should be. Here his failed."

Is not this James Hamilton all over over?—"Lying in love; hemmed in by love on every side; nothing but love around me; only too little love within me." What genuine thankfulness and humility! It was the very fulness of his love that made him feel a shortcoming; he loved so much that he never could be satisfied that he loved enough. And there was no weakness in his love. It was not feeble sentiment, but strong manly affection; for it was love in the truth, in the truth of God, the truth as it is in Jesus.

He "being dead, yet speaketh." The epitaph on his tomb might well be written, "He exemplified the truth—

"He only yet has learnt to live,
Whose life is love."

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. TIPTAFT.

DEAR SIR,—Having met with a letter written by the late Mr. Tiptaft. I forward you a copy for *EARTHEN VESSEL*; it contains much weighty manner. Yours, &c.,

March 14th, 1868.

J. ELDERKIN.

King's Cliffe.

[We are always thankful for such communications.—ED.]

"For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ."—2 Corinthians i 5.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I have heard of your illness, and also of your recovery; I hope that you can bless God for the trial. You will be glad to hear that my soul was much blessed last night; and during this day I have shed many tears. I could scarcely shave myself, and my eyes are quite red with crying. A friend sent to know how I was this morning; my answer was, "Much the same in body, but well in soul." A man should have a particular religion to use such language; he should know both parts of a work of grace in his soul. I have not had such a blessing since January, 1843. I was blessed in my soul on the 18th July, but not in the manner that I have been this time; the blessed promises were applied, and the highest hymns of assurance suited my soul, such as Gadsby's 158th,—

"Sweet the moments rich the blessing,
Which before in cross I spend," &c.

and,

"When Jesus with his mighty power," &c,

'And such proofs of the Lord's loving kindness to me at this particular time I value highly; how often have I prayed that my last days may be my best. How often have I said that it is a mercy to be well laid in

the grave ; a long sickness is a heavy cross ; but it is in the furnace and fires that the soul prospers, and is in health. There is not much to live for in this time state. If things please the flesh, they will deaden the soul ; and if they do not please the flesh they make us murmur and fret. It is a trial to be silent, but I cannot murmur without considering that I have in my feeble way preached salvation by grace for more than two thirds of a century. I keep hearing, for my encouragement, that I have not laboured in vain, either in London or the country. What a high value Bunyan set upon his seals ; I trust I may say that I value them more than gold and silver. What are riches and honours compared to spiritual blessings and Divine enjoyments ? I do not envy those who are anxious to see all the new peep-shows, or those who are labouring hard to gather together a large heap of gold dust : "Godliness with contentment is great gain."

In my present state I have but little hopes of preaching again. I was ill here twenty-five years ago. I have to bless God that I was raised up again. I wish to be grateful for the good health I have had for twenty-four years. Dr. Shawe, of Leicester, came to see me on the 24th. He called on Tuesday, when in the neighbourhood, and he told me that I was not so well as when he last saw me. What a very great mercy to have a religion of the right sort ; and be made fit for this particular blessing. I have no cancer, but a sore throat, and suffer more ; may the Lord bless me with patience and resignation. Death is a solemn subject. Those who can say that they are not afraid to look death in the face, should have a particular religion, and should be very grateful. How awful to be deceived in important matters ! The real children of God like a searching ministry, that they may be well exercised whether they are right in doctrine, experience, and practice. Real repentance, real faith, and real love, are very important matters. Both minister and hearers must die for themselves. What a very great Friend Christ is to those who really believe in Him ! Real faith and love will produce real fruit. It will be thirty-seven years next January since I professed to fear God. O what mercies and blessings of various kinds I have received, but how little my heart is melted with gratitude ! It was well with me this morning, I could say "My Jesus hath done all things well." I could not murmur this morning about the past, nor fret about the future. You, in your large ungodly city, will be glad to hear of my soul being blessed in such a manner. "The Lord trieth the righteous. Many are their afflictions, but the Lord delivereth them out of them all." "It shall be well with the righteous." Those who fear God in your large city will be tried and exercised in various ways. The fear of God is a great treasure, and those who have such a treasure should not murmur about trifles, without having their consciences condemned. May the Lord bless those who love and fear His name in town. What a warning in the earthquake for ungodly England ! Give my love to Mrs. C., and all enquiring friends. Yours affectionately,

WILLIAM TIPTAFT.

Oakhain, Rutland.
October 15th, 1863.

A WEEK IN THE GRAVE.

BY E. J. SILVERTON.

THE grave is not the last home of the body, but is the middle station between time and eternity. The grave at the angel's blast will deliver up the body, and it will be changed; the sinner's body for everlasting pain, and the body of the saint for eternal joy. Flesh and blood will neither enter heaven's glory, nor hell's woe, but each will be fitted for its state. At the resurrection morn the spirits of the just will enter their bodies which they put off in death, and the lost soul will also enter the body. Saints will enjoy an eternity of peace and the sinners an eternity of sorrow. Oh, what a mercy to have part in the first resurrection. The murdered brother of Cain has been a long number of years in his grave, yet he shall rise at the call of the archangel, leaving all the marks of his murder in his tomb: there shall be no mildew on his brow, nor the cold damp of the grave upon his cheek. He shall come forth fresh and glorious, and Abel's soul shall be permanently joined to his glorified body, in which God shall be praised to all eternity. What a long sleep shall Abel have compared with the corpse which shall be buried a week before the judgment of the great God. Lazarus being in his grave four days may remind us of those who shall, like Lazarus, be called from the grave a few days after their interment. Yes, men may be dying while angels are preparing for the judgment. While the gravedigger is making ready the six feet opening for his fellow-creature, the gates of heaven may open, and the angel fly forth crying, Come to judgment! come to judgment! If the world continues as it is now till time's latest hour, how different will be the state of man in that sad day of judgment. The infant will just have started on its journey. The young man will be pressing through life's battles. The old man will be breathing out his soul while kind attendants wipe death's dew-falls from his fading brow. While life and death are doing their work, the Son of Man may come in his glory to judge the world. Then shall the dead arise, both small and great, and appear before the judgment seat of Christ. Death's employment then shall cease, the graves shall be emptied, and for ever closed. The sands in time's glass will now have run through. The chapter will be full, and the school days of man will be ended. Blessed are such as love his appearing. The believer's soul will have more of heaven than the body before the body was carried to the grave. The soul had passed the city gates of glory, and all the time the body lies in the grave the soul is rejoicing in the upper world. One Sabbath the man of God may abdicate his body, and on the next re-enter. Some will be but a short time in the cold earth. In this they will be like their Master Jesus, who rose on the third day. But whether we be long or short time in our cold damp lodging place, let us as the saints of the living God remember that while our bodies are dead in the tomb our spirits will be singing the loud praises of Jesus in his Father's house above. Yes, while the mortal eyes shall be closed by the touch of death and blind to all the beauties on which they ever gazed, the spiritual will be delighted with the splendour of the mansions in glory. The one will look from crown, to crown from angel to saint, and from the saint

to the King on his throne; while the mortal ear shall be deaf to all the music which ever gave it pleasure, while it shall be deaf to the kindest friends, the spiritual ear shall be listening to the loud hosannahs of the glorified hosts of heaven, while human tongues shall be crumbling to dust in the silent grave, the soul shall be hymning Jehovah's greatness with eternal delight. Yes, while the withered form of the man of God is in death's charnel house, his inner man is at home with Jesus in his kingdom, robed like the king's son, and crowned with unfading glory. When we leave our body we shall not weep after it; nor shall we be willing to enter it again, till it be put in thorough repair. It shall be raised a body suited for a glorified spirit to dwell in. No aches and pains then, but all will be perfect, and all will be peace. Seven days dead to the people of God will be seven days in glory. Absent from the body, present with the Lord. Seven days dead to the sinner will be seven days in hell. Let the followers of the Lamb rejoice in this, that although worms destroy this body, yet in our flesh shall we see God. That is in our risen bodies, which will bear the identity of our earthly bodies. What will it matter whether our bones sleep in the grave a thousand years or one week, so long as our spirits are with the Lord in his unchanging glory?

The first Adam brought us all into the grave. The Lord, the second Adam, shall bring us all out. As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive. We gain more by Christ than we lost in Adam, so our praise for Jesus must be more than our blame for Adam. Oh, what a morning will that be when the sun shall rise on our sin-stricken earth for the last time; when man shall go forth to his labour for the last time; when the shutters of our city shops shall be taken down for the last time; when the wealthy merchants shall meet in the market places for the last time; when our trains and ships shall leave their stations and harbours for the last time, when the slumbering inhabitants of the mighty city shall rise from their beds for the last time. When ungodly sinners shall have worked their deeds of wickedness against God and truth for the last time, when saints shall have worshipped their Lord on earth for the last time. Oh, what a morning will that be, when the church shall hear the voice of the Bridegroom, "Come, my beloved, enter the joy prepared for you from the foundation of the world." May the Lord give our readers grace to walk before him as becometh the sons of God, that when that cloudless morning shall come, they may hear the Saviour's voice and enter through the gates into the city. Oh, the bliss of that morning when Jesus shall be then seen face to face.

VITAL FAITH.

FROM the conversion of St. Paul, Augustine, and Luther, and from the great leading feature of their ministry, *The Dublin University Magazine* gives a long article on the vitalizing power of that faith which comes from, and leads unto the Son of God, for salvation. The *St. James's Chronicle* says—

The author institutes a comparison between Paul, the great Apostle of the Gentiles, Augustine, the mightiest thinker from the converted Pagan world, and Martin Luther, the most famous vindicator even to an extreme of the tenets of justification by faith only. Much learning and power of

analysis is displayed, and so wide a canvas admits a picture of the whole duration of Christianity. The essay, from the importance of the subject, and from its mode of treatment, will repay an attentive study. The writer, at its conclusion, lifts up the voice of warning and of remonstrance. "Are there not (he asks) signs amongst us of a reaction from reality towards symbolism, sacramental salvation, and abandonment of that liberty which is the privilege of those who believe in Christ Jesus? Are we not rapidly losing hold of the faith, and clinging to human means? Are we not tending from a spiritual towards a stock and stone worship; to a worship of the cross, rather than of the Crucified One, towards looking for the real presence, not with the eyes of the spirit subjectively in the soul, but with fleshly eyes objectively in the elements? We are determined to have sacrifices, though Saul declared that where there is remission of sins there is no more offering for sin. We are turning the supper table of the Lord into an altar, and shedding His blood afresh—that blood which was once shed for all. Worship, instead of being spiritual, is becoming material, and the same arguments used in the earliest times by the Pagans against the reproaches of Christians are now advanced by the defenders and advocates of this material worship: 'We do not worship the images, but the gods whom they represent.'" If an apology be required for this long extract, it must be found in the fact of this language occurring in the *Dublin University Magazine*. It is a proof of the extent of the disease when such a publication departs from its normal tone of essays to offer the note of warning and of earnest reproof and exhortation.

When we saw the *Dublin University Magazine*, and for its first paper found this on "Vital Faith," we were greatly interested," and considered it a good sign, proving that the conviction still lives, that the existence, the energy, and the evidence of our salvation by the Son of God, all are immediately and essentially connected with the doctrine of the justification by faith in the great Redeemer.

A CHEER IN THE NIGHT.

It was darkness itself which enveloped the mind, fearful sorrows almost overwhelmed the soul, when the following note came to hand. We really need encouragement. God ever help us to do, and to be, as this correspondent exhorts. He says:—

We are quite one with you, both in doctrine and practice being Particular Baptists. You have preached in our chapel, though it was some years ago; there are some who speak kindly of you, and wish you every comfort and success in the Lord's work. Thank God there are even now some faithful men; men of courage; men of energy; men of a sound mind; men who are not ashamed to maintain, assert, and defend, at all hazards, the honour of our glorious Lord. Accept, then, beloved, a cheer from a "brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ." Yours is a glorious work; up and at it! never give up! All

power is on your side! Cut with the "sword!" strike with the "hammer!" Fight as directed by our glorious leader, and in his strength; and every foe (be he man or devil) shall flee before you. Truly the times require great men, great in the knowledge of God's Word, great in faith and great in the never-failing power of believing prayer. Let us then labour on, "in season and out of season," and study, write, preach, pray, and in all these things, say as the noble Luther used to say, "But what is best of all is, God is with us." Yours in him, T. R.

Earth's Eventide, and the Bright Dawn of the Eternal Day. By the Rev. J. G. Gregory, M. A., Rector of Bonchurch, Isle of Wight. Third Edition. London: S. W. Partridge. All the leading subjects connected with the closing up of the Gospel Dispensation and the coming of the Lord in the New Jerusalem are here consecutively illustrated and argued out with much simplicity and zeal.

NEW BOOKS.

The Sword and Trowel for March has a bold and intelligent paper on building chapels, orphanages, colleges, &c., which is followed up by an announcement that one "A. B." has recently sent to Mr. Spurgeon no less than £3000 to help him in the various branches of his work. Most certainly it must be acknowledged he is wonderfully supported in all he puts his hand unto. It is not every one can comfortably read the first Psalm, except its application is carried to the spiritual prosperity of the true believer in Jesus; but, literally, in Mr. Spurgeon's case, it appears true to the letter. Deep in the secret of our soul is the desire that the glorious Gospel of our blessed God might find as successful a representative as Mr. Spurgeon has been of benevolent and philanthropic efforts to educate the young, to evangelize the nation, and to provide dwellings for the aged and the poor. Our very soul is full of agonizing emotions to go forth into the lanes, and courts, and alleys, and garrets, and cellars, yea, into all the haunts and holes where sin and Satan, poverty and misery, death and darkness reign, and to scatter among them, the words of eternal truth on the one hand, and the absolute necessities of this life on the other, but we have neither the purse nor the power. We have pleaded for the poor, we have printed and published for the advancement of pure Gospel truth, we have striven hard to effect a unity, and the exercise of an energy among the living in Jerusalem; but while the sun of prosperity shines powerfully on the heads and efforts of the hosts now everywhere rising up, "Satan hath hindered us," and we solemnly feel the need of that special measure of grace to say most sincerely, "Not my will, but Thine be done."

Lever Lines for Spare Minutes; intended as Helps to a Higher Life, author of "Upward and Onward," &c., &c. London S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster row. Mr. Partridge, considers the time present to be made up of "perilous days of

worldly excitement and spiritual enlargement," and, believing that the people have not much time for long and large essays, he has thrown together (in a neat little volume) a number of single lines, with rules between each, so that every line is distinct, complete, and strikingly expressive of some moral or spiritual theme easy to be remembered, and useful to be considered. We give one or two out of between six or seven hundred.

"How many pray, who have not learned to wait."

"Christ empties first the heart that He would fill."

"The world is mad, Christians alone are sane."

"Fear not, but leave thy future with the Lord."

"Be often quiet, and alone with God."

Mr. Partridge's book and the Bible might well be laid together. After reading God's word, a line for the day might easily be gathered from this bed of mottoes.

The Revelation Unravelled: an Outline Exposition on a new Plan, by the author of "The Coming Crisis." With a preface by the Rev. Richard Chester, Prebendary of Killenmer, and vicar of Ballyclough, diocese of Cloyne. London: S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster row. This is a plain, brief, and intelligent, commentary on the Apocalypse. Every reader may easily enough comprehend the writer's meaning; and but very few will altogether reject his testimony. We are quite certain of three things; 1. It is incumbent upon the believer to study carefully this grand part of New Testament revelation. There is, certainly, a blessing promised to such earnest seekers after heavenly knowledge. 2. We believe no one can be fully persuaded of the mind of God in this book, unless the Spirit of all truth lead him into these great mysteries. 3. The antagonistic writings of men upon this portion of the New Testament have greatly perplexed the reading of portions of the Christian family; but in this volume there is very little but what may be received as being a well-grounded attempt to draw aside the curtains of

imagery, and let the holy truth be seen clearly and distinctly heard.

The Curate of West Norton, by G. R. Wynn. London: S. W. Partridge & Co., Paternoster row. In this attracting little volume, we have the exodus into clerical life of a young Ritualistic curate, which furnisheth lessons for all who willing to learn. The pictures drawn of the old rector and his family, of John Brown, the village Methodist minister, John Allen, the miller, the schoolmaster, the young ladies at the rectory, &c., are all well done, and while the narrative is interesting to all, the teaching of the book is just such as should be read and digested everywhere.

The Watchmen of Ephraim. Mr. John Wilson, the editor of this interesting magazine has been ill; but he has arisen to his work with much power, and succeeds admirably in furnishing some first-rate papers on subjects of much importance to the Christian. In one of his notes, Mr. Wilson says, "A troublous sea is before us a peaceful shore beyond." The part for March of *The Watchmen of Ephraim* commences a new series. It will in future be issued in shilling quarterly parts; which alteration will, we hope, render the work of much greater advantage both to the readers, and to the editor, for his labour in this book alone must be great. We hope to notice this part, with extracts, next month.

The Thirteenth Article of the Creed of the Church of Rome, and, *Christ our Great High Priest*, are two neat two-penny pamphlets, by F. G. H., (published by R. Banks,) of considerable merit. Speaking of the latter, *The Rock* says:—

Christ our great high Priest—is devoted to showing that the doctrine of transubstantiation, either as the Romanists accept it, or in the diluted form in which our Ritualistic countrymen offer it to us, "strikes at the very root of the blessed doctrine of the atonement, the only rock on which the Christian builds all his hopes of eternal life. You rob (the writer eloquently proceeds)—you rob Christ of His office of High Priest;

you deny the sufficiency of His death to secure to sinners eternal salvation; as a sacrifice that requires to be constantly repeated is certainly no sufficient sacrifice made once and for all, and you teach men that Christ is not the one, the only Mediator between God and man, but that other means exist to effect our everlasting salvation."

To counteract such poisonous errors faithful men must preach and print and publish too, or they are verily guilty. We know, bitterly do we know, that to contend for truth now requires sacrifice. We have made it.

The Rock is, certainly, the best and the cheapest Protestant paper extant. Its circulation already is very large.

The Book of Martyrs, by John Foxe. A remarkably cheap edition of this wonderfully horrible book is issued by "The Book Society." The trial and burning of Ridley and Latimer are fully given, and it is a kind of key to the large plate we are publishing of the martyrdom of these two valiant men at Oxford. For twenty-four stamps we send our large plate, and Foxe's Book of Martyrs, to any address, post free, from 4, Crane court, Fleet street.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD, Esq., sustains most nobly, and usefully, his editorship of the "Gardener's Magazine" which we know is found to be a pleasant and cheerful companion to amateurs, professionals, and all interested in the cultivation of fruits, flowers, shrubs, greenhouse plants, &c. It is published by Allen, in Ave Maria Lane.

OBITUARY.

MR. WILLIAM SAWYER.

A deacon of the church at Farnborough, Kent.

Mr. William Sawyer was one of three who founded the little church at Farnborough, about twenty-one years since, and during that time has held the office of deacon. He has suffered considerably of late from affections of the brain, and after a long illness succumbed to the hand of

death on Feb. 15th, 1868. He had much mental darkness at times during his affliction, but the clouds cleared away at last, and he was enabled to say with a smile on his face, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded He is able to keep me until that day." And he was kept. His departure was very peaceful, he waved his hand as a sign (according to previous arrangement) that he was going home.

And a smile on the face,
Showed delight in the soul.

He was interred in Down churchyard, on Friday 21st, followed by a very great number of friends as well as relatives, enough to fill the Baptist chapel at Down, into which he was taken. A service was conducted in the chapel, brethren Isaac Ballard, the pastor of the church, and Geo. Webb, of Little Wild street, each taking a part. After which the body was taken to the grave and there interred, brother Webb making a few remarks as the body was lowered. The Church service would have been read, but it was the wish of our departed brother to be buried as a Nonconformist, and like two of his family, in the same grave, buried in the same way, because they had not been christened, so he said let me be buried. But some member of the family set the bell tolling, and it was a novel sight to see so many following a corpse tolled by the church bell into the dissenting chapel just by. They are sturdy Non. Cons. at Down.

A REVIEW OF THE GOSPEL MINISTRY.

(By a Correspondent in America.)

(Continued from page 91).

I have at different times and places, here in New York, heard discourses, one in particular by a professed Gospel minister, where, throughout the whole discourses, was there but one sentence (like an oasis in the desert) of a soul-enlivening description, and that was a passage of Scripture, quoted; how those who profess to have been set free and precious at times favoured to know what it is

to soar aloft as upon eagle's wings, and behold, afar off, can settle down (if any such there are) under such ministry is past my comprehension; for my part, I want to lie down in "the green pastures, beside the still waters" of life and liberty, not the turbid waters of death and bondage. I would especially call the attention of such ministers to the 28th chapter Isaiah from 23rd verse to the end, and may the blessed Spirit give an understanding heart while reading; they will there perceive there is something else to do in the Lord's vineyard than belabouring, ploughing, and harrowing up the poor soul with the law, or even dinning into his ears, from which he is already suffering, the terrors of the law and his own innate filthiness. "Doth the ploughman plough all day to sow? verily not. For his God doth instruct him to discretion, and doth teach him." Then what shall we say of those who do otherwise, to speak charitably they must at least be counted foolish teachers, the Word of God being the test. For the fitches are not threshed (with the law) but beaten out with a staff, neither is a cart-wheel (may be compared to Divine justice) turned upon the cummin, but it is beaten out with a rod, and what is this staff and rod? Not the terrors of the law. Mount Sinai, bondage, captivity, the law of sin in their members, verily not. The Psalmist (and all Christian members can join in) says, "Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me;" "go what that meaneth, I will have learn mercy and not sacrifice."

I leave these reflections to be pondered over by those who seek to justify such preaching. Ministers of law, bondage, and corruption, for that is what, in most part, their ministry consists, rather than of Christ and His cross, should such be called; and as the tree is known by its fruits, so its effects are visible upon those who sit under such ministry. Like priest, like people, yea, many of them are brought into such a state, that they even love to have it so, hugging their very chains and fetters; they are like milestones on the road, 'tis true, but from one year

to another, you read their superscription, and find that they are still in the same position, no growth in grace, no increase in spiritual knowledge, no enlargement of the understanding, no freshness, judgment weak, stunted in growth, not receiving that nourishment, or, "Not holding the head," as the apostle has it, which is essential to growth in the divine life, such of very necessity is the result of this so-called deep preaching (what a misnomer). Those ministers who devote so much of their time to treating of the flesh, human depravity, law and bondage, together with the accompaniments thereof, doubts and fears, manifest their shallowness as regards their acquaintance with the Author and Finisher of our faith; they evince a shallow mind as regards their acquaintance with the joys of His salvation and the riches of His pardoning, delivering, and surprising grace. For if His fulness filleth all in all; if in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily; if it hath pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell; then Christ Jesus must be inexhaustible, and if so, why, I ask, should His professed ministers if they have been brought into His banquetting house, have so much to say about the dark side of Christian experience, and so little about Him? It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing.

In making these remarks I am not actuated with any desire wantonly to wound the feelings of anyone, my object is, if it is the Lord's will, simply to correct one of the evils which greatly afflicts the Church of God in the present day. Methinks if the Church was fed more with food convenient for her, to drink more from the springs of salvation, to taste more, in a testimonial way, of His love, there would be more life, love, unity, and prosperity therein.

Finally, there is no salvation in the law though every child of God must be, and is, made experimentally acquainted with the spirituality of that law, there is no salvation in experience or frames of feelings, though everyone born into His kingdom is made experimentally ac-

quainted with the things that belong to his peace. The law is holy, just, and good; experience is vitally necessary, yet the express command of Jehovah to His servants is, "preach the Gospel," good news, glad tidings, preach the Word. I have heard and read of some who object to this (as we think, and believe, to be a) more excellent and Scriptural way, that it is calculated to build up presumptuous, professors. Well, what is that to thee? What is the chaff to wheat? Follow thou me, do the preaching that I bid thee; let both grow together unto the harvest. No presumptuous professor will be able to slip or steal into heaven. You are not called upon, neither is the aim or desire of the God-sent servant to raise up in the Church graceless hearers. No, no, they know from whom they have received their ministry, therefore, obey His commands, leaving the results with Him as to whether the seed sown falls upon stony or good ground; this, in fact, is one of the tricks of that crafty old serpent, the devil, to becloud the glories of Jesus, by guarding His truth for fear of evil results. But to proceed, see the 40th and 61st chapters of Isaiah. The Lord, also, through His servant Jeremiah, says, "My people have been lost sheep; their shepherds have caused them to go astray; they have turned them away on the mountains (of Sinai, to hear its thunderings, and feed thereon), they have gone from mountain to hill (the Canaanites dwelt in that hill, from worshipping the law, the descent is easy to idolize the experience of human depravity) they have forgotten their resting place." Here is the gist of it. Paul says be determined not to know anything among you save Christ and Him crucified.

I had no idea when I commenced writing of getting into this vein of thought, but my mind has been led thereto while writing; therefore, without apology, I send it as it is, and, in the words of David ask, Is there not a cause? Doth not the cry of the afflicted family of God go up for more spiritual food?!

Yours, in covenant bonds,
BENJAMIN JAMES ROGERS.

Our Churches, Our Pastors, and Our People.

A VOICE FROM AMERICA.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—You will wonder who I am, and how I came to know you. First, I would say, the Lord has cast my lot out here in this moral and spiritual wilderness, where the pure truth of God is despised; but I know one or two who love Jesus for what he has done for them and in them. Not having a living preacher in connection with the Word of God, we get THE EARTHEN VESSEL, *Gospel Standard*, and Mr. Wells's Sermons. So you see I have an acquaintance with you by THE EARTHEN VESSEL: this is not all; I have seen your face and heard your voice at Cave Adullam, when Mr. William Allen was pastor there; and I would say how much interested myself and wife have been in watching your movements respecting Squirries Street Chapel; we lived in White Street, Bethnal Green Road. Not only have I heard you preach at the Cave, but at Crosby Row.

And now I must bring to your mind a relative of mine who was baptised by you; his name is Thomas Yarrow; he was a member at Squirries Street Chapel. Now hear me. The Lord Jesus is suffering, and suffering greatly in one of his members, that is known to me. They will not let their trouble be known. I have done what I can, and wish it was in my power to raise them, but it is not. My God keeps me asking for my daily bread for the body as well as the soul. Mrs. Yarrow is my wife's sister: she is suffering greatly, and in the most destitute circumstances. I would say it is not on account of any fleshly relationship, but the spiritual, that I have sent this to you; for often have Yarrow and I taken sweet counsel, and walked to the house of God in company, and talked of the glorious Lord, and his finished work. Since we have been out here, Yarrow has sent choice pieces culled from the VESSEL, which, in the Lord's hand's, have refreshed our hearts. We want you to visit and help them if you can. Mr. James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle (oh, how I love him for his work's sake) has a large Church and a rich one too; perhaps he may have a master weaver among his congregation, a man who loves the truth of God, one who will feel it to be a privilege to employ one of the Lord's needy ones, who loves the same truth; especially good hands at their work, which I know Thomas Yarrow is, for I was in the same business, and worked for good houses, and know what good work is. Now I think I hear you say, Well, this is putting considerable extra work on one who has already so much. Pardon the intrusion, but I want you to go and see them, and do what you can to relieve them under their deep affliction. Their address is, 15, George Gardens, Essex Street, Bethnal Green

Road. They do not know I have sent to you, but Jesus knows it, and it is for his sake I have taken this bold step to trouble you thus. I could not rest till I had done it. May the Lord Jesus bless you.

T. W. KINGSBURY.

Griggsville Pike County,
Illinois, U.S., North America.
Feb. 10th, 1868.

[Mr. and Mrs. Yarrow are both well known to us. We have a sweet little note from Mrs. Yarrow, gratefully acknowledging the help we have been the means of rendering them. Mrs. Yarrow is greatly afflicted. Mr. Yarrow works hard; but the silk trade is awfully bad. Thousands around us need help.—Ed.]

HACKNEY ROAD.—The annual meeting in connection with Mr. H. Myerson's ministry in Shalom Chapel, Oval, was this year a joyous and profitable one. The chair was ably filled by our energetic and warm-hearted friend, Mr. G. T. Congreve, of Coombe Lodge, Peckham; author of that excellent little Sunday School book, "Eight Acrostics on the Bible." The addresses delivered by the ministers were excellent; and the presentation of a purse of about twelve sovereigns to the pastor was duly appreciated and gratefully acknowledged. It is pleasing to behold young men, such as Mr. Myerson, Mr. Sankey, Mr. Wale, and many more, springing up, to occupy the field as the fathers are either taken away, or laid aside. We were sorry to hear that Mr. Elven (who once laboured zealously at Clapham, and since Mr. Maycock's removal from Hope, Bethnal Green, to Woolwich, has been supplying there to the gratification of all who heard him), has been laid down quite ill. He is a devout and good man; and his ministry has been very useful. We hope he will be raised again speedily. The Church and congregation meeting in Claremont Chapel, have, for several Lord's-days, lent their minister, A. Kape, to the widowed Church at Barking Road; and so much has the Lord honoured him, that the Church at Barking Road, invited Mr. Kape to preach to them for three months consecutively. Mr. Thomas Stringer is favoured to see Wellesley Street, Stepney, quite full: his work is followed with signs and seals, and peace and prosperity dwell together in their midst.

ST. LUKE'S.—We understand Mr. George Wyard, sen. has resigned his ministerial office at Bethesda, St. Luke's; but whether the Church will suffer him to leave is not quite certain; at least, we are not prepared to say he has left, or will leave. If he does, doubtless another sphere of labour will be opened for him. Some of our oldest London Churches have either

lost their pastors, or their pastors are giving evident tokens that, before many years have rolled round, they will be called home to their rest: not a few of them have had long and successful days of good work in the Lord's service. What an immense amount of Gospel seed has been scattered almost broadcast by such men as Mr. John Foreman, Mr. James Wells, Mr. George Murrell, Mr. Samuel Milner, Mr. John Andrews Jones, Mr. George Moyle, Mr. John Kerahaw, Mr. Richard Luckin, and many more we might name; and as St. Paul desired, and no doubt realised, a three-fold joy in finishing his course, so will, we hope, these good ministers of Jesus Christ. Paul had the joy of a good conscience before God. A most precious treasure indeed! A conscience purged from guilt and sin by faith in the great atoning sacrifice of the Lamb, is of more value than ten thousand worlds. Then, secondly, Paul had the joy of knowing he had been instrumental in leading many sinners to Jesus, in whom they found redemption and forgiveness, and by the Holy Spirit were sealed unto the day of eternal glory. And, thirdly, Paul had the joy of assurance that for him there was laid up a crown of righteousness which the Lord would give unto him. In that final following of their course, may all our venerable and beloved brethren have this three-fold joy, and the Lord's presence with them. Amen.

BETHNAL GREEN.—Every week up to the middle of March, the distribution of bread, some clothing, and, in urgent cases, money has been given. This kind of the exercise of charity might be continued to the comfort and relief of many of the Lord's poor in this eastern part of London, who are comparatively hidden from the sight of the world; and whose tender feelings very frequently quite forbid their rushing with the masses who flock around the public places, where soup and other necessities are dispensed. We visited the clean, neat cottages of one of our really half-starved weavers, (a genuine godly man and his wife). We have known them for years. We had close conversation with this brother. "Bread and coffee," said he, "are all we can get; and, except it is on Sunday, it is all we have had for months." There are hosts of cases like this. But unless you search and inquire carefully into these circumstances, you would never think it. Had we the means to help them, there is no mission we would more joyfully prosecute than that so emphatically expressed by St. James, "Pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father, is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." This royal clothing of pure religion (when the heart is right WITHIN, the soul regenerated WITHIN, the conscience clean and tender WITHIN; the judgment firmly fixed in God's truth WITHIN; when there is TRUTH in the inward parts, and James's

practical [charity and moral purity WITHOUT]) then this royal clothing must render the believer a happy man indeed. As we walked the other night among some of the most destitute, and felt compelled (narrow as our own means are) to scatter a trifle here and there, the words in Isaiah lviii. spake loud in our soul, "Is not this the fast that I have chosen? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry?" &c., Oh yes, this is the fast that God hath chosen; but how few, comparatively speaking, attempt to obey the Lord's commandment in this. One afflicted friend says:—

"DEAR MR. BANKS,—I was surprised to read of your resignation of service at Bethnal Green. From the allusion of Mr. Wells I see the anticipation is still held of a New Tabernacle, over which, I trust you will be placed and peacefully settled amongst your own people. I am glad to find you are visiting the afflicted and needy, and now enclose £1 for the Lord's poor. Your "Cheering Words" are so improved that I endeavour to extend the circulation. Hitherto the strongest barrier against my efforts has been the sad, I might say sinful prejudice against anything connected with Mr. Wells, which the quotation from the sermon sought to soften. I will thank you to send me a dozen copies of this month's 'Words.'"

[Our resignation of the pastorate at Bethnal Green appeared necessary; after having been drawn there by circumstances which we know ought not to have influenced us, we had to bear the weight and burden of the whole cause ourselves. We stood in the conflict as long as we could; then, in grief, we resigned. But the almoner's office has been faithfully continued by Mrs. Banks to the utmost of her ability. We are glad our extract from Mr. Wells's sermon in "Cheering Words" is doing good. All who wish well to living ministers of truth, should let them widely spread.—Ed.]

BETHNAL GREEN.—A farewell meeting was holden in Squirries Street Chapel, on Monday evening, March 2nd, 1868. A select company of friends took tea at 6. Mr. B. B. Wale presided over the first part of the evening meeting, and delivered an opening address of a thoroughly spiritual tone, and expressive of much acquaintance with the mysterious pathway in which believers are oftentimes called to walk. Mr. Wale spoke of the benefit he had derived from the ministry of C. W. Banks, and heartily prayed that he might still be more successful in the work of the Lord. Mr. Wale being obliged to leave, Mr. C. Cornwell took the chair, which he occupied until a late hour; first, calling upon C. W. Banks to state his reasons for leaving Squirries Street Chapel, which were given under four distinct headings; this, it is expected, will be published by some friends in a separate form. Mr. Cornwell spoke well

on every branch of the subject connected with the cause at Squirries Street. He had long loved his esteemed brother, and he had always been happy at the meetings he had attended there, and also when called upon to preach in that pulpit; and he hoped THE Gospel would still be proclaimed there, although he knew it could not be for long, as the lease would very shortly expire. Mr. Edgerton, of the Baptist Chapel, West End, Tring, addressed the meeting in a manly and friendly spirit; he was thankful for the explanation C. W. Banks had given. He hoped it would be extensively considered and be successful. The two deacons, Messrs. E. Hall and C. Longley spoke highly of their retiring minister, and testified of his faithfulness and usefulness in his work.

BETHNAL GREEN.—A five-pound Bank of England note, enclosed to C. W. Banks, safe to hand, with the following lines: "Dear Sir, I see by the VESSEL you need funds for the poor, so I send you £5. J. W." We thank "J. W." most sincerely. Just before it came we had a young man, the son of a widow, entreating us to help to get his aged and long-afflicted widowed mother on the funds of the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society. We had not the power to do so, for, although it has been our happiness to relieve many, very many aged pilgrims, it has never been in our power to subscribe to the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society ourselves. But in this case we sent a donation to the poor widow, and we wrote a letter of recommendation, in which we said we had known poor Mrs. R— for many years; we had known her as a member of our Church; we had known her as a real friend to the cause of God and truth; we had known, had visited and seen her several times down in affliction, even at death's door; we had known her as a woman of many tears and prayers for the conversion of her son when he was tossing on the seas, an ungodly youth; and we had known her prayers to be wonderfully answered, for, several years since, when this son of hers came home, the Lord truly and really called him by grace under our ministry; and although, like his widowed-mother, he is a poor fellow, and cannot get work enough to keep body and soul hardly together, yet we know he has been almost the only nurse, doctor, and comforter the poor widow has had through many a dreadful illness; and if there is one poor old saint on the earth who is deserving of help it is Mrs. R. We shall now help her further—in fact, we are bound to believe the Lord has, in mercy, called us into this much afflicted part of London, that we might carry out "A Mission of Relief to the Lord's Poor in Bethnal Green." Of our stewardship we will render a just account, and we can confidently affirm, that as we have been the means of getting and giving bread, clothing, and money to the poor saints with

whose characters and necessities we have had ample opportunities of becoming acquainted, we have rejoiced and been made thankful beyond expression. To us it is a feast indeed to be the Lord's messenger of temporal relief to those who in silent form, and in patience wait until the Lord's hand is seen in making good His promise, "Bread shall be given thee, thy water shall be sure." C. W. BANKS.

1, Portland-terrace,
Victoria Park-road, South Hackney.

DEAR MRS. BANKS,—It is with deep feelings of gratitude I take up my pen to thank you for the help you have kindly rendered me the last few weeks, both in money and bread; also for the garments you so kindly gave me, being what I much needed. I would acknowledge the good hand of my God in thus supplying my wants. When I first discovered that the cancer was growing again, I was filled with fear when I thought of my husband's small earnings, and my inability to help him; but these words were a comfort to me, "your heavenly Father knoweth;" he has graciously supplied my needs up to the present time, for which I desire to praise his name, and pray for his blessing to rest upon those kind friends that have ministered to our necessities. I would also thank you in behalf of my daughter for what she has received, and who is placed in very trying circumstances. She is very thankful for any kindness shewn her. That the Lord's best blessing may rest upon you is the sincere desire of one of the Lord's afflicted ones. ANN YARROW.

15, George-gardens, Essex-street,
Bethnal Green-road,

[Our cases of really deep, yet hidden distress, increase. Three Christians, whom we have known for years—came out in a singular way about the 12th March. One man and his wife, and a poor old weaver and his wife, have been strongly recommended, and are judicially received.—ED.]

WATFORD.—In February number of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, you gave notice of a meeting to take place at Strict Baptist Church, Watford. The result was gratifying: it was evident at an early hour, something unusual was going forward down Woodman's Yard, from the number of persons resorting thither. Had you been travelling in certain parts in the neighbourhood, you would have met men, women, and children. "Why, what's going forward now?" says one. "Where are you going to now?" said another. "Oh, we are going to enjoy ourselves for once in our lives," and enjoy themselves they did. There was a deal of comfort in the arrangements. . . . When the meeting was proposed, some said, "You will not have a score; you will get laughed at." What were their thoughts when sixty-three sat down to tea, beside many children? The

Lord had inclined the people's hearts to come, and ample provision was made. Some walked five miles. There was a meeting in the evening. The Strict Baptists, in these parts, have not had much communion the last thirty years; but the place was crowded with many who are hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and who desire to worship the Lord upon New Testament principles. That good soldier of the cross, Mr. Henry Wise, pastor of Carmel Chapel, Pimlico, was called to the chair. Some were there who knew him thirty years ago, young and vigorous, just putting on the harness, nothing daunted, ready to go through any or everything for his Lord; he can best tell how many battles he has been in; certainly he begins to look a little patriarchal. But who are these people that have made this stir? A few of the poor in this world's goods. How are they sustained? The Lord sustains them. I will give you an instance. A few days previous to their meeting, a brother calling said, "Give me two or three bills, I am going to Harrow." The next day he said, "I have 15s. for the Church, and 8s. for the widow, Mrs. —." "Why, how have you managed that?" "Oh, I gave the bills to two or three friends, and after some enquiries, one said, 'If these people can go on, and have no collection, but trust in the Lord, I'll send them 5s.; the same example was followed by two others; and another gave 8s.'" Thus the Lord proved he could work upon the minds of whom he will. And thus they are provided for. . . . The Chairman called upon one to explain how they did not solicit a collection? The reply was—"Four years ago seven persons met together for prayer in a cottage; they met in gratitude to the Lord; they had enough for their present needs; all expenses were paid, and they held a balance of £2 12s. 2d. Some may say, that's nothing; true, 'tis not much to those who never knew the want of a shilling, but it is a great deal to those who occasionally have not had enough to pay their minister's expenses without making a special collection among themselves. Besides, this was a thanksgiving meeting; this balance had accumulated out of voluntary subscriptions; every farthing of receipt and expenditure had been set down from the beginning, who it had come from, and what it had gone for. We try to make all comfortable; we charge nothing for seats; every person is at liberty to give as they please; all are welcome; the Lord has provided us with a comfortable room, and we meet to bless his Holy Name for many mercies received since we have met together. It has pleased the Lord to take away an aged brother, leaving a widow nearly blind, and totally unprovided for. Some weeks ago he was taken ill. A sister said, "Can we not subscribe a penny a week to help them?" and £1 6s. 4d. has been paid her from that source. They would like to make it twopence per week. If any of your readers will become sub-

scribers to our widow's fund, or give anything toward the support of the cause, it will be thankfully received. I am authorised to say any subscriptions sent to E. Christmas, High street, Watford, will be acknowledged in your columns. . . . Messrs. Wise, Hutchinson, Smallwood, Brittain, and Franklin came to encourage us. It was one of the happiest meetings we ever attended.

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

MR. POOCK'S BIRTHDAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

On Thursday, February 20th, the twenty-fourth anniversary of Mr. Poock's pastorate in Bethesda Chapel, Ipswich, and seventy-first year of his natural birth-day was commemorated, when 400 persons took tea in the chapel. After which, a public meeting commenced by singing and prayer; the treasurer read the financial account of the year, shewing the cause a trifle in his debt, on account of new gates, pews, and lamps erected, and repairs done to chapel and minister's house. Mr. Poock then addressed the meeting, deeply impressed with the great goodness of his unchangeable God, in sparing, upholding, keeping, blessing, and making so unworthy a creature a creature a blessing to others; and although he was labouring from the effects of a serious affliction, for which he blessed the Lord, who supported him wonderfully in it, endearing himself by it and filling his soul with such near and dear communion with his precious Jesus that he declared it to be one of the greatest blessings he ever received, enabling him to say.

"Sweet affliction that brings
Jesus to my soul."

Brethren Dearing, Whorlow, Clarke, Last, Willis, and Collins each addressed in turn, and truly each spake as solemnly directed by the love and spirit of brotherly affection and Gospel truth; the like feelings appeared throughout the great congregation, assembled on that memorable occasion. Mr. Poock expressed his heart-felt thanks for the interest he had in the prayers of his dear people, and for their renewed marks of continued love. He hoped still to see the little while he had to live the Lord's name, word and work more visibly magnified amongst them by the unction of the Holy Ghost, sought, found, felt, and enjoyed, and though we had lost eight by death, during the year, ten had come forward to declare the Lord's mercy to them. The singers with their usual kind feelings, and no mean ability, sung six appropriate anthems in pleasing and very solemn style. The doxology was sung, and the friends retired, saying it was the most profitable meeting of the kind they ever attended.

Mr. P. found the following lines in his letter-box:—

My dearest father in the Lord,
With you we would rejoice;
To bless and praise his Holy Name,
For all his mercies past.

How good and great his love has been,
In sparing you to see
The age of seventy-one to-day,
And from all bondage free.

And if it is his blessed will,
May you yet live to be
An instrument in God's own hand,
Of setting many free.

We know it is your soul's delight,
To lift your Jesus high;
High lift him up we know you will,
Until you're called to die.

And when on earth your work is done,
And you to glory go,
You'll there for ever sing his love,
Who did such mercy shew.

God grant that we with you may meet
In that bright world above;
Oh, how we'll praise our cov'nant God,
For his electing love.

S O H O. — SALEM CHAPEL, MEARD'S COURT.—The period of a Church's history when left without a pastor is generally a dreary one. Salem has passed through twelve months in this condition, which has helped to thin her ranks and scatter her people. There now appears a fair prospect of a more satisfactory state of things. If rightly informed, an invitation has been given to a young man, a student in the Theological College at Bury, in Lancashire, under Mr. Dowson, the predecessor over the people; Mr. Bloomfield at present is with in Yorkshire. Mr. Ibberson is a young gentleman of richly cultivated mind, of vivid imaginary powers, of manly form, though apparently of delicate constitution. His discourses are enriched with an extreme range of reading, evincing great Biblical knowledge, and are delivered with a graceful eloquence and earnestness which rivets the attention, and cannot fail to impress the most careless hearer. If Mr. Ibberson, as it appears highly probable, accepts the charge, and his strength proves equal to the strain of a London pastorate, there may be still in the history of old Salem a brilliant future perhaps more than equal to any period of the past. On Sunday, the 16th of February, he preached two very excellent discourses to encouraging and appreciative audiences. On some further occasion we may notice his ministry more at length, as he is expected to be in Salem again before long.

BROOMSGROVE.—Some members of the Baptist Church here, having felt it to be their duty to resign their connection therewith, and having purchased the Old Meeting House, were formed into a Church on Lord's-day, March 8th, by Rev. William Stokes, of Manchester. Mr. Stokes gave a most impressive and important address on the nature of a Christian Church. Twenty-one baptised believers were constituted members of a new society on close communion principles. To the brethren who have undertaken this fresh responsibility, the old

building was fragrant with sacred reminiscences. Here they had long worshipped, and here the dust of their departed brethren, fathers, and children was deposited. The situation was besides convenient, in the midst of a dense population; and what moved them most of all was that the chapel was about to be disposed to a publican to be transformed into a malthouse or drinking hall. This is the oldest Baptist Church in that part of the country, having been formed somewhere between 1650 and 1660. It is the Mother Church of all the Baptists in Birmingham and a distance round. For 200 years or more it was both honourable and useful. But recently it has permitted "wood, hay, stubble," to accumulate on the ancient foundation, and as a consequence it has become liberal enough to welcome to the fold those who have not "entered by the door into the sheepfold." May this new effort to return to the good old paths be abundantly blessed of God.

NORTH BRIXTON HALL.—DEAR MR. BANKS,—Will you be kind enough to insert the following in your much esteemed EARTHEN VESSEL for next month. On Tuesday, March 17th, at the above hall, (situate in St. Ann's Road, North Brixton), according to advertisement, we held the first anniversary since the enlargement, we had (with the exception of that ever-memorable day, the 15th of October, 1867, when eight sermons were preached) one of the most happy days past or can in future be enjoyed, for from the commencement at eleven o'clock, when the sermon was preached by that truly and venerable and puritan, Father Wall, of Gravesend, from the third chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, twenty-ninth verse: "He that hath the bride is the Bridegroom." &c. With what power did the Holy Ghost make Himself manifest in the souls of the whole congregation without exception. Truly did I feel none of the responsibility attendant upon having those ministers who preach that Gospel which Paul denounced. At three o'clock in the afternoon, there was a good attendance, including some ministers not connected with us. That genius, Mr. B. B. Wale, of Blackheath, preached from Ezekiel x. 13, "As for the wheels it was cried unto them in my hearing, O wheel." It was an edifying account of God's wheel of providence and grace. The delivery of the sermon took fifty minutes. At five o'clock a large number partook of tea. Shortly after tea, our chairman, that friend to our denomination, Mr. Thomas Pocock. The Chairman, after eulogising the promoter of the Hall, and the instrument of forming the Church, said he felt extremely happy to preside at their first anniversary, and he was pleased to hear the good account of the way and manner the work had been carried on; not only had God been pleased to smile on our efforts in forming a Church, but they had had to enlarge for the use of a Sunday School;

they had also a Bible Class established for females. He then called upon that warm-hearted brother Steed, who, according to the judgment of some of the brethren, requires a little more knowledge than so much red hot zeal. Our brother (or as one termed him the Bishop of Shadwell) commenced with a passage from Nehemiah x. 37, "We will not forsake the house of our God," which caused in the course of his address much tittering and "oh, oh." He concluded his speech by telling brother Glennie not to allow any to occupy that platform with a yea and nay Gospel, or else there would be no Thomas Steed there. After some excellent speeches from the brethren Baugh, Silvertown, Attwood, and Caunt the meeting closed with the doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Surely we have cause to bless God, for it was the best day we ever had since the hall has been opened with the exception of the before-named day. The collections were good. We cannot but notice the Christian feeling of the Chairman, who contributed towards the expenses of the cause. Yours truly,

W. J. GLENNIE.

ISLINGTON. — PROVIDENCE CHAPEL. On Lord's-day March 8th, three sermons were preached, and on Tuesday the 10th, a sermon, tea, and public meeting to celebrate the second anniversary of Mr. T. Baugh, who preached in the morning, Mr. Stringer in the afternoon, and Mr. Silvertown in the evening; the congregations were exceedingly good. Mr. Wale preached on the Tuesday afternoon, in his usual masterly way, an excellent sermon. A good company sat down to a well provided tea; Mr. Baugh occupied the chair at the public meeting supported by Messrs. Wale, Stringer, Silvertown, Mr. Kevan, and Mote. A report was read shewing that during the two years, fifty souls exactly have been added to the church, a Dorcas society established, and also a mental improvement class which is much appreciated. The church is at peace, and the people profit under the ministry, which ministry is of a higher order, intellectually, perhaps, than many in our Baptist churches, but the grace and the gift when combined is delightful to an enlightened child of God. We have the truth in its purity, the work of the Father, the Son, and the Spirit maintained with great tenacity, doctrinal, experimental and practical truth set before us from time to time with energy and power; the Lord being in our midst, his work in our souls we trust is progressing, and our numbers increasing, in his name we hope to go on and prosper, praying the Lord to send labourers into his vineyard, for the harvest is great, but the labourers are few. May the gifts and graces increase of those who do labour, and God's cause prosper everywhere.

WATFORD. — MR. EDITOR. — In your notice of preachings, &c., published in the

VESSEL for last month, under the heading "Watford Baptist cause, Queen street," are these words, "The worship of God having been carried on in this place for nearly four years, still continues." The fact is the members of the Strict Baptist church, which was formed in this town four years ago, rented this room in Queen street, at £6 10s. per annum, and also paid the greater portion of the rates and taxes upon the whole premises. In August last year they received the following notice from the landlord.

August 10th, 1867.

To the church of Christ meeting in Queen street, Watford.

I hereby give you notice to quit and give up possession of the room you now hold of me on or before September 9th, 1867. Signed, CHARLES GOODSON.

Accordingly the church left, and now meet for worship every Lord's-day in the schoolroom situate in Woodman's yard, High street, and if those who put forth that statement are those who sent in a written notice of their withdrawal from the church's communion dated two days after the notice to quit, and which the church accepted, wish to form another church, there can be no objection to their so doing, nor to any other. But if they put forth statements calculated to mislead the public, let them not complain at our explanation. We have submitted this to Mr. H. Wise, the much esteemed pastor of Carmel chapel, Westbourne street, Pimlico, who has resided in this town forty years, he being perfectly acquainted with all the circumstances of the case can vouch for the truth of what we state, and has given us permission to use his name herein.

E. CHRISTMAS.

REPLIES TO THE QUERY, "WHAT IS THE MEANING OF VESSEL-MEN?"

DEAR BROTHER BANKS. — On the cover of this month's VESSEL, a correspondent signing himself "Anti-Bigot" wishes to know what is to be understood by the term "A VESSEL man?" This reminds me of a circumstance that happened nearly three years ago. I was engaged to preach at Richmond one Sabbath; while travelling on the S. W. railway, I fell in with a good brother who was going to preach at another chapel in the same vicinity. After the usual compliments of the day he at some length told me what my faith and views were concerning the sonship of Christ. I looked at him with some astonishment and said I was not aware that such were my views for I have read much on both sides of the question, and am still where Peter was when the light went out, viz., in the dark. He replied, "Your name is frequently in the EARTHEN VESSEL. And that is a periodical patronized by Mr. Wells, and we all know what his views are," so I suppose by the same rule if I were seen to leave a

stable I must be considered a horse. So if your correspondent wishes the definition of a VESSEL man it is one whose name is seen in the VESSEL. When will such sad distinction be buried without the least hope of a resurrection? Allow me in conclusion to say that I am both a VESSEL and a *Standard* man, for by the grace of God, I am a vessel of mercy and by the teaching and power of God determined to stand by that *Standard* which knows nothing among men save Jesus Christ and him crucified. Wishing you every blessing and favour, I remain, yours in the Gospel,

W. CAUNT.

163, Newington Causeway,
Southwark, March 11th, 1868.

MR. C. W. BANKS.—I beg to say without fear, that person who would call another "A VESSEL man" reproachfully, proves himself to be full of uncharitableness. Woe to that man when the sifting time comes. Woe to that man when the book of remembrance is opened, if he has an evil eye towards those who worship God in spirit and in truth. What! to dare to throw a venomous dart at another, and call him "hyper," because he is so favoured of the Lord, and has implanted within his heart that incorruptible seed which liveth and abideth for ever; and being thus favoured cannot fail to declare the whole counsel of God, because he loves God with all his heart, soul, and strength, and is determined to speak it forth in truth and soberness. This is what it means, dear sir, that heart is at enmity with God, and such will find themselves in very inferior company by and by, if grave prevent not. Let such take heed to their ways; the day will declare it. I have never had the pleasure of speaking to you, dear sir, but, bless the Lord, I do love good men, and if I love the brethren, I love God. These are few words; but TRUE to the very letter. Wishing you all success and strength according to your day,

A VESSEL WOMAN.

SAXMUNDHAM.—The little church worshipping at the above place has had long conflict with their chapel debt; this place, which was originally private property cost with trust deed, £835: in 1862, it was purchased by the church, and during the six years since, by the united efforts of pastor and people, and the kind assistance of friends, the debt is brought down to £65, this sum being the remaining of £100, kindly lent by the Building fund; we are bound to reduce it not less than £10 per annum. We find this to be a heavy tax upon our financial ability, we being only a small church, and chiefly those in humble circumstances, and as we hope the Lord has appeared for us in sending us a minister, we find it necessary in order to give him adequate support to make special efforts to clear off the debt. The female part of our church and congregation are desirous of

helping in this matter, by getting up a Bazaar, purposed to be held in the Corn Hall, D.V., the first week in May. We tender our most grateful thanks to those friends, who have so kindly responded to our appeal, both by articles and donations. If this should meet the eye of any to whom we have appealed who have forgotten us, we can only say, that our prayers are that the Lord may incline their hearts to help us in this our struggle to get rid of a long felt burden. We need still further help, in order to accomplish our much desired object, therefore any article or contribution of any kind, will be most thankfully received by Messrs. Barnes, Starnfield, Cullingford and Messrs. G. Newman, Saxmundham. We thankfully acknowledge the kind donations of Joseph Fritton, Esq. London £2; W. Beech, Esq. Chelmsford £1; the church at Crawford 16s. 2d. who had also given a collection some time since for this object, and several other kind friends smaller sums.

We are thankful to say things are looking very cheering with respect to our little cause, the Lord having brought in our mid-Mr. House, from Hadlow, having heard him five months, we have given him a call to become our pastor. Since he has been with us, the congregation has increased; the village stations are attended to overflowing; and prayer meetings, five weekly are well attended, and what is most gladdening, instances of conversion are not wanting. For these blessings we desire to give our great Jehovah all the praise.

J. CULLINGFORD.

DALSTON, ALBION HALL, ALBION SQUARE.—The first anniversary of the new Baptist interest at the above place was held on Wednesday, January 29th. A large company of friends set down to an excellent tea, after which a public meeting was held, when the spacious hall was quite full. A. J. Bowser, Esq., was expected to take the chair, but unavoidably prevented, the pastor, Mr. J. Blake, presided; and stated that in their first year it had been their lot to travel up the Hill Difficulty, but still the year had been one of *progress*, their finances (on the weekly offering system) had been very satisfactory, their numbers had increased, several had been baptized; others now stood proposed for membership; and many round them were asking their way to Zion. A Sunday afternoon servant's Bible Class had been started; and already had yielded fruit into life. A Sabbath school had been formed, which was rapidly increasing. Deacons had been chosen, and their hope was to establish a church in Dalston, holding the old fashioned doctrines of grace, and at the same time liberal in spirit, and devoted to the work of Christ. Messrs. W. A. Blake, J. Pearce, W. Alderson, G. Wyard, and T. Baugh, addressed the meeting, expressing their pleasure in the prosperity that God had given, and the happiness that characterised the meeting.

Brother Baugh said, he was sure his brother Blake might say, "the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places, and I have a goodly heritage." A vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. Knight, of Brixton, to the ladies who had kindly provided the excellent tea at their own expense, which vote was of course duly seconded and adopted, and a few words of prayer brought the interesting and happy meeting to a close.

TO THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION WORSHIPPING IN THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, CASTLE-REAGH STREET, SYDNEY.

MY DEAR BRETHREN,—Through the abundant mercy of my ever gracious and faithful God, I am now restored to my usual health and strength, and am working with all my might whatsoever my hands find to do, confidently believing that the Lord will help me to accomplish the object of my mission to England, viz. the freedom of the Lord's house from out of the hands of men, and until that is accomplished, I shall not give up believing, praying, and working, in the name, fear, and strength of the Lord. By this out going mail, you will receive the third hundred pounds, and by the following mail, April, the fourth hundred will be sent. Praise ye the Lord. For your information, I shall continue a short description of my labours in this good old land, amongst the churches of Christ, and although my labours have been heavy, considering that I have only just been raised up from a very trying affliction, yet, having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day.

I left London for Tunbridge Wells, on my way to Matfield Green, and lodged for the night, at the house of my dear brother, P. Carr, who was called under my ministry; when I preached at Hadlow. While there, my attention was directed to the following lines, as being suitable to myself, wife, and family, and the people of my charge, being separated as we are by the wide, wide, sea, 16,000 miles.

"When far from the hearts where our fondest thoughts centre,
Denied for a time their loved presence to share;

In spirit, we meet, when the closet we enter,
And hold sweet communion together in prayer.

Oh! fondly think, as night curtains surround them,

The shepherd of Israel tenderly keeps;
The angels of light are encamping around them,

They are watched by the eye that ne'er slumbers nor sleeps.

When the voice of the morning once more shall awake them,

And summon them forth to the calls of the day;

I will think of that God who will never forsake them,

The friend ever near though all else be away.

Then why should one thought of anxiety seize us,

Though distance divide us from those whom we love;

They rest in the covenant mercy of Jesus,
Their prayers meet with ours in the mansions above.

Oh! sweet bond of friendship, whate'er may betide us,

Though on life's stormy billows our bark may be driven;

Though distance, or trial, or death may divide us,

Eternal reunion awaits us in heaven.

Lord's day, February 23rd. I preached three times in the Baptist Chapel, Matfield Green. The Lord was indeed in our midst. The people who are not rich in this world, were full of sympathy toward their sister church in Sydney, and gave me a good collection, which amounted to £9 9s. 8½d.

Eighteen years ago, I preached several times in that chapel. I sometimes sowed in tears the gospel seed, and now I have reaped in my several seals, who under the word then preached were delivered from the hateful ways of sins, turned to the fold and entered into the kingdom of Christ. They were glad to see me, and I rejoiced to see my children walking in the truth.

Monday, 24th. I lectured in the Town Hall, Tunbridge, near Hadlow, and was surrounded with old friends, and many to whom I had preached the word of life for some years at Hadlow. I felt myself greatly honoured of God, after an absence of more than fifteen years to be thus found, not only to meet old friends, but in being able to say, "By the grace of God, I am what I am." I was most kindly received and the collection was, £4 11s. 8d.

Tuesday, 25th. Through the strengthening and preserving mercy of the Lord, I arrived in London, and lectured in Mount Zion Chapel, Chadwell-street. Brother Hazelton took the chair, and spoke well on behalf of our cause. I was happy while speaking of those things the Lord has done for us in Australia, indeed we were all happy together, and the people gave me a good collection which amounted to £20 4s. 10½d.

I lodged that night at the house of Brother Minton, but we could not go to bed till morning, for the joy and gladness we had found in the house of the Lord, for we could say, and did say, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

[Owing to receiving our brother McCure's letter so late in the month, we are compelled thus abruptly to break it off. It will appear next month. We are pleased to find that he had a good meeting at Mr. John Foreman's chapel. —Ed.]

"The Day Approaching."

"Bring the kingdom, Lord, make haste, bring on the glorious day."

WRITTEN FOR THE EDIFICATION OF A CHRISTIAN IN DEEP WATERS; ACCORDING TO THE PROMISE GIVEN BY THE WRITER WHEN STANDING IN THE CHAMBER OF AFFLICTION.

"And so much the more as ye see the day approaching."—Heb. x. 25.

THERE are at least four days to which the text might be applied. But let us first, consider the general scope of Paul's ministry as it is seen in the contest.

There were three things especially which the great apostle of the Gentiles aimed at in his ministry; and those three things comprehended, for the most part, all that a faithful minister can wish to achieve.

First, Paul sought most intently the true and genuine conversion of sinners unto God. Oh! for such a soul, such a spirit, such a zeal, such prayers as this apostle had; he says, "I speak to you Gentiles, inasmuch as I am the apostle of the Gentiles, I magnify mine office, if by any means I may provoke to emulation them which are my flesh, and might SAVE SOME OF THEM." There was the great desire of his soul as regards the Jews. Then, with reference more especially to the chief design of his apostleship, the ingathering of some from heathen nations, he declares it to be "a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that CHRIST JESUS came into the world to SAVE SINNERS of whom I (said he) am chief." Yea, he declared, he was "made all things to all men, that he might by all means SAVE some."

The conversion of sinners is essentially necessary for three things. 1. Without it, a true servant of Christ can never be satisfied that the Lord has sent—or is sending him to the work. 2. It is essential to the peace of the church. What new blood is to the physical system, such is the incoming of precious souls to Zion. It is the great feature which shall distinguish the true church of Christ from all the rest in the last day; for "Of Zion it shall be said, this and that man was born in her, and the Highest himself shall establish her." That church which is married to JESUS CHRIST, and that ministry which proceedeth from Himself will, most assuredly, be faithful in winning souls. This true conversion work keeps Zion busy, and in such work she is generally happy.

"Angels and men all join to sing,
The hill where living waters spring."

They were happy days with me when I was constantly engaged in those five beautifully consecutive works. 1. Preaching the Gospel nearly every day. 2. Listening to the testimonies of those whose hearts the Lord had opened. 3. Proposing them to the church. 4. Baptizing them. Then 5. Receiving them into the family circle at the table of the Lord. Oh! ye servants of the most high God, covet earnestly this best of all employments in which men can be found in this lower world. For,

"When God makes up his last account of nations in His holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear, as one new born and nourished there."

This conversion of sinners is essential to the continuance and extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. In two cases, lately, yea in more than two, I have been privately asked to try and remove the pastor of the churches where I laboured, simply because there were no additions by the ministry; consequently, the causes were sinking, the funds were declining, the congregations were dissolving, the deacons' hearts were aching, the ministers had hung their harps upon the willows; and instead of seasons of refreshing and days of rejoicing, all things were gloomy; and what to do none appeared able to say.

The second great object of Paul's ministry, was the planting of churches. In this he was successful. He could say, "I have planted, Apollos watered, God gave the increase." And having been instrumental in the calling of many souls, and in planting many churches, his third great desire was that these churches might be healthy, peaceful, and prosperous. How pure and truly good is that exhortation of Paul's to his favourite church, the Philippians; "Only let your conversation be as it becometh the Gospel of Christ; that whether I come and see you, or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs, that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the Gospel."

There is nothing more positive than the sweet direction in Psalm cxxii. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they SHALL prosper that love thee;" there is no resolve more indicative of a healthy state of soul than the words so often sung:

"My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns."

In the prosecution of these great designs, Paul put a negative upon three natural powers; and an absolute positive upon three spiritual powers. "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord." "Who is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed?" A man may stand six feet high; in person he may be beautiful; in voice he may be sweet; but men, (as men in this work of saving souls) are nothing.

"Nor by works of righteousness which we have done;" "By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God. Not of works, lest any man should boast." God hath ordained that his people should walk in the good works of faith, hope, love, obedience to the Gospel principle and ordinances; and in constant and earnest prayers, but the salvation of the soul is of the Lord alone.

Again—natural, moral, benevolent, and professional gifts are nothing in this great work. Pure love to Christ, love to the whole Gospel of Christ, love to the souls of the people; this charity is the great moving power, without it all persons, all works, all gifts, avail nothing.

The absolute positive lies in the great powers, ELECTION, REDEMPTION, and SANCTIFICATION. When the Gentiles heard Paul and Barnabas preaching salvation by Christ alone, they were glad, and glorified the Lord, and "AS MANY AS WERE ORDAINED TO ETERNAL LIFE BELIEVED."

All these things are concentrated in few words in that remarkable chapter Hebrews x. where the text is found. There the apostle puts together the church's portion which she has in Christ; and also, what her proper behaviour towards Christ ought to be. His indicative words

are "having," and then, "let us," &c. And having drawn up the two lines of possession in Christ, and of propriety of character for Christ, he calls for an increasing intensity, a progressive and onward earnestness, by saying, "And so much the more as ye see the day approaching." Read the will, first, to ascertain the portion, the treasures bequeathed. Then, read the exhortations as indicating the pathway of Christian life and labour while here below. The will of God, the work of Christ, the witness of the Spirit, and the way of the true believer, are themes upon which Paul speaketh plainly in this great piece of inspired theology.

First, then, the Church's portion in Christ, or what she has. On her side, and in her favour, is, first, the sovereign will of God. Paul referring to his Lord and master, and shewing his infinite superiority over all the priests and offerings of the old dispensation, says—"Wherefore, when He cometh into the world, he saith, sacrifice and offering thou wouldest not, but a body hast thou prepared me." God could not delight in those sacrifices, nor would He any longer require them; seeing the time was come, when the great Anti-type should Himself appear. Hence, it is added, "In burnt offerings and sacrifices for sin, thou hast had no pleasure; then said I, Lo, I come to do thy will, O God." * * * "By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ, once for all." God's sovereign will of purpose, and of command, was, and is this, that through the offering of the body, or whole person of Jesus Christ once and for ever, all for whom he came to die, should be sanctified, or set apart for the worship, and for the kingdom, and for the glory of God for ever; and thereby so set apart, that nothing in life, or in death should ever be able to alter the counsel, the conduct, or the consummation of that will whereby they were from everlasting appointed, not to wrath, but to obtain salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ.

It is in this that Paul takes his stand in his triumph to the Romans, "If God be for us, who then, can be against us? Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? (seeing, according to the will of the eternal God) It is Christ that died; yea, rather that is risen again; who is even at the right hand of God, making intercession for us." Thus the Divine will looked to the great sacrifice; and the great Sacrificer obeys the Divine will; therefore, the closing query comes in with much authority, and with great propriety, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Seven of the greatest adversaries are then marshalled before the mind's eye of the apostle, "Tribulation, Distress, Persecution, Famine, Nakedness, Peril, Sword." Seven dark and dreadful enemies to look at, and to endure; but in all, and through all these things, we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.

For several weeks this two-fold subject has been on my mind. It appears to me to comprehend all the fundamental parts of our salvation; and is so full of consolation to the believing family, that I will, as quickly as possible, complete it in the pages of *THE EARTHEN VESSEL*, and if to any of the seeking seed it proves a word in season, I shall be happy to hear from them. My life, my everything, I leave in the hands of the Lord. If He pleases, this subject shall be continued next month.

C. W. B.

In Memoriam,

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF MR. ELI WHITING.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT NEEDING-
WORTH, HANTS.

YES! our brother is dead! Who would have thought it? That massive frame is lifeless; that boanergean, stentorophonic ministerial voice is silent among us for ever; the melancholy news came startlingly unexpectedly upon thousands, with a secret shrill voice, "Be ye also ready." How he will be missed at our anniversaries, at our Sabbath school festivals, and not least when Mr. Spurgeon visits any part of the country, for they were always together like Jonathan and David. He had been ill for about two months, only having preached one Lord's-day at his chapel during that period, but no one thought of his dying; no, nor himself, till within a few days of his death. Spasmodic affection of the heart, producing violent pain and sickness, was his last complaint, which terminated Friday night, March 27th, about a quarter to nine o'clock. He has left a beloved widow and only daughter to mourn his loss, having been settled at Needingworth for a quarter of a century, if he had lived till next November.

The funeral took place on Wednesday, April 1st, 1868. Soon after three o'clock in the afternoon, an immense number of people were gathered round the house, including above a score of ministers of various denominations, and persons of high respectability, not in the least connected with his cause. The ministers preceded the corpse to the cemetery three abreast, as also those before referred to who came to show their great respect for him; a vast number followed the mourning relatives. Having arrived at the grave, Mr. Robinson, of Staughton, (his pastor) read part of 1st Corinthians, 15th chapter; Mr. Ashby, of Whittlesey, engaged in solemn prayer. The corpse was then lowered into the grave, whilst his pastor leaned over it and wept, saying with great emotion, "I had arranged that my dear brother should have performed this last office for me, but my heavenly Father has again taken His pen and scratched out my appointments." After delivering a touching address, the service there ended by Mr. Leach, of Swavesey, engaging in prayer, and Mr. Robinson pronouncing the benediction. In the evening at six o'clock, the new chapel (which has only been built about seven years, and for which our brother laboured so arduously) was literally packed with people. Mr. Flanders, of Swavesey, gavg out the first hymn, 183 Denham's, Mr. Shaw, of Over, read the 5th chapter of second Corinthians, Mr. Willis, of Somersham, prayed, Mr. Howlett, of Willingham, then gave out 538 Rippon's, after which Mr. Robinson commenced his sermon by reading as his text 2 Tim. i. part of 12th verse, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." The preacher said, this text is not your choice, it is not my choice, but the choice of our dear departed brother; last time we met it was summer, now it is the wintry blast; trials are the portion of God's family, but He weighs

and measures them, and strength is proportioned. A child of God in his heavenly Father's arms, has no more occasion to fear being lost than the immortal spirits before the throne; the apostle and our dear departed brother seemed to have an unshaken confidence in the Lord; Jesus Christ was the very centre of his soul. Many have doubts and fears because they dwell in the cellar, they stand on the lower rounds of the ladder, we live too low, we want to climb where Moses stood, and view the landscape o'er. Paul was a good climber and a great diver; he dived after greater riches than ever the Royal George contained, and cried, "Oh the depths both of the wisdom and knowledge of God," &c. Our brother knew and loved Jesus, His word, promises, invitations, doctrines, blood, righteousness, forbearance, grace effected; loved Him as the man of sorrows, God-man, the God of the universe. Matthew Hale says, the knowledge of Jesus Christ is the best of all sciences, a knowledge of Jesus leads to a trust and confidence in Him, trust Him with anything and everything. Now you know some you would not like to trust with your purse, much less with your title deeds; and those you do not know, you would not trust with them; but our brother knew Jesus and trusted in Him, he was persuaded this was as an holdfast to his soul, a bond of union, persuaded of the ability of Christ. What poor creatures we all are; why you could not keep that dear child alive, that dear wife, that dear husband, that dear pastor, not even ourselves, bodies or souls, but Jesus can. I hope Jesus will rise in your opinion! Some of you are going down the other side of the hill, I hope the south side, the sunny side; I trust there will be seen abundant crops of grace growing now; Luther says, God's mercies came into the world on the back of the devil's temptations. Christ has become the Christian's castle, shield, sword, helmet, breastplate, yea, Christ alone, above all other objects precious. Our brother doubtless committed his soul and body to Jesus, his dear wife and only daughter (ah, the bond is broken now and for ever) also the church, congregation, deacons, and poor of the flock, until that day when the world shall be on fire. Are you well insured, and in the right office? for some you know break, look to it that you are not self-deceivers. Our dear brother was well insured, he enjoyed peace in his soul and died happy, though Satan did not altogether let him alone; there was quite a conflict one time, but he exclaimed "God is my salvation, He is become my salvation." Now our brother is gone, your pastor is dead, his voice is silent, you are destitute as a church, dwell in love and peace, and God will eventually enable you to make a suitable choice of another. I suppose the widow cannot hear me, being deaf, but I would tell her in her great loss to remember Jesus; and to the daughter, my child, remember your father's God, and may He be your guide even unto death. Mr. Edwards, of Sutton, then gave out 986 Denham's; Mr. Haines, of St. Ives, prayed, and the choir then sang "Vital Spark," and Mr. Robinson pronounced the benediction; thus terminated this very solemn meeting.

There have been only four pastors to the cause at Needingworth; a marble tablet on the left of the pulpit going in shews the first. Mr. Ladson, who, after a pastorate of fifty-two years died there, aged eighty-seven; also Mr. Sherroad, who has a tablet on the right, who departed this life among them after fifteen years settlement, aged fifty-eight; then Mr. Wallis was there for about seven years, and then went somewhere

else ; and the last, Mr. Whiting, near twenty-five years, in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

April 8th, 1868.

R. G. EDWARDS.

MRS. ELIZABETH ARMSTRONG.

[We have read the following memoir with solemn and softened feelings, sorrow and joy together mingling. To young and happy Christians, this little paper furnishes a lesson of great value. In leaving her father's house, she appears to have turned out of the way. Years of affliction followed ; seas of grief must have washed over her soul ; but they are over now. We ask Christian parents to read this to their children.—Ed.]

The subject of this brief memoir was born at Rugby, on the 3rd of January, 1793. Her maiden name was Flavel, and she was a lineal descendant of the worthy John Flavel, a Nonconformist divine and author, who lived in the early part of the seventeenth century. Her parents were for many years consistent members of the Established Church, and in connection with which her early years were passed. Her father, though highly esteemed for the strict principles of morality which governed his conduct, was a stranger to divine life, but was brought into the glorious liberty of the Gospel in a somewhat remarkable manner. It so happened a Baptist minister had come into the neighbourhood where they resided, and though much pressed to hear him, he refused to do so for fear of being called a Methodist. One Lord's-day morning, however, he made his way by a back street to the place of meeting, and there the Lord met him. To use his own words, "he had not been under the sound of the Gospel five minutes, before he was convinced he was wrong altogether, his babel building shortly fell to the ground, and he returned home a changed man." And what is very remarkable, her mother heard the same minister in the evening of the same day, and was also called by grace under his ministry. Her mother died shortly after and left a good testimony behind her. Almost her last words were,

"Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love."

Her father lived many years after his beloved partner, and was a most exemplary Christian ; a deacon of a Baptist church for many years, and a bright example to his children, and to all who knew him.

At the age of twelve years, Elizabeth became the subject of divine grace, her eyes were opened, and she saw in Jesus "the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely." The Word of God became exceedingly precious to her, and being gifted in prayer she would often be called upon to engage with the family in turn with her father, and also at gatherings of friends together. She was baptized at the age of seventeen, received into the church, and partook once only of the Lord's supper at that time, nor was she again favoured "to eat of that bread and drink of that cup" for many years. Her father having married again, and feeling uncomfortable at home with her step mother, she obtained a situation in London ; and leaving her best friends behind, formed herself among professed friends and ungodly companions. For a

long time she went with the stream ; the means of grace were neglected ; the Word of God became a sealed book to her, and darkness brooded over her soul. But, He who commanded light to shine out of darkness, brought her spirit once again into the light and liberty of the children of God, and though she had "pierced herself through with many sorrows" yet He proved Himself to be "the Lord, the healer of His people." She now felt most anxious to progress in the divine life, and say with the poet—

" I asked the Lord that I might grow,
In faith, and love, and every grace ;
Might more of His salvation know,
And seek more earnestly His face.
Instead of this He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart ;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part."

Previously to this, she had married a worldly man, though (as she writes forty years later) "he appeared then as religious as I was ; for if I was destitute of the love of God, there could be no difference, for form could not make it. But I trust that the root of the matter was in me ; though appearances at this time were very much against me ; and even now I have great searchings of heart about it. But with all my failings I found

" I had an aching void,
The world could never fill."

When about twenty-seven years of age, with a young family growing up around her, her health failed, and she was considered by her medical man to be in the last stage of consumption ; and there appeared no hope of recovery. Yet she was not quite without hope. These words followed her for some time, "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification." The next portion that came with power was, "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God." Still her illness increased, and she seemed to get near to the grave, when these words were fastened on her mind, "I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord," Ps. cxviii. 17. Soon after this she began to mend to the astonishment of all her friends. But as her bodily health improved, she lost much of that sense of nearness to the dear Redeemer she enjoyed in her hours of weakness ; and as she thought much of the justice and holiness of God, she was filled with dread and slavish fear. About this time her husband set out to visit some relatives residing at a distance, and the Lord put it in their hearts to send her a little work entitled the "Union of Christ and His Church," which was much blessed to her soul, and she found the doctrine there set forth, to be the key which unlocks all the great truths of the Bible. No sooner was her mind set at rest on these points, when the tempter assailed her concerning the doctrine of the glorious Trinity ; but after puzzling herself to no purpose, she was led to say with the poet—

" I love the incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust."

She now became a little established in the faith, she felt a deep sense of interest in all that the Lord Jesus had done for, and on behalf of His people, and could rejoice in His plan of salvation. Before she had well recovered from her former complaint, she was attacked with intermittent

fever and ague, and was brought very low, so that the doctor said that she could not possibly recover, yet she did so to the surprise of many. Following upon this she was again seized with another malady of a complicated character, which continued more or less for fifteen years. At the end of this time being somewhat recovered, she felt a strong desire to become united with the Lord's people in Church fellowship. After much soul exercise, she at length made application and was received into membership with a Strict Communion Baptist church, which she believed to be the most scriptural, which met for worship at Giffin street, under the pastoral care of Mr. William Felton, (now of Zion chapel, New Cross, Deptford) and with which church she remained connected to the last. She did not go on long before she was attacked with another affliction which continued the remainder of her days, a period of over twenty years. This last affliction was contraction in all her joints, which made her a complete prisoner for life. Shut out thus from the ordinances of God's house, she was accustomed for many years to hold a week evening prayer meeting in her house. Rather more than four years ago, she removed to the "British Home for Incurables," Clapham rise; where by the payment of an annual sum, she received the comforts and attention of home. There her last days were spent, calmly awaiting the summons of the Master to "Come up higher."

On Saturday, March 14th, 1868, she fell asleep in Jesus, and now she rests in peace, "Safe in the bosom of her God." Her mortal remains were committed to the silent grave in Nunhead cemetery, Peckham, by Mr. Dexter, there to await the coming of the Lord Jesus, for "the dead in Christ shall rise first, and we who are alive on the earth, shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we be ever with the Lord." She has left behind her some voluminous writings, from which the foregoing has been gathered. Her thoughts upon different passages of Holy Writ were strikingly original, and show as in a mirror the deeply exercised state of her soul. Truly she was called upon to do business in deep waters; and as she says of herself, "she was a woman of a sorrowful spirit." Notwithstanding the intense agony she must have endured by reason of her affliction, she was altogether uncomplaining, filled with the spirit of her gracious Master; in her was made manifest the grace of God.

Mottingham, S.E.

T. G. C. A.

In the Church of England, and Out of It,

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."]

DEAR MR. BANKS,—It is with a mixture of hope and fear, that I proceed with the somewhat difficult task which lies before me; not that I find any difficulty in writing a plain statement of facts, but I feel that great caution is necessary, lest I should seem to write in any other than the spirit of charity. In writing what I call my "Church experience," I may say too little for its friends, and too much for its foes, "But mine eyes are up unto the Lord, from whence cometh my help." I trust that what I write will not only be with strict regard to truth, but will prove to be "Letters from the heart." Let not any one suppose that I am about to

abuse the Church of England, for such an one will be disappointed ; I have reason to be very thankful for what I learned there. My way to the kingdom lay through the Church, and it has, doubtless, been the right way ; the Lord could have led me any other way, had He seen fit, but His power is always under the control of His wisdom, and He saw it would be wisdom to lead me that way. How truly has the poet said—

“ God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.”

It was I think, about the year 1850, that we removed to Billingborough. Here, as I said before, better days began to dawn, but not so much with regard to bodily health, for it seemed that it in every place, afflictions awaited me. But I will not dwell more than I can help upon these “light afflictions,” for after all, they are but for a moment and will “work out for us a far more exceeding, and eternal weight of glory.” “Weight of glory !” Who can enter fully into the meaning of those words ? The apostle himself seems to have been in a difficulty, and searched in vain for language to express what he meant. Every word as he pens it seems stronger than the last ; but not sufficiently strong to set forth the greatness of that glory which awaits the now suffering saints of God. It is not only “far more exceeding,” but it is “eternal,” and even this is not expressive enough, and for want of words more sublime, he concludes by saying it is a “weight of glory.”

We had not been long at Billingborough, before I relapsed into my former state of suffering, and lay for several months at the very borders of the grave. During this affliction, the clergyman of the parish was unremitting in his attention to my spiritual, as well as my temporal state ; his wife also interested herself in my behalf, and supplied many of those little wants which sickness invariably brings ; and the sufferings of my sick and dying infant were much alleviated by their kind attention. But though they were daily visitors for some time, they never once expressed a wish when I recovered for me to go to church, knowing that I was a dissenter. I felt, however, not a little perplexed as to the path of duty ; my prejudice against the church was very strong, but here were Christian friends, such as I had not met with during all those years of affliction I had been called to pass through ; friends, who doubtless, were sent by my loving Father to pour the balm of consolation into my wounded and sorrowing heart ; and I felt my affections drawn out after them. On enquiring, I found that the Baptists at Billingborough were not orthodox, and as I had imbibed the notion that I could do nothing of myself towards the salvation of my soul, but must depend wholly and solely upon the finished work, and complete righteousness of Jesus Christ, of course I could not unite with the Wesleyans, therefore, there seemed to be no alternative but to go to Church ; accordingly I went, and publicly returned thanks for the Lord’s delivering mercies. It was a delightful change, for I had been so closely confined to my house, as not to have heard a single sermon for several years, and I “thanked God and took courage.” My minister continued to interest himself in my spiritual welfare, and also lent me as many books as I needed from good authors. This was a great help to me. During one winter when I was too feeble to leave the house, he held his cottage lectures, or rather conversational meetings under my own roof, that I might not miss the

opportunity. This was indeed the beginning of good days to my soul; my gratitude was intense, I almost thought it was all the heaven I needed; the vicar was one of those who preached the truth, but not the whole truth, but after being shut out from the sanctuary so long, I was thankful to hear the truth, though but in part. But it was not so much his sermons I enjoyed as his private conversations; many profitable interviews I have had with him in his study, and also in my own house. I trust I shall never forget the interview I had with him a day or two before my first appearance at the table of the Lord; it was so faithful and yet so cheering, and he would sometimes encourage me by telling me of his own experience, the depravity of his nature, and how he mourned over it in secret before God. He told me of his fears and his hopes, and the necessity there was to cultivate a spirit of prayer, and to live very near to God. I soon became very much attached to him as my pastor, and in a short time my prejudice had nearly vanished, and I soon found that ignorance had been the chief cause of that prejudice. Although there are many things in the Church of England I very much disapprove, yet I still think that if those who are so bitterly opposed to her were to examine carefully her form of worship, and compare it with the Word of God, it would cause them to think more favourably of those who differ from them. Sad indeed are the reports we daily hear and read, of the disgrace which many of the Church ministers are bringing upon the cause of our Redeemer, causing the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme. But it is not of these I write; there are many good, holy, and truthful men in the Church of England, and it has been my privilege to enjoy intercourse with many of such men of God, and I love them as those whose society I hope to enjoy in heaven. Many a time when in darkness and despondency, has my heart been cheered by their conversation and their prayers, and my gratitude to them had no bounds. I think when we speak harshly of any of God's people, especially of His ministers, we are on very dangerous ground; our divine Master has said—"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones," and again, "Whoever shall offend one of these little ones, that believe in me, it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea." Bear with me, dear sir, if I am writing too favourably of the Church, I have no sympathy with her, only so far as what she teaches is in strict accordance with the word of truth, but I hope I have a heart large enough to embrace all who have the life of religion in the soul, let them belong to whatever sect they may. I always thought the service of the Church of England, to be truly sublime, and it was certainly to me one of the most efficacious means of instruction. I think it impossible to overrate its value in bringing out so prominently, the doctrines of the Bible; I am obliged to confess that I am chiefly indebted to the Church of England for my knowledge of the doctrines of Christianity, and I am convinced that it is only in proportion as I understand these, that I shall become a growing and stable Christian. I always had a desire to become "grounded and settled in the faith," and therefore I have made the doctrines of the Bible my constant study, and the more I studied my Bible, the more I loved it, and the more deeply was I impressed with its grandeur and importance; the more frequently I drank at this celestial fountain, the keener was my relish for the pure stream; such a relish as the Spirit alone can give.

How profitable and pleasant it is, when the mind is distracted with solitude and care, to turn aside from the world for a few moments, and through that precious word, converse with our God, to pour forth into His ear, all the sorrows of our heart. I think I never open my Bible, but I say with the poet,—

“Here’s room for my soul to expand.”

Yes, for if the Holy Spirit deigns to help us when we study the Bible, we gain a closer acquaintance with Jehovah, and are thereby better prepared not only for His worship, but also for his work below, to communicate to others what we have ourselves experienced. There is, too, a satisfaction felt in perusing the Scriptures, that there is not in any other composition, something sanctifying, something ennobling, the word of God has consolation for the afflicted, hope for the hopeless; in conflict it is our shield, in perplexity our guide, in adversity our solace, and will be our comfort in death.

“May this blest volume ever lie,
Close to my heart and near my eye;
Till life’s last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.”

Precious Bible, fountain of truth, deserving our highest affections, embodying all that a Christian pilgrim can need. While perusing it we seem to breathe a heavenly atmosphere, a sweet composure, which produces a distaste for all earthly attractions.

“Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies,
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.”

But I am wandering a long way from my subject. I had not been more than four or five years in the church before our vicar resigned the living. I dreaded the change, fearing I was about to lose my only friend, but in this I was agreeably disappointed; much as I esteemed him, I had equal reason to esteem his successor. I pass over a year of sickness and sorrow I had to experience before I was able to hear him, but the first sermon I heard convinced me that I should find in him a pastor and a friend; one who was well able to instruct, encourage, or reprove as the case may require. In fact I found in him such an one as my case then required, and it is with gratitude I remember the pains he took to help me on, and I believe I caused him considerable anxiety, for I suffered much from darkness and distress, and my bodily weakness added not a little to my despondency. Under his preaching (which was Christ from first to last) I seemed to gain spiritual strength. I am astonished when I look back, for I can see better now than I did then, how I was led on step by step. In every sermon I heard Christ exalted, and the sinner abased; Christ everything, the sinner nothing. He frequently dwelt, too, on the safety of God’s people, and the certainty of the fulfilment of the promises, which was quite in accordance with my own views. But there was one thing that puzzled me much; he never named the doctrine of election, though he seemed to get as near to it as he could without naming it. I had not sufficient courage to speak about it, but it was nevertheless my daily study; I tried to gather from his sermons what was favourable to it, and compare it with the Word of God. Thus I was gradually, though slowly, increasing in knowledge;

the Spirit of God was at work, and He never leaves his work undone. I trust in my next paper I shall be able to show how I gradually emerged out of darkness that might be felt into the glorious liberty of the Gospel; how, instead of coming before my Father as a slave, I could draw near to him as an adopted child, a sinner saved by free and distinguishing grace.

Billingsborough.

MARIE.

Memorials of the Life of Mr. Joseph Hamblin.

BY THOMAS JONES.

(Continued from page 81.)

IN July 1823 he joined the church at Newbury. He had not been long a member when some of his brethren recognized the depth and maturity of his spiritual knowledge, and entertained the belief that God was fitting him for usefulness in the publication of the Gospel. He himself was the last to accept such a belief. He thought the ministry even of a village itinerant required talents far superior to anything he possessed, and he had this conviction that whatever a man's ability for speaking, and his personal acquaintance with the word, its virtue and power, he should have a felt call by the Lord to speak in the Lord's name—a gracious impulsions constraining him to go forth and testify to a gainsaying world that the blood of Jesus Christ alone can take away sin; and without being born again, no child of Adam can enter into the kingdom of heaven. His solemn estimate of ministerial work which made him shrink from entering upon it, many years later disposed him to give it up, and like Jonah run away from it, which, but for the strength and of God upon him, he would have done more than once. He dreaded above all things the guilt of running without being sent. In his secret soul there was a desire to do service for ONE who had done so much for him; to honour Him who had saved him from the lowest hell, and to tell to his fellow immortals the good news of a free-grace salvation; justification without works; wine and milk to be had without money and without price. But he had no direct commission—no such authority as he thought necessary for a public use of the Great Shepherd's name. Many times previous to a prayer meeting he had a vein of sweet thought which he knew would be acceptable to his brethren, and sometimes he was asked at the meeting to say a few words to edification, but he was as a dumb man through suspicion of himself, and fear of making himself something when he was nothing.

On one occasion an itinerant being unable to attend an appointment at a village station, requested our friend to go in his stead, setting aside as frivolous all his scruples of insufficiency, and insisting it was his duty to stir up the gift that was in him, and not allow an expecting congregation to separate without a sermon, which would be the case if he perversely refused help.

This faithful earnest appeal to his conscience disturbed him greatly, and he could not rid himself of the fear of inward as well as outward reproach if he disregarded a summons so direct and pointed. Still he

trembled at the idea of *preaching*, so he took counsel of two brethren who consented to go with him to the village station, and there hold a prayer meeting. This, whatever relief it gave himself, did not satisfy the villagers, nor the church who had no doubt of his capacity for usefulness, nor of his duty to assist in spreading the Gospel of the Grace of God.

Again and again he was pressed to turn out and deliver the message, and at length, having exhausted his fund of excuses, he was obliged to yield, and with much fear and trembling he essayed to meet and talk to little rural gatherings in houses licensed for divine worship. In those days it was not safe to hold a religious service in a house or building not registered in a bishop's court, or by a clerk of sessions.

The mark of the beast, in some shape, was an indispensable warrant under TOLERATION for carrying out the Lord's behest, "Go ye out into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature:" and sturdy spirits who disdained a worldly authority interfering with Christian allegiance were mulct in heavy penalties or thrust into prison. No sooner had our friend ventured to declare what he had seen and heard; which he had looked upon and his hands handled of the word of life, than the belief became general that he was intended of God to bear witness for Him as a preacher of righteousness. The word spoken by him was like the rain and the dew, reviving the tender plants, and refreshing the thirsty. No wonder the cry was "Give, Give," and that he had more invitations to preach in different places than he could comply with. The Lord's manifest blessing on his testimony, and the supernatural help which carried him happily through services he shuddered to undertake were more than a match for his timidity and unbelief, and made it impossible to him to refuse calls to work in the Master's vineyard. His own experiences of mercy; his fighting, his fears, his triumphs, his joys brought him into sympathy with the afflicted and tempted in Zion; while he could be a fellow helper of the joy of those whose believing hearts were filled with gladness.

Yea, did he not preach himself but Christ Jesus the Lord: but he knew Christ as a Brother born for adversity, touched with a feeling of human infirmities, afflicted in all the afflictions of his brethren, and able to succour them that are tempted: and what he knew he preached. Joseph Hamblin's religion was not a cold creed, an intellectual formula, a dead faith. His ministry was not to the liking of dogmatical stoics who know nothing of those blest objects a broken heart and a contrite spirit; whose craving is all for mere abstract doctrine, and who cannot distinguish between light in the head and life in the soul. His was a religion of life, of feeling, of changes, liftings up and castings down; of *progress* through arid deserts and fruitful plains, among beasts of prey, and beside the still waters of peace. He was of necessity an experimental preacher. He was the subject of tribulation, was comforted of God in tribulations that he might be able to comfort them which were in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith he himself was comforted of God: II. Cor. i. 4. But *his* experimental preaching was not the drivelling gossiping prattle of a weak dreamer who fathers all his silly fancies on the Holy Spirit, and outrages common sense by what some call spiritualizing the word. Scripture truth is profitable

for doctrine, for reproof, for correction and instruction in righteousness; and though the teaching may be disregarded the qualified teacher will seldom be despised. Men may affect to believe he is a fool but they know he is not. *The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright*, whereby the ignorance of foolish men is put to silence. Where God sends a man to preach he gives him something to say, something to the purpose. Sets before him an open door and gives him a mouth and wisdom that will put mockers to shame. "Beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion THY GOD REIGNETH."

It was not all smooth sailing. As our friend responded to calls for the use of his gifts he found such employ absorbed time—which family claims could scarcely allow. He must needs provide for his own, and to do so required all his time and strength. The places he was invited to preach at were generally at some distance from his home, and when it was a weekday service it took most of an evening to travel thither, preach and return. Then it was needful he should read, and the necessity grew more pressing as he went on. He did not believe in standing up before a congregation totally unprepared, trusting to an unpromised inspiration. True, there were times when, in this sense, he had to be "instant out of season." Who of our Lord's servants has not had such lessons on the sufficiency of the Master, when the man has been as dumb as a fish, and as dry as a Gideon's fleece, and ere he was aware grace was poured into his lips, and his tongue became "the pen of a ready writer?" A subdued solemn feeling of admiration and thankfulness is born of help thus sovereignly and seasonably vouchsafed; but no wise man so presumes upon such help as to neglect the means of growth in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; II. Col. iii. 18.

Our friend was wise: he prayed for guidance in the study of Scriptures; to be directed to suitable portions for exposition; for judgment to choose out acceptable words; (Eccl. xii. 10.) and for the spirit of Elijah that he may speak God's truth with all boldness: Acts iv. 29. In seeking answers to his prayers he was reminded of Paul's advice to Timothy: "Give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine; . . . meditate on these things; give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear unto all. Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

A LETTER FROM T. J. MESSER, IN SCOTLAND.

MANY hundreds of our readers will be pleased to hear again from one of the hardest-working and most devoted labourers in any part of the world. We hope this May many will again hear our brother's voice in London.—
Ed.]

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—I have received the "VESSELS" for March and April, and have been much interested and somewhat pained whilst perusing them. Sorry to hear that Mr. James Wells has been ill, but rejoiced to hear that a measure of health is again granted to him, and that

he has resumed his important labours. May he be long spared to toil in his great Master's vineyard. So my old friend, John Webster, whom I knew in the days of my boyhood, has passed away from this sin mildewed sphere. More than fifty years ago I heard him preach, when he was amongst the Congregationalists. I never saw him again until I met with him in Stonehouse, Devon, about ten years ago. At that time he was minister of the Baptist Chapel there, and president of the Total Abstinence Society. I remember preaching for him, and also having excellent temperance meetings in his large schoolroom. When he removed to Trowbridge I lost sight of him for several years, and did not meet with him again until he took charge of the Church at Stepney. I was sorry to find then that he had ceased to practise abstinence from all intoxicants. The last time I met with him was at a public meeting I attended at Brother Thomas Stringer's Chapel, a short time before I received an invitation from the Scottish League to accept an engagement with them. I was delighted on that occasion with the very pleasing speech he delivered, and judging from the ruddiness of his face I concluded he would outlive me. He has been taken, and I am left. He has, however, gained the "part we toil to find," and he has, I doubt not, "landed in the arms of God." The old labourers are rapidly passing away, and I sometimes fear that those who are rising up to fill the vacancies occasioned by their removal will not prove as faithful to the truth. I have now been labouring under the auspices of the League since Sept. 1st, 1867, and I am astonished at the amount of labour I have been enabled to perform. Since I have been in this "land of the mountain and the flood" I have delivered 39 sermons in Established Churches, Free Churches, United Presbyterian Churches, Independent, Baptist, and Wesleyan Churches. I have also delivered 137 lectures, and in addition travelled some thousands of miles. To show you how I labour I will just jot down a few extracts from my Diary:—

Sunday, April 29th.—I preached in the Parish Church at Johnstone, near Glasgow, to 800 or 900 persons.

Monday, 30th.—Went to Glasgow, and lectured in the Hall of the Free Barony Church (Rev. James Wells).

Tuesday, 31st.—Had a glorious crowded meeting in the Hall at Bridgeton.

Wednesday, April 1st.—Sailed down the Clyde to Rothesay, and lectured there.

Thursday, 2nd.—Left Rothesay by steamer for Wemyss Bay, and then took the rail to New Millns, in Ayrshire, from which place I walked to Darvel, and delivered a lecture.

Friday, 3rd.—With the Venerable and Rev. Doctor Bruce for my Chairman, I lectured in the Hall at New Millns.

Sunday, 5th.—I preached in the Baptist Chapel and the New Temperance Hall, at Kilmarnock.

Monday, 6th.—I lectured at Paisley.

Tuesday, 7th.—I travelled from Paisley by rail to Ardrossan, and then walked through a wild storm five miles to West Kilbride, and had a capital meeting in the Parish Church there.

Wednesday, 8th.—I walked back in the sunshine to Ardrossan Station to Ayr, where I had a night's rest, which I greatly needed.

Thursday, 9th.—I lectured in the Reformed or Old Covenanters' Church, Ayr.

Friday, 10th.—I lectured at Munshant; and Sunday, 12th, I preached to a crowded congregation in the town from which I send this letter.

I have to preach (D.V.) at Cumnock, and lecture during the next three weeks at Carsphairn, Coyton, Auchenleck, Ochiltree, Cumnock, Sanquhar, Greenock, and Port Bannatyne, and then (Providence permitting) I purpose coming up to your great city to rest in the bosom of my much-loved family for three weeks or a month. During the time I am in London I don't wish to be altogether idle; *ergo*, should be glad to FILL ANY VACANT LONDON PULPIT THE SECOND AND THIRD SUNDAYS IN MAY.

I need not say that I begin to feel wearied of travelling, and should be glad if a door was opened to spend the remainder of my days in London in the work of the ministry.

My address in Scotland is 108, Hope-street, Glasgow; and my London address is 21, Lacey-street, Mostyn Road North, Bow.

If no door opens for me in London, I shall return again to Scotland and labour and wait awhile longer.

Since September last I have had an opportunity of preaching the Gospel of Christ to thousands upon thousands of attentive hearers, and I hope the seeds of truth which have been scattered by your old friend from the pulpits of Parish and Free and United Presbyterian Churches will bring forth fruit to the praise and honour of our Covenant-keeping God and Father.

I am sorry to hear that you have been unsettled. I hope the way will be opened for you to erect a Tabernacle in that degraded locality where you have so successfully toiled. Hoping better days are in store for you, and that at "even tide it may be light," I am, yours as ever, fraternally,

To C. W. Banks.

S. J. MESSER.

Gervan, Ayrshire, Scotland, April 13, 1868.

[We thank our brother Messer for his kind wishes. We have never laboured in the ministry with more zeal and delight than we have during the last few weeks. The Lord has been most exceedingly merciful unto us, and his Word has had free course, it has run, and we trust it has been glorified. If it is the Lord's will, we shall continue to travel and preach the Word in the most destitute places; and, in the strength of that arm which has held us up hitherto, we are prayerfully desirous to give him no rest until he entirely delivers us from all the sorrows of the way, and enable us, in uprightness, to erect the Tabernacle at Bethnal Green. Until then we must read Nehemiah in his fourth chapter, and as we have the dark side look also for the bright.—ED.]

THE MERCY-SEAT.

BY THE LATE HUGH STOWELL.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all beside more sweet,—
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

A WALK NEAR HEAVEN.

A NOTE TO SAMUEL FOSTER, OF STURRY,
NEAR CANTERBURY.

DEAR AFFLICTED CHILD OF GOD,—
I write you this line from a chamber not very far distant from North Wales. I am sorry your notes have been omitted; but I have been travelling and preaching nearly every day for a full month, and am now on the borders of Herefordshire, where I have been preaching the Word. The weather is wet, windy, and cold; the country is dirty; but the mercies of the Lord are new every morning; and I do hope you and myself too may have grace given us to bear with patience the trials of the way; and also that we may both of us be enabled to exercise so much faith in the future as sometimes to take down our harps from the willows, and—if we cannot sing yet—silently in our souls to say—

“Though painful at present,
I will cease before long,
And then, oh, how pleasant
The conqueror's song.”

I was walking yesterday—Sunday afternoon, April 19—between Ledbury and Hereford, in the wet and wind, when my thoughts ran into a direction which led me up to THE CONSUMMATION of that RELATIONSHIP existing between the LORD JESUS CHRIST and HIS CHURCH.

“What will it be?” said I to myself. The answer was, spontaneously, sevenfold. It will be, said I,

1. A PERFECTION OF LIKENESS. “As for me I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.” That is certainly the end of the great doctrine of Divine predestination,—“conformed to the image of His Son;” and how strong the argument, “if we suffer with Him, we shall be glorified together.” Perfect likeness will produce eternal satisfaction. No abiding satisfaction until then.

2. It will be a PERFECTION OF KNOWLEDGE. Then “shall we know even as we are known.” How little

of Him do we know now! But then all those promises will be realized. “They shall know that I am the Lord.” “I will be to them a God: they shall be to me a people.”

3. It will be a PERFECTION OF INTIMATE ACQUAINTANCE. “Now we see through a glass darkly, then FACE TO FACE.” Our eyes will then behold “the King in His beauty.” We shall “SEE HIM AS HE IS.”

“Oh,” said Farmer Martin to me, “if you had seen my wife when her boy came home from sea—how she embraced him, and kissed him, and wept and rejoiced over him—you would not soon have forgotten it.” No, indeed, Mrs. Martin is one of a thousand; and when her darling son came home, her heart was filled with joy. So shall the meeting of the Bridegroom and the Bride be one of perfect glory. He will rejoice over her with singing, and rest in His love for ever.

4. It will be a PERFECTION OF SERVICE. “They serve Him day and night in His temple.” Just as I was getting into the sweet feeling of His service twice yesterday, the clock said I must leave off. No clocks in heaven. No idle hearers there who want to go home. The song will never end, the service never cease.

5. It will be a PERFECTION OF VARIETY. “The Lamb shall lead them to fountains of living waters.” New scenes of ever-opening glories shall their ravished hearts enjoy. When to those blest climes they come no tiring, no sameness of a tedious kind. Rivers of pleasures ever near delight their joyous souls.

6. A PERFECTION OF JOY. “God shall wipe out the cause of all their tears.”

7. A PERFECTION OF SYMPATHISING GRATITUDE. “Unto Him that loved us, and washed us, be glory and power and praise for ever.”

Samuel Foster, my brother, God bless thee in thy chamber of pain and trial, and will you pray unto Him for your poor pilgrim friend,

C. W. B.

SALEM CHAPEL, MEARD'S COURT, SOHO.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

More than twelve months have elapsed since Mr. J. Bloomfield ceased to be the pastor of Salem, during which period the church has been without a stated minister, and dependant on supplies. In most instances a church without a minister is far from being in an enviable condition, and Salem furnishes no exception to the rule; the pews become deserted, and the people wander from place to place.

But after many prayers and much anxiety, there seems to be a fair prospect of a happier state of things, and the church and people to have a pastor to go in and out before them to instruct them in such things as pertain unto their eternal welfare. Though it is not quite decided, we believe we are correct in saying that it is very probable Mr. W. Ibberson will become the pastor of Salem. He is a young gentleman not yet quite finished his studies, being a student under Mr. Dowson, at the Baptist Theological College, Bury, Lancashire. Should Mr. Ibberson accept the honourable but responsible office, bright days may be yet in store for old Salem. That young gentleman can hardly fail to gather round him a numerous and intelligent people, and must take a leading position among our metropolitan ministers. Some doubts have been entertained lest his health should prove unequal to the strain of continuous pulpit effort. His voice is not strong, though clear and penetrating. He is a man of great promise, his style quite different to what we are accustomed to hear from our strict Baptist pulpits. Bold in imagination, chaste, but free in illustration, of the sacred Scriptures, he revels among Nature's alluring beauties, among authors, ancient and modern, sacred and profane; he seems to hold over his hearers, as it were, a pleasing mastery, while he tells them the love of Christ, and the exceeding hatefulness of sin.

In common with Mr. Spurgeon and others, Mr. Ibberson commences the

service with a short, solemn prayer. Then, after singing, reading of the Scriptures by him has a proper observance, in lieu of what is termed expounding, which too often interferes with reading the sacred record, and very frequently causes beautiful sentences to be broken up to give way for commonplace remarks of the preacher's.

Mr. Ibberson and his father, we are informed, stand members with the church at Warboys, over which the late Mr. Irish was minister; and Mr. Irish being connected with Salem previously to his entering on his career, thus by a chain of coincidences, Mr. Ibberson may be expected to have special sympathy with Salem, as the birthplace of his late pastor.

During the past month Mr. Ibberson has supplied two Sabbaths at Salem with promising congregations, and we believe this is to be the close of his probationary period, but he cannot enter fully on his pastoral duties till about July, in consequence of his not being free from the College.

On Sunday morning, April 19th, he preached from "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." (Matthew xxvi. 41.) After portraying the memorial of the Passover, and some of the numerous conflicts of Christ in the garden, the preacher paused to consider the two great principles of Christianity—watchfulness and prayer. Prayer was the great principle of devotion, watchfulness the very essence of practical godliness. These leading ideas were illustrated with singular force and eloquence, calculated to arouse the sinner and to awake the Christian to a more appreciative sense of the power of prayer, and of the importance of watching for the answer from God, and against temptation,

On the following Tuesday evening Mr. Ibberson presided over the anniversary of the Sabbath-schools. After the report was read, Mr. Alderson, Mr. Wilkins, and other brethren addressed the meeting.

On the following Sunday, the 26th, Mr. John Bloomfield once more appeared among the people at Salem, the more immediate occa-

sion being to preach two sermons on behalf of the Aged Pilgrims. Of course, his re-appearance was looked forward to with considerable interest.

The anniversary meeting of the Sabbath Schools in connection with the above place was observed on Tuesday evening, the 21st, by a tea and public meeting, Mr. Ibberson in the chair. After singing and prayer, the Chairman expressed the pleasure he felt in any way promoting Sabbath Schools. He was one who believed the Church ought to put forth every effort in furtherance of the cause of Christ, depending for success on the Spirit of the living God. In fact, what evidence had we of the life of God in a Church unless we saw the people putting forth means to bring in those out of the way. He believed the rod of Moses was still to be stretched forth, and he rejoiced that the Church at Meard's-court, while they believed in the sovereign grace of God, believed also in using the means of grace. They were met on that occasion to strengthen and stimulate the Sunday-school workers. He felt some hesitation in accepting the position he then held as chairman, but when he was told he should be supported by his dear brethren, Messrs. Alderson and Wilkins, whom he had long known, he was encouraged and gratified to have the opportunity of meeting to promote for so good an object. He read of an old Roman soldier who, before he rushed into battle, had for his motto the three words, "Deeds not words." Deeds he was certain must be the motto of those who went forth to labour in a district like the Seven Dials. The report was read by Mr. Bearn, which stated there are 14 teachers, with 100 scholars on the books. Mention was also made of a foreign class, conducted in a separate building, by the Curzons, with 50 children, French, Germans, and Italians, and a few Japanese, the greater portion of whom were Catholics, and in some instances the priests had succeeded in withdrawing the children. Mr. Alderson, in moving the adoption of the report, congratulated Mr. Ibberson as his old friend, in whom he took a deep interest, on

his present position, and on the probability of his settlement at Salem. If he (Mr. Alderson) were to say what he believed he should say, Mr. Ibberson would prove to be the right man in the right place. This assertion was met by general signs of approbation by the assembly. Mr. White, of Chelsea, seconded the adoption of the report. Mr. Dexter, Mr. Wilkins, and others, having addressed the meeting, the proceedings closed.

OBITUARY.

EDMUND L. DILLON,

Deacon of the Baptist Church, Howe street, Plymouth.

E. L. Dillon was born in the year 1781. He entered the army at an early period of life, was made a lieutenant, and left it upon half-pay when about the age of twenty-six. At this time he was dead in sin, ignorant of himself and of God, an enemy to truth and to holiness, though, when at home in Ireland, he was brought up as a strict Protestant Christian. He left his regiment while lying at Plymouth, in which town he continued to reside for the remainder of his days upon earth. About this time he was led to Stoke Church, where he heard Mr. John Hawker preach. Under this sermon, the Lord was pleased to bring home the Word with power to his heart. His conscience was wounded, and he felt unhappy. Upon his return home, he said to his friends that he would never hear that man again, for he had insulted him, and told him that he was an infidel. Before the next Sabbath, however, his anger towards the preacher had passed, and he went and heard him again. From this time his heart was opened to receive the Word of Life, and his ear was nailed to the doorposts of the house of the Lord. Shortly after this, a friend insisted to go with him, and hear the father of Mr. John Hawker—the late Dr. Hawker. The Lord blessed the ministry of Dr. Hawker to his spiritual good. A strong attachment grew up to the Doctor and to his ministry, and with a strict regularity he continued to attend

his ministry for the remainder of the Doctor's natural life, while a friendly correspondence sprang up between them, evidential of the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of the Gospel, which only ceased with the Doctor's mortal life. After it had pleased the Lord to remove his servant from the church militant to the church triumphant, the deceased was led to attend the ministry of the late Arthur Triggs, at Trinity Chapel, Plymouth, and here he continued his attendance until, in the order of Divine providence, the late Mr. Joseph Rudman was called to minister to the people worshipping there. Soon after this our deceased brother was brought to see that the New Testament order of Baptism was by immersion upon a confession of personal faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and was baptized, upon a confession of faith, by Mr. Rudman, and became a member of the Baptist Church at Trinity Chapel. But, oh ! what a life of changes is the present state ! In a very few months the Lord was pleased to remove Mr. Rudman from the labours and afflictions of this life to enjoy the repose and rest of being for ever with the Lord. Matters at Trinity Chapel soon became uncomfortable for the baptized members. A strong opposition arose against the nature and order of a strict Baptist church. This led to the removal of the baptized members from Trinity Chapel to Howe street Chapel, where a strict Baptist church was formed, and our late brother was chosen to the office of deacon. In this the more public part of his pilgrimage, as well as in his more private connexion with the Church of Christ, the grace of God was conspicuously manifested. He ardently loved and abode by the doctrines, as experienced by the Eternal Spirit, of free and sovereign grace all his days. For many years after he settled in Plymouth, he was called to walk through deep waters of outward afflictions. His embarrassments, necessities, and sorrows were at times all but not quite overwhelming. The Lord was his support, his strength, and his salvation. Within also sometimes the waters ran high ; the two seas meeting con-

founded all his fleshly wisdom and power.

In those days his personal interest in Christ was much veiled : he could not see his sign. Unbelief and fears afflicted his soul. He possessed the assurance of faith in the certainty of salvation to all the chosen seed. Of the truth and reality of the doctrines of discriminating grace he had no doubt ; but the enquiry into the reality of his profession, his religion, his faith and hope was earnest and incessant—often cast down and exercised with deep soul trouble, arising from the discovery of the treachery, rebellion, and abominations of his fallen nature, and begging, as for his life, that the Lord would show him his salvation, and give him that truth that would abide the test of the swellings of Jordan.

Few manifested a more sincere attachment to the ordinances of God's house—to the ministry of the Word and prayer. He appeared to be ready at all times for every good word and work. While able to take his wonted place in the sanctuary, his complete dependence upon the Holy Ghost for the power, the peace, and the enjoyment of the truth, he felt and confessed. There were seasons when he rose by grace above all his fears and complaints. When the flowing in of strong consolation from the Word absorbed all the powers of his soul, and constrained him to sing most sweetly the living praises of his King, stereotyped religious phrases, neither from the pulpit nor from monthlies, could satisfy his longing soul : nothing would do this short of the living and springing waters of salvation.

Many times has the writer witnessed the soft tears of joy running down his cheeks, while he has been drinking of the streams of the river which maketh glad the city of God. He used the office of a deacon well, and purchased to himself a good degree. Kind, courteous, and affectionate to his chosen minister ; to his brethren in office meek, deferential, and loving ; to the Church a willing servant, disinterested in labours, always cheerful however humble the manner, while promoting the comfort of the pastor, the peace and

prosperity of the Church, and the honour of his Master's name. In the truth he was firm, consistent, uncompromising. Thus the mighty grace of God manifested itself in his life. For the last three years of his life he was scarcely able to leave his room, because of his bodily affliction. As long as he could be brought to the chapel in a conveyance, and by the help of crutches he could get to his seat, he attended the ministry of the Word. During the period of his confinement to his room, the Lord dealt with him very graciously, revealing Himself in love to his soul in a most marked and blessed manner. "Never," were his words, "did I know in all my life the power of faith and the liberty of the Gospel as I have known it since my affliction. I can truly say this affliction has been sent by the Lord for my good." His disease at times gave him the most agonizing pain, being what is called the rheumatic gout, but grace enabled him to endure without complaining. As he approached death, his mind became more and more calm, and he descended the waters of the Jordan composed, and in unconquerable peace. A few days before his departure, he said to his pastor, "Satan has assaulted my soul; he told me I was wrong, and that after all it would go ill with me. But," added he, with a heavenly smile upon his face, "Jesus came to my help, and brought me the victory." This was spoken with triumph; it was the outpouring of the soul in possession of Christ, while in the midst of the waters of Jordan. While sinking in the deeps of the river, his hand held the victory. We saw the more: we saw his hold on heaven. Heaven owned its friend on this side. Let life be short or long, but, oh, for such an end!

On Sunday, March the 1st, our friend fell asleep in Jesus, perfectly conscious, and appeared as though singing to his friends his favourite stanza—

"Should death be at hand,
I fear not undressing,
For to die in the Lord
Is a covenant blessing,
Since Jesus, through death, to glory has
gone,"

aged seventy-seven years, having been a follower of the Lord for fifty years. His remains were conveyed to their resting-place in the cemetery, Plymouth, by his brethren; Monday, March the 9th, and on Sabbath last, March the 15th, Mr. F. Collins preached a sermon on the occasion from the words, "Death is swallowed up in victory." (1 Cor. xv. 34.)

NEW BOOKS.

We have received Dr. Carson's second edition of *Capital Punishment is Murder Legalised*; published by Houlston and Wright, in London. Dr. Carson is no superficial writer, no enthusiast, no novice: he turns his attention to one of the greatest national and social subjects, and pursues his argument with an amount of ability, patience, and research, which reflect the highest credit upon the mind and motive of the author. Could Dr. Carson's thoroughly convincing arguments, proofs, and illustrations be extensively read, prejudice and dark superstition must fly and fall before the light of evangelical and reasonable truth.

The Rainbow: a Magazine of Christian Literature, by Dr. Leash. This is a powerful pleader for the doctrines of the Second Advent, and of the Millennial Reign of the Prince of Peace. Whatever difference there may be in the faith of good men in these prospective themes, all unbiassed minds must admit that Dr. Leash leads on a large army of noble spirits who freely and beautifully unfold some things which to many persons are "hard to be understood." In the inmost feelings of the soul we agonizingly wish that these days of man-worship, of error, of strife, of confusion, and of uncertainty touching almost everything, were passed away, and that the Reigning King of Zion might be alone exalted.

Our Own Fireside for April comes in as sweetly as doth a choice little dessert after a substantial meal. It is like a dish of pleasant fruits—no poison, no error, no dry, no dismal, no overdrawn theories, but wholesome tales which touch the hearts of many, and make them long to see *Our Own Fireside* again and again.

Our Churches, Our Pastors, and Our People.

MR. JOHN BUNYAN McCURE'S LABOURS IN ENGLAND.

TO THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION WORSHIPPING IN THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY.

Wednesday, Feb. 26.—I left London by train, and arrived at Woking, and proceeded to Mayford, and preached in the Baptist Chapel. Many said it will be a time long to be remembered, for the Lord was very gracious unto his dear children, for the Lord's doctrine did drop as the rain, and his speech distilled as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass. There I met with old friends, and was truly thankful for the opportunity thus offered me; the friends, who are poor, did all they could to help, and gave me a collection—£1 10s.

Thursday, 27.—I went to West-end Chobham. In the afternoon I preached, and in the evening I lectured in the Baptist Chapel there; I was received with Christian greetings by old friends whom I had known for many years, some are seals to my ministry twenty-two years since. I had no idea that my ministry had been thus blest, almost in every place I go to there I hear of the converting consequences of the power and grace of God the Holy Ghost, that attended the preaching of his own word years ago, when I sowed the gospel seed beside all waters, and now, after an absence of twenty years and more, to meet them again, and to preach to them the same gospel, the same Jesus, and the same free grace salvation, is an unspeakable mercy in these days of departure from the truth. The friends of Chobham were exceedingly kind to me, and collected £9.

Saturday, 29.—I arrived at St. Neot's, Huntingdonshire, and on Lord's-day, March 1, I preached in the Baptist Chapel, where brother Murrell has preached the gospel of Christ for more than fifty years, and is now in his eighty-fifth year. He was very pleased to see me, and received me most kindly, and so did his people. I was quite at home with them, and felt thankful that I had the opportunity of making their acquaintance, for the remembrance of their Christian sympathy, and that of brother Murrell I shall take with me in my heart to my adopted country.

Monday, March 2.—I lectured in the Public Hall, which was crowded. For more than two hours I spoke of "His lovingkindness, oh, how good." The people were pleased, and, I hope, profited. The collection was £13 10s.

Wednesday, 4.—I arrived at Bedford, and was kindly received by Brother Newborn and his good wife. In the evening I lectured for over two hours in the Particular Baptist Chapel. The chair was taken by Brother Newborn, who is the

faithful pastor of the church, and is highly esteemed for his work sake, and although he is eighty-five years old, yet he is well and strong for labour. The collection was £3 10s.

Thursday, 5.—Before I left Bedford brother Newborn took me to the "Bunyan meeting," which is a very large chapel, built upon the ground on which the chapel stood in which Bunyan preached the truth as it is in Jesus. The present chapel will seat about 1,400 persons, and the church is both Independent and Baptist. How can they be both? They ought to be one or the other. I saw the old chair which belonged to Bunyan, and which he used in the vestry of his own chapel. If he could come down from heaven he might recognise his old chair, on which he so often rested his weary body, but I very much question if he would be able to recognise the fashionable congregation, church, and preaching, as the fruit of his labours two hundred years ago, on that self-same spot of ground where he sowed in tears, but is now reaping in joy. Alas, how is the gold become dim—how is the most fine gold changed! The stones of the sanctuary are poured out in the top of every street. Lam. iv. 1.

By the afternoon train I arrived at Potton, and lectured in the Baptist Chapel. Brother Hercock, pastor of the church, took the chair. I had a very happy time during the delivery of the lecture; the Lord was with me, and the people rejoiced.

On Friday, 6th, I preached to a good congregation, many of whom said that they heard the word, and received it not as the word of man, but as the word of God. I preached at Potton eighteen years ago, when the late Mr. Tite was the honoured pastor of the church. The Lord blessed the word on that occasion, and the poor servant, being the instrument employed, has not been forgotten.

Saturday, 7.—After a long in-and-out and roundabout journey, I arrived at Newport Pagnel, and, as is the case wherever I go, I was most kindly received by pastor, deacons, and friends of the Baptist Church. I preached on Lord's-day, and lectured in the Public Hall on Monday night. Brother Ward took the chair. The hall was full of attentive hearers; many rejoiced, and so did I, for we were happy and at home in the courts of the Lord's house. The collection amounted to £7 12s. 6d.

Wednesday, 11.—Through the tender mercy and ever-watchful eye of our most glorious Keeper of Israel, who never slumbers nor sleeps, I arrived in London, and lectured in the Baptist Chapel, Rye-lane, Peckham. Brother Moyle, pastor of the church, took the chair. In consequence of

the very unfavourable weather there were not so many present as there would have been had the night been fine, nevertheless I was quite at home, while speaking of "His love in times past," and felt that I was greatly honoured of God thus to stand up in the neighbourhood of my birth and youthful days. A witness for the Lord—of "Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding." I was well received by the pastor, deacons, and friends of that part of our Zion. The amount collected was £5 19s. 6d. Tired and weary, I took up my quarters at the house of my very kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. E. Carr, Camberwell, my native place, and rested there until Saturday. I left London for Brighton, and was received with Christian kindness and hearty welcome by my old friends Mr. and Mrs. Henry Carr, whom I have known for more than twenty years. On Lord's-day, I preached in the Baptist Chapel, Bond-street. That honoured servant of Christ, the late Mr. Savery, was the pastor for many years. He is now in his rest, while brother Glaskin is labouring in his stead, in that highly-favoured part of our Zion. I was blessed with much of the divine presence while preaching morning and evening to a large congregation in the new chapel, built upon the same ground on which the old chapel stood for many years. The collection was £14 5s. 9½d. In the afternoon I gave an address to the Sunday school, numbering over two hundred.

Monday I was favoured to attend the prayer meeting, and gave an address upon the power of prayer.

Tuesday I lectured in the Town Hall. There was a large attendance; the hall was quite full. Douglas Fox, Esq., took the chair, and spoke most kindly of me, and our claim upon the English churches, and then called upon the Rev. Mr. Bayfield to pray for the divine presence and blessing. The attention and interest of the people was to me something astonishing, while I spoke for two hours and a quarter of those things I have seen and experienced during my fifteen years' residence in Australia. The collection was £8 10s. 10½d.

I am particularly requested to visit Brighton again, which I will most gladly do. I have several most encouraging instances of the Lord blessing his own word, which had free course, because it was in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.

I record these tokens of the Lord being with me in my work, that you may know that while I am getting money that will enable us to prove ourselves to be an honest people by paying our creditors twenty shillings in the pound, I am sowing the gospel seed broad cast throughout this great land, beside all waters. Very many are attracted to attend the services because of the novelty that I have come from Australia, and who can tell to what extent the Lord will bless the word, to some out of the many thousands to whom I have

thus the opportunity of preaching the word of Life, &c?

Wednesday, 18.—I left Brighton for Rye. While waiting for the train at Hastings, I arranged to deliver a lecture in that town the next time I am in those parts. In the evening I lectured in the old-fashioned Baptist Chapel, and was speaking for more than two hours and a-half. Brother Gill, the pastor of the church, presided. The people were very pleased to see me, and to hear what the Lord had done for me in Australia. There were not so many present as there would have been in consequence of other meetings being held elsewhere the same evening, and the trade of Rye being very dull. The collection was £1 8s. 5½d. I am requested to lecture at Winchelsea, which is only two miles from Rye, and am promised a good meeting.

Thursday, 19.—I breakfasted at Rye, dined at Brighton, tea'd at Camberwell, and lectured in brother Foreman's chapel, Hill Street, Dorset Square, in the evening. There was a good attendance, and I was very happy while speaking, and sometimes when looking at the venerable pastor of the church; in the remembrance of twenty years ago, when he gave me my charge at my ordination at Hadlow, from the words, "the work of the ministry." And after so many years, and having been called to pass through so many trials and temptations, and after fifteen years hard work in Australia, for me, in that favoured Mount Zion Chapel, to stand up for two hours, testifying with increased confidence in God, and love to "the work of the ministry," is indeed a mercy of mercies. The collection at the close of the lecture, with what brother Cummings collected before the meeting, amounted to £30.

Thus you see, that the Lord has done great things for us. Three hundred pounds has now been forwarded to you, and there is about seventy pounds in hand towards the next hundred, which will be forwarded by the next mail. Praise ye the Lord, and thank his people, who have thus helped us in our time of need.

I cannot write more now. I am off to Gamlingay, where I have to preach this Friday evening, 20th inst.

The particulars of the work that I have before me, I will forward to you through the ~~EARTHEN~~ **VESSEL**, that all my friends in the colonies may read of the loving-kindness of the Lord.

"O, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together, for the Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted." The Lord bless you, shall ever be the prayer of my heart, &c.,

JOHN BUNTAN McCURE.

6, Heygate Street,
Walworth Road, London.

P.S.—On Friday, March 20, I left Lon-

don for Gamlingay, and arrived only just in time to commence the service. I was taken by surprise to see the chapel crowded with people who had assembled on purpose to hear the word of God. The Lord was in our midst, so that we could say, and did say, "Lord, it is good to be here." The collection was £2 6s. 4½d. At the happy home of Mr. and Mrs. Kitching I was most kindly received, and spent two or three most comfortable hours, talking of the way—the right way, in which the Lord leads his children, until past the midnight hour. Gamlingay is supposed to have taken its name from a set of gamblers who used to visit the village, and used to say—

"Come a duce, or else a tray,
Or else farewell to gambling gay."

And in that self-same place the immortal Bunyan used to preach, and, in connection with one of his visits to Gamlingay he (with Agnes Beaumont) was called to endure great persecution. It is not generally known that an attempt was made to implicate Bunyan in a charge of murder and seduction. Agnes Beaumont became a member of Bunyan's church in 1672, and she died in 1720, aged 68 years. Therefore she would be about 25 years of age when she was charged with murdering her father, at the instigation of Bunyan. He, it was said, furnished her with poison to make away with the old man, in order to obtain the property with her. It is painful to relate that this wicked slander was set on foot by a clergyman who resided in Bedford, who knew both parties well. It was, however, a lawyer who added the charge of murder to the clerical slander, and he did it from revenge. He had marked her out three years before for his wife, and persuaded her father to leave the bulk of his property to her, and to cut off her sister with a shilling. God having called her by his grace, defeated the lawyer's purpose. She could not bear him because he was ungodly, and he avenged himself because he was disappointed. But this extraordinary affair will be best told by herself: "There was a church meeting at Gamlingay, and about a week before it I was much in prayer, especially for two things—the one, that the Lord would incline the heart of my father to let me go, which he sometimes refused; and, in those days, it was like death to me to be kept from such a meeting. I have found by experience that to pray hard was the most successful method of obtaining my father's consent. The other request was, that the Lord would go with me, and that I might enjoy his presence there at his table; that, as in many times past, it might be a sealing ordinance to my soul, and that I might have such a sight of a bleeding and dying Saviour as might melt my heart, and enlarge it in love to his name. I went to my brother and waited, expecting to meet Mr. Wilson, but he not coming, it cut me to the heart, and fearing I should

not go, I burst into tears. Now I was afraid that all my prayers on this account were lost; my way seemed to be hedged up with thorns. At last, quite unexpectedly, came Mr. Bunyan; the sight of him caused a mixture both of joy and grief. I was glad to see him, but afraid he would not be willing to take me up behind him (he being on horseback) and how to ask him I knew not. After much entreaty, he was prevailed on; and O how glad was I to think I was going. I had not rode far before my heart began to be lifted up with pride at the thought of riding behind this servant of the Lord, and was pleased if any looked after us as we rode along; indeed, I thought myself very happy that day; first, that it pleased God to make way for my going; and then, that I should have the honour to ride behind Mr. Bunyan, who would sometimes be speaking to me about the things of God. My pride soon had a fall, for, in entering Gamlingay, we were met by one Mr. —, a clergyman, who lived at Bedford, and knew us both and spoke to us, but looked very hard at us as we rode along, and soon after raised a vile scandal upon us, though, blessed be God, it is false."

But I must not continue this very interesting account of Agnes Beaumont and Bunyan's calumniators, or the wonders of Divine Providence.

Saturday, 21.—I left by train for Huntington Station; from thence I was driven by my kind friend, Mr. S. Fyson, to Warboys, and preached three times on Lord's-day to a chapel full of people. It is arranged for me to preach once more at Warboys, when they will give me another collection.

Monday, 23.—I lectured in the evening in the Baptist Chapel, Broughton. The collection was £1 15s.

Tuesday, 24.—I went to St. Ives, and, through the kindness of brother Hynes and friends, I lectured in the Public Hall. There was a good attendance. My exposure of Popery was well received, and I hope will be the means of stirring up the people to put on the gospel armour, and prepare for the battle that will have to be fought over again between Protestantism and Romanism. I must say that the Baptist friends at St. Ives have done nobly. The collection was £10.

Lord's Day, 29.—I preached in the Baptist Chapel, Meopham, in Kent. Friends came from all parts; the chapel was full, and the hearts of many were full of thankfulness to the Lord, who caused his own precious word to have free course, and, as a sure consequence, the hand was opened to help.

On Monday, 31st, I lectured in the chapel for over two hours. Many said it was quite a reviving time for them. The collection was £10 0s. 4d. Mr. S. Crowhurst most kindly gave me a cheque for £5, so that I received £15 0s. 4d.

Tuesday, April 1.—I proceeded to Staines, and arrived in time to preach in the afternoon, after which there was a public tea provided. It was, indeed, quite cheering, to meet old friends to whom I had preached twenty-four years ago. In the evening I lectured, and could say—

"Thy ways, O Lord, with wise design,
Are framed upon thy throne above,
And every dark and bending line,
Meets in the centre of thy love."

The collection was £6 13s. Brother Webb, pastor of the church, was most kind and brotherly towards me.

Lord's Day, 5th.—I preached in the Baptist Chapel, Carlton, in Bedfordshire. During the three services the large chapel was crowded; there could not have been less than 700 present in the evening. I was favoured with liberty while preaching unto the people the unsearchable riches of Christ.

On Monday evening I lectured in the chapel, which was crowded. It was a glorious sight to see so many smiling faces looking at me and listening to my Australian reminiscences. The late pastor of the church, brother Bax, and brother Peet, from Sharnbrook, were present, and showed themselves kind and brotherly. The collection was £9 2s. 4½d., which was very good considering that, although the congregation was large, yet the people are poor in this world. They are in want of a pastor, and will be glad to help and support a good man. The Baptist Church of Carlton was formed in the year 1688, the first pastor was John Greenwood. On each side of the pulpit there are two tablets. The following is a copy:—

"M.S. Near this place are deposited the remains of the late pious and eminent servant of Christ, the Rev. Mr. Thomas Hull, pastor of the church upwards of 25 years, who departed this life May 17th, 1778. Aged 53 years. A man whose eminent piety, abilities, and usefulness rendered his death universally lamented."

"Sacred to the memory of the Rev. Charles Vorley, 41 years the beloved pastor of this church, who died October 23rd, 1837, aged 70. He was a man of strong native talent, cultivated by reading and meditations, of primitive simplicity of manner, eminent in prayer, doing the work of an evangelist, living above the world; a frequent and faithful preacher of the Gospel. His end was peace, resting upon the Rock of Ages for eternal life.

"His hand, the good man fasten'd on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor heeds her idle whirl."

Tuesday, 7th.—Mr. Hipwell drove me from Harrold to Olney, at whose house I was kindly received and entertained. In the evening I lectured in the British School Room, and on Wednesday evening I preached in the same place. There was a good attendance for Olney, and the collec-

tion was £5 8s. 11½d. I am particularly requested again to visit Olney, and preach on a Lord's day. Olney is the name of the town where two great and beloved poets lived. Newton, who wrote, —

"'Tis a point I long to know, &c."

And Cowper, the author of, —

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

Thursday, 9th.—I left Olney for Stowmarket, Suffolk, amid snow, hail, and rain. A cold and unpleasant journey it was, by way of Bedford, Cambridge, and then to Bury St. Edmunds, at which town I arrived between 9 and 10 o'clock, p.m.

Friday, 10th.—I left Bury St. Edmunds by the 7 o'clock train, cold and miserable, both in body and mind. Directly I arrived I was informed of a very sad calamity which had happened to Mr. John Runnacles, aged 84 years, and who had been deacon and pastor of the Baptist Church, Charsfield, Suffolk, over fifty years. He had destroyed himself by cutting his throat in the middle of the night, he being of unsound mind. How sad, and how evident it is, that persons who are thus afflicted, ought never to be left—no, not for one moment. About three or four years ago, Thomas Laggett, once a noted infidel, but, through sovereign grace, a believer and preacher of the Gospel of Christ, was called to the pastorate of the church. He had been unwell for some time. On the 2nd and 4th Lord's days in March he engaged to preach in the Baptist Chapel, Stowmarket; on the 2nd Lord's day he arrived, and attempted to preach from the text, "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift." He spoke for about ten minutes, and was obliged to leave off, was taken home, and died on the following Saturday.

"Ah! I shall soon be dying,
Time swiftly glides away;
But on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day—
The day when I shall enter
Upon a world my own,
My willing soul I'll render
To Jesus Christ alone."

Lord's Day, 12th.—I preached three anniversary sermons in Zoar Baptist Chapel, Ipswich. The chapel was full, but in the evening there was not room, for many went away. Brother Poock closed his chapel, and, with many of his friends, attended the evening service; and for that act of brotherly love toward the pastor and church at Zoar, he will, I am sure, lose nothing, but will gain the love and respect of the hundreds who were present, and who were glad to see him in their midst. I was greatly honoured of God, for the testimony of the people was that the word was blest to them. The Lord be praised.

On Monday 13th, I lectured to a chapel full of people. The collection, with donations I received during the day, through the kindness of the pastor, brother Willis

and brother Driver, one of the members of Zoar, amounted to £12.

I have just reaped another seal to my ministry 28 years ago, when I preached at Guildford, in Surrey. A Christian woman, who is now a member of Mr Poock's church, Ipswich, has just told me that a sermon I then preached from the words, "But Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation, &c," was the means, under God the Holy Ghost, of delivering her soul from death. Very many such encouraging instances I have met with during my travels through the Churches of Christ in England, and I have reason to hope, that while I am preaching and lecturing to thousands of persons in this favoured land, that many "brands will be plucked from the burning." Then will we sing—

Praise God the Father for his love,
Praise God the Son for precious blood,
Praise God the Holy Ghost for grace,
Wrought in the chosen blood-bought race.

Wednesday, 15th.—On my way from Ipswich I called at Chelmsford, and preached in the Baptist Chapel. The particulars I will give you in my next, as I have to lecture there in a few days.

Lord's Day, 19th.—I preached in brother Ponsford's chapel, Clapham. I was most wonderfully blessed; the Lord was with me, and the word had free course, and the people rejoiced, for they were indeed made joyful in that house of prayer; the consequence of which was that the hearts of the people, and their pockets likewise, were opened in the most Christian and liberal manner, for they sympathised and helped most wonderfully, considering that the congregation is not large. The pastor and friends united together with a determination to give according to their means.

On Monday evening I lectured on my Australian reminiscences, and was received by a chapel full of people in the warmest manner. Brother Ponsford, pastor of the church, took the chair, and pleaded our cause nobly and effectually, for the amount collected on Lord's day and Monday night, amounted to the munificent sum of £60 14s. 10½d.

I am thankful to say that I have made up the fifth hundred. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, &c.

J. B. McCune.

SOME OF OUR CHURCHES IN HAMPSHIRE.

Simply for the information of those who are called to move about, we make a note or two of a recent little journey. On the 25th March, we held service in Silver Hill Chapel, Winchester, where brother Holland is minister. We enjoyed the word and work of the Lord, and found several humble and sincere disciples of the Lord. A friend assured us, although Silver Hill

Chapel is not filled with hearers, still, in that church, said our friend, there are some real wrestling Jacobs—men mighty in prayer; and to unite with them is oftentimes a feat of fat things. This was good news. A new Baptist Chapel has recently been erected; but of that we know but little. On the 26th of March we preached in brother W. Chappell's chapel in Southampton. A good congregation, and a happy season. Brother Chappell has served the cause of truth much more than is generally known. As a Biblical commentator he has laboured severely. One of the handsomest Bibles we have ever seen was commenced, bearing capital notes from the pen of Mr. Chappell. His little work, entitled, "Salvation: What is it? And who is it for?" is in its third edition; and his last and very recently issued volume, entitled, "Essays and Poems," is a clear and correct testimony to every part of Divine Truth. In his person, in his ministry, and in his writings, three features are blended—neatness, carefulness, and faithfulness. This testimony will not be disputed by any who have long and well known our friend, William Chappell, minister of Bedford Place Chapel, in Southampton. Some friends may possess this volume entitled "Essays and Poems" (which can still be had of the author, Richmond Villa, Avenue, Southampton), who have neither seen or known this devoted author, but they have looked upon the photographic frontispiece, without forming any very pleasing ideas of the man it is intended to represent. That frontispiece is decidedly a libel upon our friend. Whoever shall look this author full in the face as we have done, will conclude with us, that the artist has not done him justice. This, however, is no drawback to the book; there the matter is well suited to all the spiritual necessities of the flock of slaughter, while the printing and binding render it a most respectable little volume. In "Cheering Words" for May, we have culled a little garland of prose and poetic flowers from Mr. Chappell's book, which, we hope, will be profitable to thousands of the dear children of God in all parts, some of whom will be glad to have the volume itself. In Brockenhurst, we held seven services in one week; then went on to Ringwood, Parley, and Poole. Of these places, fuller notes are preparing. Can only give the following now:—

RINGWOOD.—Special services were held in Ebenezer, April 6th. Mr. John Hudson preached in the morning; C. W. Banks afternoon and evening, and on Monday evening. We should be glad to see Mr. Hudson in a more hopeful sphere of labour. The Baptists ought to have a good cause in a town like Ringwood, but as yet their influence is not great.

At Setley, a village near Lymington, in Hants, I found a good man and his wife, in a kind of rural cot, who were once in a good position in Oxfordshire, but the dear man,

whose name is Grant, is now, and for a long time has been, in a great furnace of affliction. A cancer in the mouth is causing a kind of starvation death, accompanied with agonies and burning pains, at times unbearable. I had solemn liberty with the dear man in prayer; and he had sweet and comfortable liberty in talking to me. I found he was strong in faith, giving glory to God, even while the fires of disease were preying upon and eating up his flesh. He asked me if I would send him a few of Mr. Wells's sermons. I have done so. His intelligent wife said, "The Lord, the Bible, THE EARTHEN VESSEL, and Mr. Wells's sermons were the only sources of their spiritual comfort." And this many friends will tell me in different parts of the country; and yet, in my dark and despairing seasons I wish I had never known THE EARTHEN VESSEL, nor any of the books I have published; for, while they have been the means of good to thousands, they have been the means of making me many enemies. While I stood beside poor Mr. Grant's bed at Suteley, I did so wish I could give him a few shillings; but at that time, although I had preached in Winchester, Southampton, Brockenhurst, &c., I had not one farthing to call my own. I had sold a few books, but all the proceeds therefrom I had to send to those who have the care of my business. So I determined to call attention to Mr. Grant's case in this May VESSEL, and to ask the benevolent children of God, on whom Providence has smiled, to address a few lines to Mr. Grant, at the School Cottage, on Setley Heath, near Lymington, Hants, and enclose therein a few shillings' worth of stamps, or a note of some size. The Lord will reward them for it. Come, ye well-paid ministers, and all who have enough—and some little to spare, think of such suffering and deeply tried saints as Mr. Grant, of Setley; and poor Samuel Foster, of Sturry, near Canterbury; and others in our Bethnal Green district; for, when killing pains are in the body, and starving poverty is in the pocket, it is a crisis very trying to faith and to patience too.

I left Mr. Grant's cottage accompanied by my kind brother, Mr. Makepeace; and when he and his good wife had given me tea, farmer Martin and his most industrious spouse, took me up into New Park. There in a crowded cottage meeting, I was secretly instructed to speak upon the New Birth. I believe it was a word in season. We had a pleasant journey home. The Lord's presence had made us quite happy. The moon shone clearly over our heads. As we had a young colt to draw us, I took Judge Paine's advice—

"Toward the young colt's head
I kept my eyes quite right;
And with my hands upon the cart,
I failed not to 'hold tight.'"

So, through Divine goodness, we reached Barn Cottage in safety. After speaking seven times in Brockenhurst, I left it for

Ringwood, Saturday, April 4th, and with more grateful reluctance I never left any country friends than I did those at sweet little Brockenhurst.

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WALWORTH ROAD.—SURREY TAVERNACLE, WANSEY STREET.—The usual Good Friday services were held in this place. In the afternoon, the respected pastor delivered—according to a promise he made on the previous Sabbath—one of his best discourses, which was listened to by a large audience with very marked attention. After the afternoon service, between six and seven hundred persons were supplied with an excellent tea. In the evening a public meeting was held; Mr. Thomas Pocock presided. After singing, prayer on behalf of the Church and its pastor was offered by Mr. R. G. Edwards of Sutton, Isle of Ely. Mr. Wells, previous to the Chairman's opening address, took occasion to thank the large audience for such a numerical response to the invitation to attend on the occasion, and remarked it was proof of their permanent attachment to the cause of God and truth. The Chairman then introduced the business of the meeting. Before doing so, however, he related some of the exercises of his own mind, and in an unassuming and evidently honest and sincere way, narrated some of the very many mercies the Lord had blessed him with, both temporally and spiritually, dropping a remark or two on some of the sweet applications of the word of God to his own soul he had lately been the subject of. These simple narrations of the "way He has led me" evidently struck a chord in the hearts of his hearers, who appeared to receive such a testimony from an aged Christian as a great encouragement, and a unity of feeling was the result. The object of the meeting was then dwelt upon, and can be mentioned in few words. The chapel, which is entirely paid for, is subject to an annual ground-rent of £115. At the rear of the chapel, on a piece of ground included in the chapel plot, the friends have erected some houses. The money for the erection of these houses—about £2,000—has been borrowed. The desire of the church is to raise this £2,000, and then specially devote the rents of these houses to the payments of the ground-rent of the chapel, thus rendering this handsome edifice equal to a *freehold*. The object commended itself to all; and the Chairman left it to the meeting to do what they considered was right. Mr. Edward Butt spoke of the result of the Church's various benevolent efforts during the past

twelve months. To the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society they had subscribed the handsome sum of £202, and £10 for the new Asylum. To their brother M'Cure, from Australia, they had most cheerfully given £117, which had, he thought, been a great encouragement to Mr. M'Cure in starting him cheerfully on his mission. The Ladies' Benevolent Society—quietly and almost unobserved, but rendering a great service where much needed—had distributed £91 14s. 11d. The annual collection for the poor at Christmas was the largest collection ever made for that special object, amounting to no less a sum than £90. The ordinance collection and sick fund reached the large sum of £187. Total to benevolent objects in one year of £697. There was no slackening in their various endeavours to do good. The Gospel was still sounded in their midst; the Word was attended with much power; many testimonies were being given of the work of the Holy Ghost in their midst; and much good was being accomplished. Mr. Wells followed with some excellent remarks on the great work that has been accomplished by the people, and how manifestly the Lord has blessed them in the work. The object in making the provision for the ground-rent was in case at any time the Church should sink low, and be unable to pay it, and thus the chapel might become lost. It was to make the place doubly secure to the denomination; for, although there were many who did not like James Wells, there were very few who would not like James Wells's Chapel. It was quite a voluntary matter, and would, he felt sure, be dealt with in the same spirit as they had dealt with all other such matters. A number of subscriptions were then given towards the object. Some excellent addresses were delivered by some ministerial brethren; and after singing and prayer, the interesting proceedings were brought to a close.

R.

NASH. — Mr. Rickett, the honoured pastor, is well accepted at Nash. On Easter Sunday, his beloved pastor, Mr. Hutchings, of Bedmond, preached at Nash. The causes of truth, in this part of our favoured land, are faithfully following their Lord. Mr. Edgerton, of Tring, preached in many of the villages round the borders of Bucks and Herts, and the people hear him gladly.

STOKE NEWINGTON. — On Good Friday, the second commemoration of the re-opening of Mount Zion Chapel, Stoke Newington, was a season of cheerfulness and spiritual refreshing. After a good tea

meeting, Mr. Cornwell presided over a more numerous and happy meeting than we have ever seen in that convenient place of worship. Mr. Cornwell noticed the progress they had made; the new vestries, and the baptistery, which had been used, and would shortly be again. In every sense there was improvement visible, and a prospect of increasing success appears opening up before our brother. Mr. Stevens, the pastor of Church street, C. W. Banks, Mr. Parnell, Mr. Beazley, Mr. Rayment and others took part in the service, while the Walthamstow Choir sang several beautiful pieces. On Easter Sunday three sermons were preached by Mr. Cornwell, Mr. Baugh, and C. W. Banks. The congregations were more numerous than we have before seen them; and by a steady perseverance, the church, the schools, and the cause altogether, is comfortably advancing.

NEWTON ABBOTT. — On Thursday, April 2, a tea and public meeting was held in the Baptist Chapel, for the purpose of presenting a small testimonial to the pastor, F. Pearce, prior to his leaving for Reading. Tea being over, the evening meeting commenced at half-past seven with singing and prayer. Mr. Perrott, of Torquay, then gave an address; and on behalf of the friends presented Mr. Pearce with a purse containing £11 1s. 6d. Mr. Row (Independent), also made a few suitable remarks, and Mr. Cowell heartily wished Mr. Pearce every success in his new sphere of labour at Reading. Mr. Pearce leaves Newton after seven years pastorate, much to the regret of many friends. The church here looks to the Great Head to send a suitable supply in his own good time and way.

BERMONDSEY NEW ROAD. — EBENEZER. — On Easter Monday, April 13, the annual meeting, in aid of the Poor and Sick Society, was held as usual. Mr. Thomas Stringer preached an excellent sermon in the afternoon from Micah v. 4, to a large congregation; more than a hundred friends then partook of a good tea; all seemed happy. The evening meeting was truly encouraging; Mr. Stringer presided, and in his usual warm-hearted manner, made some cheering remarks. The report was read by brother Knott (which the minister said was a thorough good one), and showed that over £27 had been collected and distributed (except a small balance in hand), among the Lord's poor and needy people, in the past year. Brethren Caunt, Mears, Silverton, and Wale gave good sound cheerful addresses on given subjects in connection with the Lord's poor and afflicted people. Brother Lawrence (who has supplied the pulpit for six months, and has promised to do so six months longer, by the unanimous wish of the church), also made some remarks relative to the solemnity he felt in complying with the church's request, and concluded

by proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Stringer for presiding over the meeting, which was seconded by Mr. William Stringer, who in a few words spoke of the Lord's goodness in still blessing the word through Mr. Lawrence, and of the love and union existing among them. The chapel was full, and the collections good.—
ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.

MOTTINGHAM, KENT.—This rapidly rising little village, situate about eight miles from London, and containing about 400 inhabitants, has until very recently, been utterly destitute of the means of grace, there being neither a place of worship or school within a distance of two or three miles. Mr. Armstrong in the providence of God, being brought to reside in this locality, and seeing a large sphere of usefulness, threw open his house for the preaching of the word. The friends in connection with Dacre Park Chapel, Lee, very kindly furnished us with some seats, and have sent supplies from week to week. The work is now three months old, and so far the Lord has been prospering it. The Sunday school, which now contains fifty scholars, meets morning and afternoon. Divine service is held in the evening with a general attendance of from forty to fifty. Week evening services have been held, at which Mr. B. B. Wale, and Mr. Whittle, of Bexley, have preached; these, however, will be discontinued during the summer months, to make room for open air work, if the Lord will. A grant of tracts having been obtained from the Baptist Tract Society, through the kindness of James Mote, Esq., the distribution of the same, and house to house visitation is vigorously carried on. A gentleman in connection with Clayland's Congregational Chapel, Kennington, has also kindly forwarded two dozen Bibles for the use of the school. We ask an interest in the prayers of the Lord's believing people, that God the Holy Spirit may bless the means used to the conversion of sinners, and the building up of his one church, to the praise of the glory of his grace.

RYARSH.—MR. EDITOR.—Our annual tea meeting was holden at Ryarsh on Tuesday, 10th March, when a goodly number partook of tea. The public meeting commenced by singing and prayer, when Mr. Wall, previous to speaking from his subject, presented the minister on behalf of the members and friends, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and Bunyan's "Holy War," handsomely bound; and a Greek Concordance, from a sincere friend, as a token of respect and appreciation of his labours among them. Mr. Wale spoke upon Jesus as the bridegroom of the bride (the church) with much sweetness and pleasure. Mr. Dalton followed upon Jesus as the Corner Stone, pointing out the safety and security of the church upon such a basis. Mr. Nevill was the next speaker upon the Pearl of Great Price.

He was led by grace Divine to seek and look for this pearl near fifty years gone by, and he had found him, to the joy of his heart, thus encouraging those that were seeking; as he found, so would they. Mr. Martin next spoke upon Jesus as the Captain of Salvation. He showed how the Captain had conquered all the foes, obtained the victory over sin, death, and hell, and was now at the head of the army, leading them on through this warfare unto that rest and home he has provided for them. We had a very large attendance; altogether was a spiritual, godly meeting. The friends went home rejoicing in the Lord. We have great cause for gratitude to the Lord for what he is doing in this locality, in blessing the word, by bringing sinners to repentance, and encouraging and feeding the pilgrims of Zion. Yours affectionately, JOHN JULL.
Wrotham Water.

IPSWICH.—ZOAR CHAPEL.—On Good Friday a social tea meeting was held, when more than 230 friends partook of the bounties of the Good Creator. In the evening a goodly number united in praise and prayer, and enlivening addresses were delivered by Brethren Pooch, Whorlow, Morris, and Willis. On Lord's day, April 12th, the anniversary sermons were preached by J. B. McCure. The attendance was large. In the evening we were overcrowded, and several went away, not being able to get into the chapel. Our collections were good. The word preached came home with power to many souls. It was truly a refreshing day. On Monday evening, April 13th, our brother McCure delivered his lecture—"Reminiscences in the Colonies of Australia," which was well received by the numerous company assembled. The lecture was delivered in a narrative form; the facts related were very telling, and calculated to instruct, cheer, comfort, and encourage the tried believing family of God. We thank God and take courage. On Lord's day morning, March 1st, three of Zion's obedient children were baptised by Mr. Willis, pastor; and in the afternoon of the day were received, with one other disciple, into fellowship with the church. We raise another Ebenezer.—ONE WHO LOVES ZION.

WYCOMBE.—ZION CHAPEL.—On Wednesday, April 15th, the anniversary of the opening of this place of worship was held. The weather was all we could have wished, and a good many friends from the country and a few from London also, spent the day with us. Mr. Bennett, of Tring, preached two good sermons, and we found "The Lord of Hosts was with us." Our school room was well filled by the friends, to partake of an excellent tea provided free; and we were enabled to reduce the debt on the chapel by £16, making near £500 collected since laying the foundation stone on Aug. 14th, 1862. Besides this, about £100 yearly has been paid for the support of the min-

istry, &c. We thank God and take courage; we have lost several dear friends by removal in providence; and some are gone home to glory; others have been raised up in their places; some have followed the Lord in his ordinance, and "yet there is room." We have cause to praise God also, for his goodness to some of our scholars. Two that have died during this year have given proof of their union to Jesus, and now see him face to face; one was indeed triumphant in death. Hallelujah!—Yours in Jesus, R. COLLINS.

SOUTH HACKNEY.—SPELDHURST ROAD, NEAR THE CHURCH.—On Lord's day, April 12th, special services were held when three good sermons were preached by Mr. Sankey and Mr. J. Blake. The attendance was good; the collections liberal. On the following Tuesday tea was provided, of which a good number partook; after which a public meeting was held, Mr. Wyard in the chair; after prayer, by Mr. Ansel, of Plumstead. Encouraging and appropriate speeches were delivered by Messrs. Dickerson, Woodard, Maycock, Dearnly, and Sankey, each expressing hearty sympathy with the object—to establish a cause in the locality. The place was crowded, and many expressed their pleasure in the progress the infant cause had made. We hope soon to form a church, and in the Lord's time to have an under shepherd, who shall stately break the Bread of Life in our midst; and that peace and unanimity may characterise the little band.

Notes of the Month.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RECEIVED.—E. Cornwell; H. Penfold; F. Collins; W. Wilson; John Hudson; R. Tyler; E. M. Reed; E. C.; John Wilson; "The Little Gleaner," with its beautiful illustration, &c.

THE rib of T. C. is quite right. There is hope for the church in such young men as Mr. Griffin.

A FULL account of the ordination of Mr. H. L. Griffin will appear in our June number, as it was delayed by unforeseen circumstances—too late for insertion. It was the intention of the deacons to publish the whole of it verbatim in a separate pamphlet, but a misunderstanding with the reporter, and Mr. Griffin's desire that it should not at present be published, has prevented it.

SAD SCENES.—A correspondent says much has been said of late in the local papers respecting the chapel dispute; and much it is to be lamented. On April 12th inst., the minister administered the ordinance to twenty-two of his members, and erased at the same time forty-eight of the more advanced disciples from the church, refusing them communion without assigning any particular complaint against them, only that they are "Hypers." He also

turned out 100 children, the teachers, and superintendents of the Sunday school, into the street, or rather on the village green, and looked them out of the chapel; told the public he should begin a fresh school, and superintend it himself. I never witnessed such a scene before, nor do I ever wish to see such a scene again. Teachers and children sobbing and crying with broken spirits, enough to move the hardest heart. Many were moved on that occasion, manifesting great sympathy for the children. We have heard of lordly deacons; but a despotic Christian minister seems dreadful. What can we think, when love, peace, charity, and discretion have taken wings and flown away? Many of those who have been turned out have been members for ten, twenty, thirty, and forty years; men who are an honour to the church, and a credit to the village in which they live; many of them have no blemish on their moral character. All the officers have been set aside, without consulting the majority of the church; men who value the truth, and love it dearly; and would rather suffer as did their forefathers, for conscience sake, than give place to a yea and nay gospel. May the Lord in his mercy interpose for us, is the prayer of yours, in the bonds of the Gospel,—A PERSECUTED DEACON.

MINISTERIAL.

THINK OF THIS.—A friend says, W. Holmes, so many years a useful itinerant, and a deacon of Mr. John Foreman's, is confined to his house by illness. Let those who are enjoying good health and strength visit their afflicted brethren. Since the above was written we have received the following:—W. Holmes has removed from 3, New-street to 19, Hill-street, Dorset-square, where all future communications may be addressed.

We regret to say Mr. Spurgeon has been confined to his house with a sharp attack of rheumatic gout in the leg.

MR. JOHN BUNYAN MCCURE AND MR. MITSON.—From "The Log Book" and from the reports of his great success in this country, nearly everybody has now heard and read of our Christian brother, John Bunyan McCure, who came, last autumn, from Sydney, New South Wales, to England, asking our good people to give him one thousand pounds to pay for a large chapel he has erected in the land of his adoption, and with which he will soon thither most gratefully return. But thousands who have heard of him, have never seen him; those who have seen him desired to possess something which might bring him and his Gospel testimony to mind, after he has left us. To meet these desires, his friend, Mr. Mitson, a well known and much valued brother of the New Surrey Tabernacle, has had some first class *cartes-de-visite* taken, which can be had, we suppose, at our office, or of Mr. Mitson. Two different cartes are now before us. The

one represents Mr. McCure as he stands before the people when delivering his popular lecture; the other represents him with his friend, Mr. Mitson, sitting by his side. Both are correct, yea, striking likenesses, and will be pleasing remembrancers of the good man, and of his mission. They are as perfect as the present state of that beautiful art can render them.

ESSEX.—The Mr. Warren, "an old pastor," enquired for, is, we believe, preaching at the Tabernacle, Plumstead; but whether settled or not, we cannot tell.

MR. JOHN NEVE.—MR. EDITOR,—Having seen an enquiry concerning me, by my friend, Mr. Charles Graham, of New York, will you put my address in *THE EARTHEN VESSEL*? Mr. Graham will then see it, as I suppose your *VESSEL* goes to New York. My address is—Mr. John Neve, Kent Cottages, Waltham New Town, Hertfordshire.

[We have correspondence from different parts of the United States, and believe *THE EARTHEN VESSEL* is circulated in the different cities and districts of that immense country.—ED.]

MR. WILLIAM STOKES.—We learn with much regret, that Mr. William Stokes, of Manchester (the author of that useful and essentially-necessary book, "The History of the Baptists"), has recently received the heart-rending intelligence that his son has been shot on board a ship; the particulars of which we may be able to give another month. Our excellent and devoted friend, Mr. Stokes, will have, we are certain, the sympathy and prayers of thousands in this country.

STOKE NEWINGTON GREEN.—A correspondent says Mr. Cornwell had a most glorious day on Sunday, March 22nd. He opened his new pool, and baptised four believers. Mount Zion Chapel was crowded in every corner. We hope good will arise from it.

CHURCHES.

MR. NEWBORN AT BEDFORD.—A correspondent says: "I am at the present time hearing Mr. John Newborn, 86 years of age; a perfect wonder! his power, and vigour, and strength, are marvellous. Caudwell Street Particular Baptist Chapel is now well filled. Mr. Newborn stands for more than an hour, and then seems not the least fatigued. Both himself and wife are most gracious Christians; reflecting so much the image of their Master. A friend wrote me from London who thought Mr. Newborn was gone home; or, if living, quite unfit for preaching. They would marvel greatly were they to see him; he does not look more than fifty in the pulpit."

MR. AVERY having resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Hadlow, Kent, is at liberty to supply destitute churches. Address: Mr. Avery, Hadlow, Kent.

LITERARY.

THE LATE REV. W. PARKS.—We

understand that a volume is being prepared for publication consisting of Notes of Sermons, hitherto unpublished, of the late Rev. W. Parks, together with a memoir and preface. The volume will be edited by D. A. Doudney, D.D.

WE understand the fourth thousand of Mr. George Thomas Congreve's excellent Sunday School reward book, entitled, "Eight Acrostics on the Bible," is now in course of publication.

JOHN CALVIN AT HOME.—"Dear brother," said a deacon to a minister the other day, "we wish you to supply our pulpit for three months; to preach to us twice every Lord's day, and on every Thursday evening, paying your railway expenses yourself, and we will give you seven shillings and sixpence per week." "Indeed," said the young minister, "I must think about it." In these days, such a salary looks very small; and small, indeed, it is; but in ancient records it does appear ministers have sometimes been made to live on very little, and in a very humble way. Mr. Messer, in his Tercentenary Life of Calvin—a twopenny supplement to *THE EARTHEN VESSEL* which we published some time since, and which can still be had at our office—says:—"In order to form something like a definite idea of this good man's life after he became a husband, we will now visit his home. That the home he occupied was a very humble one, is evident from the testimony of more than one of his biographers. In the inventory of the furniture his house contained, we meet with the following entry: 'A cupboard without a lock; a dozen stools, good as well as bad; a high back chair of joiner's work, &c.' In this humble home the great reformer lived and loved, and here he penned some of those works which are thought to be famous and priceless by those who know how to appreciate pure, saving, God-honouring truth."

"THE LORD'S GOODNESS ACKNOWLEDGED," &c. By Jabez Evans. Printed by Jenkin Thomas, Plymouth. This sixpenny auto-biography of the writer is a plain testimony of the way in which Jabez Evans lived as a sinner, and of the Lord's mercy towards him in preserving and saving him, in every sense of the word. Paul's description of the redeemed is herein remarkably verified, "Ye see your calling, brethren, that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called, for God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise," &c. The way of life is herein feebly delineated.

"THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW."—A new first-class literary monthly—in an article on *The London Press*—has referred, in a singular manner, twice to *THE EARTHEN VESSEL*, showing that, in certain channels, articles in our monthly would have considerable influence. From the gentle hint implied, we feel justified in asking our kind correspondents, and brethren all, to aim at a

more earnest contention for Divine truth than ever; but that it should be in a manner, spirit, and style, calculated to edify the tens of thousands who are now springing up in our churches, and taking the places occupied by their fathers and mothers, who were our friends, but have been called home. The truth of heaven is as beautiful in its expression as it is rich and exalting in its experimental possession.

MR. WILLIAM STOKES, of Manchester, has kindly promised us a series of papers on "The Sects and Heresies of the Christian Church;" the first of which will, we expect, appear in our June number.

"My Log Book."—A correspondent in Wiltshire, says: "I was pleased with the 'Log Book'; it is a nice thing for those who know nothing of sea voyages. I shall rejoice to hear Mr. Bunyan McCure was successful in his mission. I should have been glad to have seen him in our quarter; but the people take no interest in it; the time will come when these divisions will not be known."

BENEVOLENT.

BREAD AND CLOTHES DISTRIBUTION.—One most lamentable distress case—a poor female dressmaker, who has been a widow for thirty years, existing on the proceeds of her needle, but now reduced almost to skin and bone, has been found out and relieved, with many others, who have long struggled against the tide of adversity. Mr. Plaw, in a note says: "I have sent Mrs. — to see if you can give her a trifle; she is in great distress, her husband having no work. I gave to another case a loaf; they are starving."—[It is a painful fact that professing Christians, who live in the neighbourhood of the worst scenes of intense poverty, do nothing either to search out, or to relieve their starving neighbours.] Considerable effort has been made to carry out the following request in the most charitable manner: "To Mrs. Banks,—Will you kindly distribute the inclosed £1 in silver and clothing sent as you think best?—M. M., Westminster, Feb. 13, 1868."

STURRY, CANTERBURY, KENT.—Dear Brother,—I acknowledge thanks for the kindness of friends to me. I am in much pain; but the Lord is gracious. Names and thank offerings: Aylesbury, 10s.; C. F. S. B., 2s. 6d.; Bible Room, Colchester, 2s. 6d.—SAMUEL FOSTER.

AN APPEAL to Christian friends, on behalf of the people worshipping at Knowl Hill Chapel, having recently been bereaved of their beloved pastor, Mr. Mason, who for some years lay on a bed of sickness. The difficulties with the debt of £31, we feel they cannot surmount, without the help of the truly benevolent, which will be received with great gratitude, desiring to ascribe all the blessing and honour to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Collecting cards will be forwarded by Mr. Chas. Wise, St. Mary's Butte, Reading; Mr. Jas. Varney, 28, Weylen-street, and W. Brown, 28,

Oxford street, helpers together in the good work, by whom all contributions will be thankfully received, and duly acknowledged.

"BETHNAL GREEN MISSION OF RELIEF TO THE LORD'S POOR."—"J. W." and friends interested in this mission of bread, clothes, and money, to the most quiet and needy of the Lord's family, will please see the note inside of this April Vessel.

A dear old pilgrim, John Gardner, still lives at 50, Berwick street, Oxford street. Many years he preached the gospel, but for fourteen years has been confined to his room, helpless. Many of his former friends are dead. Will any visit the Lord by calling on one of his brethren?

MR. YARROW's case, as noticed last month, has met with sympathy. Mrs. Moore, of Bedford, has sent 5s.

GENERAL.

IMPORTANT.—The denial of the Deity and distinct Personality of the Holy Ghost, by some in our churches, certainly calls for the published testimonies of such true believers whose hearts have been comforted being knit together in love, and unto all riches of the full assurance of understanding, to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ (Col. ii. 2). We fear that while we have been zealously employed in giving experiences, Church records, &c., the more essential and eternal, and absolutely fundamental doctrines of the grace of God have been slighted or omitted; and hence, while we have slept, tares have been sown; they are springing up; they are troubling our churches to an extent not generally known. As an introductory note, we ask, cannot brethren be found who will be willing, and are able to give us a series of papers on all such facts as are revealed in the Word of God concerning the Three Glorious Persons in the Godhead, whom, in all other benedictions and doxologies, we acknowledge and adore? This is a serious question. We pray, yes, truly, we pray, it may be considered, and responded unto, for we must plead guilty in suffering such great matters to be almost hidden. Brethren, think, and pray, and get to work.

WHAT PRISON IS IT?—Dear Sir,—Pardon the liberty I take in asking for a space in your Vessel columns; but should feel greatly obliged by yourself, or any of your readers kindly giving their thoughts upon 1st Peter, 3rd chapter and 19th verse. The passage is, to my own mind, rather obscure, and hearing a friend (a Roman Catholic) who asserts that the "Prison" referred to is the place of purgatory, I am more especially desirous to have a clear interpretation of the text. I am, Mr. Editor, yours, &c., A CONSTANT READER.—[We ask our brethren to give us the mind of God on this text, which has been obscure to many.—Ed.]

Good Old Renalder Bows, and his Gospel Cottage.

A NARRATIVE BY MR. GEORGE KELLAWAY, MINISTER OF THE
GOSPEL, YEovil.

"Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." Rev. xiv. 13.

"Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." John vi. 12.

[We have carefully read the following memoir, and hope it may be read by many thousands, with solemnity of mind and gratitude to God.—Ed.]

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—After a long silence I take my pen to address you. My chief object in writing is to give you some account of the life and death of Renalder Bows, of East Coker, near Yeovil. This aged saint died Sunday, March 22nd, in the eightieth year of his age, having lived in the fear of God fifty years. His end was peace. I will give you, first, a short account of his life; secondly, of his death; thirdly, some general and particular features of his character. I have attempted to write to you on this account several times before, but when I have approached the subject of his death, my heart was filled with such strong emotions, that my eyes were filled with tears, and I was obliged to desist. Being now pushed forward by those portions of the Word which you see cited at the head of this narrative, I hope that something I may have to say respecting this somewhat singular and happy Christian may prove useful to some of the wide-spread family of the living God. My departed friend in early life was, what we would call, a gay, merry-hearted fellow, not addicted to crime or violence; nevertheless, he was the subject of natural convictions. The law of God disturbed his conscience, and, as he told me, induced him to have recourse to religious reformation, in order to meet the requirements of the law, and to make himself a fit subject to receive the grace of God. In a word, he strove hard to do something for himself. At this time, both his wife and himself were choral singers in the Parish Church at East Coker, where they continued until about the twenty-ninth year of his age, when God, in the riches of his grace, directed his steps to the old tabernacle at Yeovil. At that time, a Mr. Davis was preaching there with much acceptance and usefulness; and once addressing his audience in a quaint style, said he had brought something there that day for the hucksters. So my worthy friend found himself one of these hucksters that had been doing business for himself; he saw he was deep in debt, and had nothing wherewith to meet it, and was in danger of perpetual imprisonment; here the law put in a demand with "Pay me what thou owest." He did not know how to agree with his adversary quickly whilst he was in the way. It was here God sent his word into his soul with light and power, and thundered with the voice of his excellency; it was here the Lord bored his ear and his heart, and prepared him for hearing and receiving the glorious gospel of the blessed

God. This work of conviction left him without hope, and dashed his feelings to pieces, like a potter's vessel ; but it was soon followed by a joyful conversion ; that beautiful portion, the 89th Psalm (15 and 16th verses), "Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound ; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance. In thy name shall they rejoice all the day ; and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted." Thus did the Lord deliver a lawful captive, and made him glad with his salvation ; filled his soul with light, life, love, and liberty. He was much indulged with the honey, milk, and Gospel wine, in the days of his espousals. About this time his wife was called, and they both became members of the church at the Tabernacle, Yeovil, where they have continued consistent members. When they were thus brought to walk together in the new life, they opened a prayer meeting in their house, and it has been kept up for forty years. Thirty years ago Mr. Bidder got the house licensed for preaching ; here he preached week nights for about five years, when he left Yeovil, and wished me to succeed him ; and I have gone to that place more or less twenty-five years. I call it my village station. Various ministers have preached the gospel in that memorable old cottage, such as John Lareby, John Webster, George Godding, Isaac Comfort, W. Jay, and others. My dear old friend read out the hymns, pitched tunes, read and expounded the word, or read a sermon, and sometimes a choice piece from *THE EARTHEN VESSEL*, written by our much-esteemed brother Wells. Our departed aged brother was rich in faith, and a father in Israel. We lived in the closest union and fellowship together for twenty-five years ; the unity of the Spirit was kept in the bond of peace ; it was not cut off or burnt out ; nor chilled into a consumption. He was one of the best wearing men I ever met with. Some years after he was called, he was led to see the ordinance of believer's baptism, and was, with his father, baptised by Mr. Comfort. This dear old saint was enabled to hold the truth in a pure conscience. It may be truly said of him, he has run a good race ; has fought a good fight ; kept the faith, and, doubtless, ere now, has received a crown of righteousness that fadeth not away. He and his wife lived together over fifty years, without having had any children. Many of the Lord's poor children have been welcomed to their table to partake of their humble fare for more than forty years. He seemed to enjoy a measure of Gospel light and liberty above many. His feet stood in an even place in the covenant, love, work, blood, and righteousness of Christ. His faith stood firm, and rejoiced in hope of the glory of God. Our departed brother looked like one of those that came in at the south gate, and felt assured that he would go out at the north gate. That a great change would take place toward the close of his mortal life, I had told him ; and so it came to pass. He continued his daily labour until seventy-five years of age. His wife was a weaver ; they both outlived their strength, were obliged to give up, and live upon the old age parish pay, which, together with the help of friends, they have never wanted for the common necessities of life. Mrs. L. (a godly lady) supplied them with clothing and money, and cordials for years, and since his decease she has been very kind to the widow, and has ordered a headstone to be set up by his grave ; she says not to exalt the man, but out of respect for that which he carried with him. Another godly lady, Mrs. S —, has made me a special messenger to carry them both money

and cordials in the hour of need; and B—— Esq.—though a Churchman and a magistrate—did not disdain to visit this singular old pilgrim in his humble cottage in the time of affliction. I may add, that from his youth he was troubled with a constitutional cough, which finally pulled down his tabernacle. He had other afflictions at different periods of his life, all of which he bore with remarkable patience and Christian fortitude until about two years ago, when a great change took place in his body and experience; the cough became more violent, which so shook the old tabernacle that it tottered and tumbled with its infirmities. God hid his face; darkness of soul came on; Satan set in upon him with great fury, and his fiery darts fell thick and fast upon him; his soul was shaken to the very centre; the fountains of iniquity in the fallen nature were opened up; his evidences of Divine life were beclouded; the fears of death compassed him, and the distant approach of death often made him shake. He looked amazed, and complained to me of his state, and of what he saw and felt of the body of sin and death, such as he had never felt before. I have seen him hang down his head on the table and bury his face in his hands, with the darkness and dreariness of a wintry night. He was filled with doubts and fears of his state; this great change made him very irritable and passionate at times, and he appeared to have great conflicts with Satan. When obliged to keep his bed, sometimes he did beat his hand on the bed as though he was contending sharply with an enemy. This trying experience continued with him until within a few weeks of his departure. I visited him and prayed with him, and for him, which he seemed to enjoy, and expressed great satisfaction. When the great darkness and fear had passed away from his soul, he felt a sweet calm; his spirit resigned to the will of God, waiting to be called up higher; and when friends called to see him his heart and mouth was full of Christ the Saviour's great love, and great person, and great work, and great salvation; his perfect righteousness, and glorious redemption; these were the choice themes of his heart. I saw him a few days before he died, and perceived that the Sun of Righteousness had arisen upon him, and that his end was near. While the Gospel glory beamed through his languid eyes I knelt down and prayed earnestly for him, which he seemed to feel and enjoy. He said the truths he had heard me preach for years past had been gathered up and laid upon his mind with such power and unction as he had never felt before. Sunday morning, March 22nd, about three o'clock, he felt the dissolution pressing him sore, and said, "This is my last Sabbath here. My dear heavenly Father, take me home to thy eternal Sabbath." After this he lay very quiet till about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when he gently fell asleep, with a little band of the Lord's people standing round his bed. I attended the funeral, and spoke over the remains, and, in accordance with his own arrangement, took his conversion text for his funeral sermon. Now, with regard to the features of his character, I will notice first, simplicity in his manner of living. He always preferred the plainest food, and modest apparel; the glittering fashions of the world had no charms for him. In his godly experience we find a simple and entire reliance upon the love, grace, and mercy of God in Christ; an habitual dependence upon the person, blood, and righteousness of Christ for life and eternal salvation. Secondly, I will notice godly fear; this well-spring of life was never dried up in

him; it was a governing principle in his soul, and he feared the Lord above many. He would kneel down on the hearth and pray earnestly to be kept from presumptuous sins, and was grieved at heart to hear of the saints falling into sin. Thirdly, constancy. He was a steadfast believer in every truth of the Gospel, and adhered closely to the electing love of God the Father; the redeeming blood of Jesus Christ; and the regenerating grace and power of God the Holy Ghost. Fourth, prayer. He was often engaged in this solemn and godly exercise, especially in his latter days. Fifthly, honesty. It may truly be said of him that he owed no man anything. Sixthly, liberality. He would divide his last crust or give away a sixpence when we would think he wanted for himself. He always expressed a tender regard for the temporal and eternal welfare of the minister of truth, and for the peace and prosperity of the whole Church of God.

“At Evening Time it shall be Night.”

Zec. xiv. 7.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Thinking that your readers would like to see an account of the departure of my dear wife from this vale of tears to that “rest which remaineth for the people of God,” I take this opportunity of sending you a short outline of Lord’s gracious dealings with her. She has been (as you know), a great sufferer for many years in body and mind.

About twenty years ago it pleased the dear Lord to call her by his grace, to convince her of her state as a sinner, caused her to cry for mercy, and in his own good time brought her to love salvation by grace.

At first the work was gentle; she often said, “I fear I am not right.”

“Tis a point I long to know,
 Off it causes anxious thought,
 Do I love the Lord or no,
 Am I His, or am I not?”

The sermons you preached at Darling Place Cambridge-road, were made a great blessing to her soul. The work was deepened, she became established in the truth, and was a constant attendant on the means of grace.

Eighteen years ago last Easter Sunday, she was baptised, and joined a strict Baptist Church under the pastoral care of Mr. W. Chamberlain. At Grosvenor-street, Commercial-road, a sermon preached by him from Isaiah xl. 11, “He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm,” was made a blessing to her; she often spoke of it, also another from Zech. xiii. 12, “In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and uncleanness.” But yet not able to realise her interest in Christ, she had a dread of death, always nervous and very delicate, not knowing what it was to be free from pain twenty-four hours at a time for the last twelve years. Having a large family, I often regarded her as an over-anxious mother, still believed “At evening

time it would be light" with her soul. My dear wife gave birth to her tenth child in June 1866: The doctor said it would be impossible for her to last long; but the appointed time was fixed. From that time she gradually declined; she would often say to a friend, "I feel I cannot part with my dear husband." She was indeed a kind and loving wife; but natural ties must be severed. On one occasion I said to her, "What do you think of your hope?" "I know it is a good one?" "For what reason?" She answered, "My hope is built on nothing less than Jesus's blood and righteousness." She would sometimes say, referring to the sufferings of Christ:

"His way was much rougher and darker than mine,
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?"

The time at last came when the Lord broke in with light in her soul, as I believed he would.

On Saturday, April 18th, the day before my beloved wife bade adieu to pain, she was blessed with sweet confidence, and spoke of many hymns that had been precious to her soul. She conversed freely of the goodness of the Lord to us in all our trials. Speaking of various friends who had departed this life for the better world, and of the different portions of the word of God from which I had improved their deaths, I said, "What words do you think suitable to your own case?" I shall never forget the reply, and the sweet smile she gave, "Why 'Casting all your care upon Him, for he careth for you.'" "I know he has cared for me," I said; "bless his dear name, he has cared for us." One day last summer, when going to Erith for a little change, she was taken very bad. I thought she would have died. She told me of a portion of God's word having been made precious to her soul then. The words were, "For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Rev. vii. 17. She said, "I thought, will he wipe away my tears?" I answered, "Yes; with his consoling hand." Her mind was peaceful and stayed; she had a pretty good night. On Lord's-day, the 19th, when getting ready for chapel, she said, "You did not hear me repeat the 53rd chapter of Isaiah in the night?" I said, "No; I did not; that is very precious indeed. I am going to speak from those beautiful words, 'Ye are complete in Him.'" She was quite happy. I was engaged to preach to the dear friends at Regent-street, City-road, that day, and left home in very good spirits; had a good time in preaching, and returned to dine as soon as I could after the service. I had not been home long before my dear wife was taken for death; her sufferings were very great. She looked up and said, "O, Lord, give me patience." I said, "My dear, you will not want it much longer." About four o'clock she breathed her last.

"One gentle sigh, her fetters broke,
We scarce could say she's gone,
Before her ransomed spirit took,
Its station near thy throne."

Thus I have given a brief outline of the life and death of my dear wife, Mrs. G. Webb. O for grace to say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Job i. 21. He will not take himself away, for he hath said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Heb. xiii. 5. My path has been a path of trial

for many years—a loving wife and six dear children have been taken from me; I am now left with four. The dear Lord will provide. I can truly say, “The Lord is good, a strong-hold in the day of trouble.” Strength has been given equal to the day; my needs have been supplied in a wonderful manner. My wife said the day before she died, “My dear, you have got me everything I have asked for yet.” I said, “What a mercy the dear Lord has enabled me to do so.” My dear friends have been very kind; there has been no lack. “Bless the Lord, O, my soul.” I have been greatly helped in my work, and as a church we can say, “The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.”—I remain, yours in the bonds of the Gospel,
G. WEBB.

11, Castle-road, Camden Town, N.W.
May 19th, 1868.

Baptist Minister.

Sects and Heresies of the Christian Church.

NO. 1.—SABELLIANISM.

By WILLIAM STOKES, MANCHESTER. AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF THE BAPTISTS, IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS, &c., &c.

It is not intended in this series of papers to attempt a description of all the heresies that have marked and marred the Christian Church from the Apostolic times; otherwise the *Essenes*, the *Gaulonites*, the *Nazarenes*, the *Nicolaitanes*, the *Gnostics*, and many other bodies would require an early notice. But as this would be to slay the dead, these papers will be confined to those that still wander about to the terror of living men, with a collateral examination of such sects as maintain a substantial orthodoxy, notwithstanding a considerable diversity of opinion on some lesser points. The one object, therefore, will be to illustrate and maintain “the faith once delivered unto the saints.”

It is remarkable that the earliest heresies of the Christian church, were those concerning the Divine nature, and turned chiefly upon the question whether the blessed God is a pure unity, or a Trinity in unity. This profound subject is one evidently beyond the legitimate province of human reason, which cannot by any possibility argue from the known which is only finite, to the unknown, the eternal, and the infinite. Between these incomprehensible extremes, all analogy ceases, and all attempts at reasoning will be wild, inconclusive, and dangerous. Yet in its own proper sphere, reason is the true glory of man, but that sphere is the visible, and all beyond that limit will ever remain to unassisted reason, bewildering and dark. Man can know but little of God except as He is pleased to reveal Himself in some special manner; and when such a revelation is made it must of necessity make its appeal direct to faith, and not to reason. Man may infer his Maker's nature to a very limited extent from His works; but inference when at the best, is always uncertain and liable to error. But it can never be so with direct revelation. When the blessed God speaks, all doubt should cease, reason should be silent, and faith in the word of everlasting truth, at

once should become the guide of man. Hence faith in a Divine testimony, is infinitely to be preferred to reason, in all things that have to do with the invisible world.

The early heresies respecting the Divine nature were of two kinds; first, those that denied the *divinity*; and secondly, those that denied the *humanity* of Christ. For strange as it may appear to us, there were those in the first centuries who denied that Christ ever had a body, or was ever a true and proper man. Of these, the following names are handed down to us by ancient ecclesiastical historians: *Simon Magus of Samaria, Marcion, Valentianus, Basilides, Bardesanes, Cerdo,* and *Marcus*. These, with an exception or two, admitted the divinity of Christ, but denied his real humanity, and totally rejected the account of his *birth*, his *sufferings*, and his *death*. Hence they acquired the names of *Docete* "to seem," and *Gnostics* from "knowledge," because they affected to know more than all other men, and this affectation of superior knowledge or wisdom, has had more to do with *heresy* in all ages of the world, than is generally believed. Every generation contains a class of little-minded men who love notoriety, and who will obtain it at any sacrifice of consistency and truth; but as this cannot be effected by believing and acting with the great body of Christian men, they invent or accept of some novelty, or some new and unheard of doctrine, with which they attempt to startle mankind into the acknowledgment of their own superior discernment. Thus they make a noise and become at least notorious, where they intended to be famous; and from the days of *Simon Magus* down to those of a Colenso, wax-candles, and *Protestant* confessionals, the church of God has been disturbed by a succession of pests, who "depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy." Of such men, all history, all experience, and all scripture, loudly cry to modern churches "beware." Among this class were *Cerintus, Ebion, Montanus, Artemon, Netus*, and *Sabellius*, who founded a sect, and with whom we have now to deal.

Sabellius, who was an African pastor, began to preach his pernicious doctrines about A.D. 224. He taught that there was only one Divine person, namely, the Father, that there was no Trinity, and that the Son and Holy Spirit were mere emanations from Him, but are called by different names as occasion requires; that they are not distinct persons, but one and the same everlasting Father. He broached these unscriptural doctrines in Ptolemais, which was the chief city of Cyrenaica. Simon Magus, the "all-knowing" founder of the Gnostics, appears to have entertained very similar opinions, so that it is extremely probable that Sabellius, aware of the credulity of the Africans, took advantage of this weakness to impose upon them false doctrines, which had been floating about without a home for some two hundred years. Among these ever-changing African churches they spread with great rapidity, notwithstanding the powerful opposition of Dionysius of Alexandria.

The learned Neander gives the following philosophical description of this heresy:—"Sabellius referred all the three names of the Triad to relations wholly co-ordinate. The names of Father, Logos, and Holy Ghost, would, according to him, be, after the same manner, designations of three different phases, under which the one divine essence reveals itself. All the three would go together, to designate in a manner

exhausting the whole truth, the relation of God to the world. * * * He expressly says, the Father remains the same, but evolves himself in the Son and Spirit."

In plainer terms, it is evident that Sabellius denied the existence of three persons in the Godhead, and asserted that the Father, Son Holy Spirit, were but one person under three several names. Hence he taught that God, under the name of the *Father*, gave the law in the Old Testament; that in the New Testament He was made man in the capacity of the Son; and afterwards descended upon the apostles in the quality of the *Holy Spirit*. The Sabellian opinion of the *Logos*, or the Divine word, as given by the devoted Beausobre, flatly contradicts the inspired statement that "the word *Logos* was with God, and the word *Logos* was God. The same *Logos* was in the beginning with God." John i. 1, 2. Sabellius compared the *Logos* to the faculty of *reason* in man, and by thus reducing the Son of God to a mere emanation, He was deprived of every attribute proper to Divinity.

According to this foolish scheme it was the *Father* who was born in the manger, who had not where to lay his head, who wept in the garden, and who died upon the tree. The Divine word, and the Holy Spirit, were only virtues, or emanations, or functions, *proceeding* from the Father, and that they were no more divine than the shadow is the substance of any solid body. The whole system was a war against the *Triune* God, and a feeble attempt to remove both the Son and the Holy Spirit from the region of Divinity.

But who, with the smallest scriptural knowledge, can be deluded by such a pompous, senseless, array of words? Who, after carefully reading the following beautiful passages, can be imposed upon by the groundless sophistry of Sabellianism? "But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, He shall teach you all things. But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the *Father*, even the Spirit of Truth, which proceedeth from the Father, He shall testify of me." According to this wild Sabellian scheme, the Father would send himself, proceed from himself, and testify of himself! To designate such a mongrel system as an absurdity, and an abandonment of common reverence for Divine teaching, is far below the reproof demanded by the heresy. It was worse than all this; for it was the foolishness of man contradicting the wisdom of God, and the narrow human reason contending against the infinite intelligence of the eternal:

The great Dr. Cudworth in his profound and masterly work entitled the *Intellectual system of the Universe*, says of Sabellianism, that "the doctrine of it is no other than this, that there was but one hypostatis, or singular individual essence of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and consequently that they were indeed but three several names, or notions, or modes, of one and the selfsame thing. From whence such absurdities as these would follow, that the Father's begetting the Son was nothing but one name, notion, or mode of the Deity's begetting another; or else the same Deity, under one notion, begetting itself under another notion. And when again the Son, or Word and not the Father, is said to have been incarnated, and to have suffered death for us upon the cross, that it was nothing but a mere logical notion or mode of the Deity, that was incarnate and suffered, or else the the whole

Deity under particular notion or mode only." Modern Socinianism fraternizes very closely with these ridiculous sentiments. "If," says one of their writers, "as there is reason to believe, the Holy Spirit, or Spirit of God, is sometimes represented in the Bible, as a real personal agent, possessing the names and attributes of Divinity,—*that being must be the Father himself*, who is the only wise and true God, to the exclusion of every other person in the universe."—(*Wilson's Unitarianism*, p. 281.) As the comparative similarity between the two heresies of Sabellius and Socinus, will be examined in a future paper, it is at present enough to say, that they are alike arrogant in spirit and sceptical in tendency. To the great and fundamental doctrine of a Trinity in Unity, they are equally opposed, and the *animus* of both is that of assuming that man knows more of God, than God knows of Himself.

(To be continued).

In the Church of England, and Out of It.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."]

DEAR MR. BANKS,—I promised in my last to give you a little more of my Church experience. I fear, however, that before I have done, your readers will be tired, and wish for something fresh, for the more I write, the more there is crowds into my mind, which my grateful heart prompts me to say. I therefore find a difficulty in writing so much and no more than would be profitable as well as interesting. Interest alone is worthless if it does not lead to the profit of the soul, and the glory of God.

I always found it a good thing to endeavour, with the Holy Spirit's assistance, to profit by everything I heard or read. While in the Church of England, I was favoured with many opportunities of conversing with those who came to preach as "Home Missionaries." These were, I trust, profitable seasons, for every word that came from their lips was precious to me. Like the mother of our Lord, I kept all these sayings, and pondered them in my heart. It always was my practice, is now, and ever will be, when about to go to the house of prayer, to ask of God such a frame of mind as would permit me to hear with profit. It is with gratitude I say, that I never was inclined when I could not hear with profit, to lay the blame upon the minister. I believe that whenever a true minister of God stands up to preach Christ as our example by His life on earth, Christ as our Saviour by his merits and death, Christ as our intercessor by His exaltation at His Father's right hand; there will be something for every soul who is hungering and thirsting after righteousness.

I do not write boastingly, but you know, sir, I promised to give my experience, and my experience is this: that whenever I go to the house of God, I go expecting great things, even as great as the Lord promised when He said, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it," and if I do not realize the fulfilment of that promise, I know there is something

wrong within. I have frequently found when I have gone to the sanctuary hungry and thirsty, there has been something just suited to my case. I remember one Sabbath morning, going to church with the language of the psalmist on my lips, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God," it happened to be the day when the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah was appointed to be read. I was rather late that morning, and I entered the church just as the minister began to read the words, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," &c. I do not think I shall ever forget what I felt at that moment; the words were never so sweet to me before; it seemed to be a special invitation from my heavenly Father to myself, and was, doubtless, in answer to prayer that morning, for my heart had been sweetly drawn out to pray that my longing soul might be satisfied with the bread and water of life. I remember, too, what liberty I felt that morning in praying for my minister. Oh, how my heart has ached for him sometimes, when I have seen him enter the pulpit, and, as I fancied, with a downcast look at the thinly scattered congregation, and saw how very few there were, who he could hope ever tried to bear up his hands by prayer; I never wonder at the want of energy in such a minister, I only wonder he can preach at all; the Lord says, "For all these things will I be enquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them." It matters little how good the seed which Paul sows, if Apollos does not water we cannot expect God to give the increase. O, methinks if professing Christians knew more of the sweetness of praying for each other, and especially for their ministers, we should see more spirituality, and less worldly-mindedness, we should be more dead to the world and more alive to the things of God.

O blest devotion, thus to meet,
And spread our wants at Jesu's feet;
Call him our own, in ties of blood,
And hold sweet fellowship with God.

Fellowship with God! Yes, there were seasons when I enjoyed it even in the Church of England. In general, however, my mind was dark, and my prospects gloomy. Though I was devotedly attached to my minister, and the spot where I sat was, I trust I can say, made sacred by the presence of Jehovah, yet there were many things which at times made me very unhappy. One thing especially which frequently troubled me was that so little regard is paid to the character of those who are required to take part in the solemn services of the sanctuary. I never expect to see much spirituality in the Church, while those who are actually engaged in helping to lead the devotions of the people, are kneeling by your side at the Lord's Table in the morning, and in the evening at a village feast, sharing the cup of the drunkard. Their system of Sunday school teaching is also in my opinion very bad. I dare not trust myself to write what I think about it, for my feelings would perhaps lead me to write too harshly. Nothing I ever met with in the church caused me so much grief as the inconsistencies practised in their Sabbath schools. The evil I believe is in consequence of their ungodly superintendents. A master is chosen for the day school, and whether he be a truly worldly man, a Pharisee, or a saint, he is expected to take the first, and therefore the most important class in the Sunday school. In the minister's absence, of course, he superintends, and every

teacher must submit to his authority, however much their feelings may be wounded in consequence. I have known these "Achans in the camp," teach their children on the Sabbath to renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and during the week spend their evenings at the card table, or at the public-house dancing. It is also a fact, that I have been witness too, that young females, whose heart and time were wholly engrossed with the follies and vanities of this world, whose last thought would be the good of souls or the glory of God. These females have been paid a yearly salary to teach in the Sunday school in preference to those who would esteem the honour and privilege of working in the Lord's vineyard a sufficient reward. But I must leave this (to me) painful subject, for I find the daggers once planted in my own heart, are not yet removed. But, in spite of all that was painful, I experienced much that was profitable. I am, as I said before, deeply indebted to the Church of England for my knowledge of the doctrines of Christianity—especially the doctrine of the Trinity. I was glad to see your suggestion in reference to that subject in your *MAY VESSEL*, but it is not for me to comply with your request; something is much needed on the subject, but it must come from abler pens than mine. I trust, however, I may be permitted to write my own thoughts upon the subject. I think if one doctrine is more grand and sublime than another, it is that of the Trinity. When we can realise that the three persons in the Godhead are each concerned in our salvation, then it is we feel ourselves on a Rock where there is firm footing, and all the malice of the world, and all the rage of devils, cannot remove us one hair's breadth. O, how much do they lose who cannot receive these truths fully into their hearts. True, godliness is a mystery, and we cannot, with our finite minds, comprehend infinity, nevertheless, I am bound to believe even what I do not understand. Trinity is a mystery, but to me it is a greater mystery still, how anyone can read the baptism of our Saviour without at once recognising three distinct persons. Jesus goes down into the water to be baptised, the Spirit descended in a bodily shape, like a dove, and rested upon him, and the Father's voice is heard from heaven saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." What more can be needed to prove that there are three separate persons, though but one in essence? Jesus also commands his disciples to baptise "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." It appears to me that to deny there are three distinct persons is to charge the Saviour with falsity. Why did he distinctly name three persons if there were not three? Our Lord says (John xiv. 19) "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another comforter." Three persons are distinctly spoken of here, and not only so, but he says, "I will pray the Father." If there were not a Father, would Jesus have given utterance to such an absurdity? If Christ is Father as well as Son, as some suppose him to be (strange idea) then it would be equally absurd for Jesus to pray to himself. On this tottering foundation may I never trust my soul, for it must, sooner or later, sink from beneath their feet. The great Apostle Paul speaks very distinctly of three persons, "Now God himself, and our Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, direct our way into you." St. John also says, "There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one." What could our Lord mean, when in the garden

of Gethsemane he prays, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me?" If the Saviour had been the only divine person, where would have been the sense, or the necessity of praying to the Father. Why pray on the cross, "Father, forgive them," if there were not a Father? May the Lord preserve me from this fearful error. I cannot conceive how the plan of salvation could be complete without each of the three divine persons. On this rock of three-fold stability may I ever rest. Christ is precious, but when viewed in connection with the Father and the Holy Ghost, how increasingly precious. But it is unnecessary for me to write more on this subject; we are sure to have something from some of your many correspondents, and if I am not right, I trust I shall see something that will convince me of my error.

Another subject which was always peculiarly comforting to my mind was the Manhood of Christ. I love to review his history, his temptations and sorrows, his having condescended to our mean capacity by becoming man—afflicted man—subject to poverty and privation, and all the evils which falls to the common lot of man. How sweet it is, when the angry waves of tribulation are beating against our breast, when with the Psalmist we are ready to exclaim, "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me," how sweet to be able to take comfort in the thought, that he took our nature upon himself, in order that he may be able to help and succour us. And will he, who has delivered us out of so many temptations, and given us so many manifestations of his love, so mar the work of his own hands as to cast us off for ever? Will anything short of the safety of our never-dying souls compensate him for the vast expenditure of precious blood which flowed so freely for our ransom? Impossible. Therefore, in him will we ever put our trust, and if we cannot soar so high as Christ on his throne, we will view him hanging on the cross. We will shelter in his stripes, his wounds, his death, and not only here, dear Sir, but when we reach heaven we shall see him—"A Lamb as it had been slain." With what rapture shall we catch the first sight of our glorious Redeemer. What ascriptions of praise will then burst from our lips. O, can it be possible that you will see there your unworthy correspondent,

Billingboro'.

MARIE.

Memorials of the Life of Mr. Joseph Hamblin.

BY THOMAS JONES.

(Continued from page 146.)

THE counsel given by Paul to Timothy indicates that while Timothy devoted his whole mind and time to the service of the church—the church in love and equity, supplied their minister's temporal necessities, observant of the Lord's ordination that "they who preach the gospel should live of the gospel." But Joseph Hamblin had not Timothy's bishopric. He was rather in the case of Paul, whose own hands ministered to his creature wants. Nay, in this respect, Joseph Hamblin had more to do than the apostle, for he had a wife and children to care for, and his affections and his judgment were in strict harmony with

the precept, "If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." Having put his hand to the plough he dared not look back, and looking forward he saw nothing to fascinate, and little to encourage. He worked from fourteen to eighteen hours a day; had his book beside his plate while eating his meals, and often was reading, composing, looking up parallels and proofs at midnight, when exhausted nature was ready to faint. This is not the history of a month or two, for years these arduous exercises, this pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, this (to him) costly service in the Gospel Vineyard, were the character of his life, to the great trial of his health, his patience, and his faith. All this he endured as seeing Him who is invisible (to sense), in whose service he was willing to spend and be spent. Few Christians dream of the travail of soul through which some of their most edifying and most savoury banquets are made ready for their craving appetites; and many of those who labour for their good in spiritual things are meanly supplied with their due of carnal things.

It was in a severe school our friend obtained his degree, but he lived to realise the wisdom and love of his Great Teacher, and to know he neither preached nor suffered in vain. In the Lord's good time his circumstances were ameliorated; his worldly business prospered, and some who derived profit from his ministry gave tangible proof of their gratitude for the same. But he never forgot the wormwood and the gall, nor let slip a suitable opportunity for reminding Christians of the pattern and precept of their divine Master, who went about doing good, and said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." He believed that the love of Christ in the heart should yield fruit in affectionate sympathy for the poor of the flock, and generous benevolence to the needy. "Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" In the beginning of the year 1832 he went on invitation to preach at Uffington, a village in Berkshire. The people warmly approved of his ministry, and requested him to take up his abode with them. This was an important matter, as the congregation was too poor to support him entirely; and it was a question whether the neighbourhood was likely to make his business sufficiently profitable to ensure him a livelihood. In his perplexity he betook himself to the throne of grace, and sought direction at the Fountain of wisdom; he also consulted judicious, God-fearing men on the subject, and they advised him to go, as they thought it was a call in Providence, and they hoped it was for the furtherance of the Gospel. On this advice he acted, and removed his family thither in the month of May. It was not long ere he discovered the new land was not a Goshen. In spiritual health and ministerial blessing he was not forsaken, but his trade was a barren field, and his total receipts were unequal to his family necessities. Determined as he was, to "provide things honest in the sight of all men," he was fain to practise rigid economy, in which his partner—a good helpmeet—concurred with true wifely management. Still, the stark fact of insufficient means for an honourable course could not be hid, and its presence evoked painful solicitude; and grave enquiries were originated by the straitness of his position. Had he made this change of place of his own mind? Was fleshly ambition, vain confidence, or selfishness of

any name, the motive of his action? On a rigorous examination of his heart and thought before God he felt he could thank the Almighty; for that he had been influenced by a sincere desire to do right, and that he came to Uffington because he believed the pillar of cloud moved for him to follow in that direction, and he was sure his brethren had given him sound counsel, according to the light which was in them. If, then, this was of God, some good end was to be answered by it; while, for himself, he must wait till the vision should speak, and the mystery be solved.

His case was not altogether singular. Ministers of Christ—and not ministers only—have found themselves in a labyrinth of circumstances, into which they did not drift carelessly nor prayerlessly. To them, in transit, it was evident as the sun at noonday, that their steps were ordered as surely as were those of Abraham's servant, who was justified in saying, "I being in the way, the Lord led me;" and yet, when their journey has ended, they have doubted whether it was really the star of Jerusalem which drew them out, or a deceptive meteor—a Will-o'-the-wisp, a foolish whim of their own, or a device of the enemy to put them to shame. Some such case is described by Isaiah, "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." The scripture must needs be fulfilled, not only in its prophecies and promises, but in all its provisions and adaptations; and therefore some, if not all, must be drawn or driven into sterile religions, the dark places of the earth, where by faith only they shall walk, and not by sight. Our friend was there in darkness, in respect of his pecuniary condition, paternal responsibility, and God's purpose concerning him. He also feared Jehovah, wished to obey the voice of his son and servant, Jesus Christ, and he prayed for grace that he might trust and lean on Him who giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might increaseth strength. Blessed faith, blessed trust, which assures the child of God that when by human appraisalment he has nothing, through Christ and in Christ he possesseth all things.

"In darkness dost thou pensive go,
Nor any path canst find?
Thy Jesus still can bring thee through,
And loves to lead the blind.
Though blind, step on, and fear no ill,
The Lord is near at hand,
And safe through fire and water will
Lead to the promised land."

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Our friend Hamblin had his weeping season. He prayed for help and deliverance to come in God's time and in God's way. He wished not to choose for himself, but in submission to his heavenly Father's will he desired he might be placed among a praying people, loving a full and pure gospel, with whom he might dwell in peace, and to whom he should be useful in breaking the bread of life. His prayer was heard and signally answered. Events occur to us every day which we term accidental; viewed in our narrow focus they appear as if they might or might not have happened. But though we speak after this manner, we merely confess our own shortsightedness; we do not really believe

in chance. We doubt if any believe in it, for men who disdainfully reject the Bible doctrine of predestination, believe in fate as doggedly as do the Turks. It was by a confluence of what are called accidents—more properly Providential incidents—that Joseph Hamblin saw his effectual fervent prayers answered, and in such sort as manifested a Divine ordering. He came up to London for a few days to confer with a friend on a subject bearing no relation to the pulpit, and in town met a minister who had been asked to preach at Lion-street Chapel, on the Wednesday, and could not go, and, at his request, our friend went as his substitute. We can fully believe it required all the courage he possessed to enter a metropolitan pulpit, for he was one of the most diffident men that ever lived. At that service were some friends from East-street, Walworth, then destitute of a pastor. After the service they sought an interview with him, which resulted in an engagement to preach at East-street, whither in another month we shall trace his progress.

An Ordination Day.

On Tuesday, March the 3rd, we met together to witness the ordination of Mr. Griffin at Jireh chapel, East road, City road. On Monday evening preceeding, we met in goodly numbers, to entreat the blessing of our God upon the day's proceedings upon which we were about to enter. Long before the service commenced, (and although the morning was wet) friends from Richmond, Brentford, Ealing, Hounslow, &c., began to make their appearance, and when the service commenced, the chapel was crowded in every part; and it was a pleasant sight indeed to see our "Jireh" thus filled with happy and cheerful faces. Amongst the ministers present were brethren Foreman, Hazelton, Milner, Wilkins, Dickerson, Geo. Webb, Wall, Hawkins, Parsons (Brentford) Flack, Silvertown, Beasley, Downs, Edgerton, Maycock, Cartwright (Suffolk) &c. Service commenced by our pastor, H. G. Griffin, giving out the 367th hymn,—

God moves in a mysterious way,
when brother Hawkins read and prayed in very earnest and affectionate manner.

MR. HAZELTON ON THE NATURE AND CONSTRUCTION OF A GOSPEL CHURCH.

After singing another hymn,

Mr. Hazelton rose and said: I have been requested to make a few remarks upon the nature and construction of a Gospel church. I believe when a minister states the nature of a Gospel church, it is usual to take a text, I shall therefore direct you to 1 Cor. i. 2, "Unto the Church of God, which is at Corinth." The word church in common usage is taken to denote any denomination of religious professors. Hence we have the Church of Rome, the Church of England, and the Church of Scotland; and there is a very considerable number of professors, known as Nonconformists, and amongst these we have the Baptist denomination, to which it is our happy privilege to belong. A strict Baptist church is one that maintains what is called close communion, they believe that all members of the professing church should be spiritual persons, baptized persons, baptized by immersion, previous to admittance into communion and fellowship. After describing the various kinds of Baptists, our brother then proceeded to examine the meaning of the word "Church," as it occurs in the Word of God, shewing it never means a material building of wood and stone, &c., but is frequently intended to

denote the whole election of grace, the mystical body of Christ, some were in heaven, some on the way, some in the world, some not yet born. Chosen in Christ, who became a mediator, and a redeemer for her, and each member is called and sanctified, and finally must be glorified. He then pointed out the various doctrines and consequences that rise out of this eternal union to Christ, shewing that we did heartily and thankfully believe them. The term church is used to denote the Children of Israel as the national people of God; hence the Lord Jesus is said to have been with the church in the wilderness. The word church sometimes means the body of professed believers, voluntarily assembled together in fellowship. Mr. Hazleton then proceeded to show what was the constitution of such a church.

I. We hold that the Lord Jesus Christ as king of saints, has left nothing to the will of men, either in regular worship or other emergencies. I (Mr. H.) hold that God has willed a church state (not a state church) and that is, people walk together not alone, and I must insist upon it that grace properly reigns in us, then we shall honour all the revealed will of God. Not only honour those great truths that make for our eternal salvation, but also the smallest command of our loving Lord. The church has not to command but to obey. This church state originated in the mercy and compassion of God, for Jesus saith to his disciples, "When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he shall lead you into all truth;" and Paul says, "That which I have received of the Lord, I have delivered unto you." He then most clearly proved that every believer desires Christian fellowship, and from those who do not desire we must turn away; and illustrated by Adam in his purity, that it was not good for him to be alone. Shewing also that as a true Bible church we were not schismatic, but the Church of Rome might be truthfully be called so. He then noticed three things in connection with the church's constitution.

1. That it was spiritual in opposition to political. Its head is spiritual, its members are spiritual persons, and their food is spiritual, and, therefore, to be a member of this church, each one must be born again of the Spirit, and thus excludes all infants, idiots, and ungodly men and women. Christ stands at the very door and cries, "Ye must be born again." But,

2. He must own his discipleship and become a baptized believer in the Lord Jesus, as we do not believe (as our opponents have said we hold) that baptism is the door of the church of God as a body, yet baptism is the ritual door, not the vital door, and when he has followed the Lord in baptism he must,—

3. Become (voluntarily) a member, and the church must voluntarily receive him, and then he has a right to the table and all the privileges of the church. If we attend to these things we shall hold the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience. Having shewn that the church of God was not national nor diocesan, nor parochial, but each church independent in its government, has a right to elect its officers, to choose its own pastor and deacons, to receive its own members, and to withdraw from the ungodly and inconsistent, and to pray for each other, and that such a church has two ordinances, namely, baptism by immersion, and the Lord's Supper, and that scripturally, the one preceded the other, having addressed a loving word to those who walked disorderly, he concluded with wishing us every blessing and much prosperity.

Our brother was an hour and a half in delivering this statement (of which this is but an imperfect sketch) yet the attention was kept up to its close. Brother Parsons then gave out a hymn, and Mr. I. Wilkins, of Soho, ascended the pulpit, and requested the deacons to give to the assembled congregation a short account of the leadings of providence. Mr. Geo. Pocock then stood up and read a paper stating that (the full account of course cannot here be given) the church had for a long time (owing to the retirement from office of our venerable pastor Mr. J. A. Jones) been looking to the Lord for another pastor; but to their sorrow the congregation became very low and the church members fell off. This led them most earnestly to cry to God,

and strange to say, two of our friends went to Hounslow, and heard our brother Griffin give an address, and they expressed a desire to hear him again, but being then settled at Richmond, it was not possible. When we heard of his removal from Richmond, we invited him in the month of May, and he accepted one Lord's-day; the people heard him gladly, thought at that time he was very low in health, and many hearts were made glad. He then supplied us on Tuesday evenings, and sometimes on the Lord's-day, but numerous engagements prevented his being often with us. After hearing him some time, we proceeded to take the mind of the church, and the result was a unanimous invite for three months, which, after long consideration, our brother accepted. The chapel began to fill, and many promises of support made if our brother continued. . . We had a special prayer meeting, and then took the vote of the church which was most unanimous, not a dissenting voice, and we deny the statement that a large number did not vote, it was but few and they unable to come. Our brother accepted it, and preached to us as pastor for the future, on the first Sunday in January.

Mr. Wilkins then called upon Mr. Griffin to give to the people a short account of his

CALL BY GRACE,

to which Mr. Griffin replied: I will try and tell you what God has done for my soul, and desire to begin where God began with me. I was born of godly parents, but very early proved that I did not inherit their Christian behaviour, or godly nature. I believe it was at the age of fourteen, when God convinced me of sin. I have had many natural convictions, but not till then did I receive any abiding conviction. It was the habit of our parents to keep us from the streets, as they considered we had evil enough in the heart without learning more with bad companions. However I was disobedient, and one day agreed with a boy to play with him in the street; we met, but to my astonishment he refused to play, alleging as his reason that God had met with his soul. Oh! sir, I can never forget that moment, like a thunderbolt it went to my heart, and a voice seemed to say, "All your companions will be saved and you lost." I could point out to you the spot of ground where that took place, it is burnt into my memory. I went home a wretched miserable boy, and from that time tried to be good, and hoped that God would forgive me; but I found sin was too great, and God's demands greater. At length I was brought into liberty by the dear Lord applying that verse to my heart, "Salvation, oh the joyful sound." I felt it was mine, and that Christ was mine, and that I was His; but in this state I did not long continue, for after a time legality began to work in me, and I thought I must do something. Mr. Griffin then referred to the awful temptations, doubts and fears, to which for many months he was subject, having once come to the conclusion that he had sinned beyond the reach of mercy. He referred in a solemn manner to his backsliding at the age of eighteen, and begged that he might be allowed briefly to pass over it, as the thought of it made his heart heavy, and his very soul to be sorrowful. He was again brought into liberty by hearing a sermon from the words, "I sleep but my heart awaketh," and went home singing and dancing along the streets for joy, feeling that all his sins were washed away in the fountain open. Many had been his days of trial, but many had been his deliverances out of them.

Mr. Wilkins said: My dear brother, the friends seem interested, and therefore will you tell us of your

CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

Mr. Griffin: It is with fear and trembling that I enter upon this matter, but I will truthfully relate the circumstances. From my earliest recollections, I remember thinking a great deal about ministers, I revered the very ground they trod upon, and thought they were perfect, but time as taught me that it is a mercy for the church that they are subject to like infirmities, and require like grace to keep them as the private members; but when God

met with my soul, I was led very earnestly to desire the conversion of my fellow creatures, and I fear it was a very fleshly desire, but at any rate, soon after I was brought to the Lord, I began to preach at the villages round Reading, but pride rose up and spiritual death set in, and God taught me that I must not run before him. I therefore got into such a hardened state, that I thought myself some great one, but God humbled me and shut the doors against me; well at this I was very vexed, and did earnestly, but in a carnal spirit, entreat God to let me preach, but, (blessed be His name) He knew best and prevented. I was offered a college education, but refused, and in my wrath against the Lord, apprenticed myself to the drapery and had my membership removed to the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and determined to give myself to business, but when God set my soul at liberty, strange to say, a new and different feeling came upon me altogether. I desired to spend and be spent for Christ, and oh, with many tears I intreated that I might do something, it was to visit the sick, or break stones in the road or any private means, I was willing to do it, but in my secret heart I began to feel the burden of the word of the Lord. One day going down the street, I heard many preaching in the open air, but few the truth, and my heart was so inflamed that I stood up at the corner of Trafalgar street, Walworth, and preached Christ. After that I preached in a room with some success. But now a fresh trial awaited me, my whole soul was full of preaching, and yet I endured much agony in connection with it, that my business was neglected, and I therefore after much prayer, gave up my premium, and my masters' indentures. I went to Reading, and there for three months I endured more than tongue can tell, every door was shut and I had determined I would not try to get into the work myself. O what hours of wrestling prayer have I spent with God until I have fallen, faint and exhausted upon the floor. I thought my head would have turned, but God was there even then. At last I was invited to Woburn Green, and for about three months preached there, but it was only a little room with a few poor, but real children of God, and many a happy hour have I spent with them. I now received an invite to Trowbridge for one Sunday, and sinking upon my knees I implored the Lord to grant that if called to the work I might never want a pulpit again; and I never have, I could relate many wonderful instances but I forbear. After a time I was invited for three months to Richmond, and then to the pastorate. I remained there about one year and a half, and circumstances arose which seemed to say "go," and so I left, and remember with gratitude the kindness of the friends generally. Had I had more experience and more forbearance it would have been well for them and me. I supplied various churches, and received three invitations for three months. I chose Jireh not as the richest, but as the one I believed God had called me unto.

Mr. Griffin then read a Confession of Faith, consisting of sixteen distinct articles, and in the thirteenth, upon faith—solemnly avowed his opposition to what is commonly known as Duty Faith; and in the fifteenth, his firm belief that baptism was necessary to and previous to admission to the Lord's Table. Avowing at the conclusion his solemn determination that if his views of truth and church order are altered, to resign the pastorate and vacate the pulpit.

Mr. Wilkins then called the church to acknowledge their acceptance of Mr. Griffin by standing up, which they did.

Mr. Dickerson then united the hands of the deacons to our dear pastor, making this remark, "This is a solemn moment, never let clamour separate you but only that which conscience demands. Oh! may you never abandon the covenant entered into." Our tears mingled with each others, and when our venerable beloved brother John Foreman, arose and took our young brother by the hand, the whole congregation as one man were moved to tears; our young brother seemed overwhelmed, and if ever the Holy Spirit entered into the hearts of pastor and people, it was then. Mr. Foreman grasping his hand

said: "You have just begun, I am about to finish my course; your experience is much like mine, and I am pleased with your Confession of Faith, it was clear and distinct and truthful. I believe God has made you a minister, may you be kept faithful to God and the people," &c. The ministers having given our brother the right hand, Mr. Dickerson concluded the morning service with prayer.

Service commenced in the afternoon by brother Flack giving out a hymn. Mr. Geo. Webb read and prayed, and Mr.

JOHN FOREMAN DELIVERED THE CHARGE,

taking for his text, Eph. iv. 12, "For the edifying of the body of Christ." He said: This is what you are to be employed about, my brother, and those doctrines which you advanced this morning as your principles, are the right materials upon which you may have some success. Before us we have two objects to notice,—

1. The body of Christ.
2. The edifying of that body.

It is a very ancient body, yet not full grown, though in another sense it is. He then proceeded to explain and open up this body, as chosen in Christ before the world began, comparing the grafting of the scion on the stem, the vine at the same time shewing that it was against nature, so that it was but one body united to one living head. He then shewed the completeness of this body as complete in Christ, that he was made everything to them that possibly they could want. That they were sealed to him as his portion, and that seal never could be broken; that there was no contradiction in this body; at the same time and at some length shewing the absurdity of duty-faith, free-will, and other false doctrines. All the members were not alike, but all were useful and all in their right place.

Mr. Foreman then proceeded to the edifying of that body. Telling our brother that he must not be discouraged with want of success sometimes, for God was sovereign in His operations, and it was sometimes sowing time, and sometimes reaping; that he must wait and watch and pray; that he was to look to God for his text, and by reading, meditation, and prayer, study to shew himself a workman, that needeth not to be ashamed. To bear with the infirm, with the halting, with doubters; to feed the people with sound doctrine and real experience; to tenderly and kindly bear with them, and explain the difficult parts of God's word as the Lord might enable him. To teach others what he knew himself, and preach experimentally, and to get all the information he could, but above all make the word his study; not to forget the moral law in his preaching, not to write indiscriminately, but as God's word empowered the characters described. Concluding by wishing him much prosperity, and above all the Master's presence and smile. We have not attempted to give even an outline of this charge, it took one hour and a half in delivery; it was a fatherly, sound, affectionate charge. Brother Dickerson concluded with prayer, and tea was served, over 300 sitting down to tea. Between the services Mr. Dickerson, on behalf of the church and congregation, presented our pastor with two hymn-books, and Dr. Gill's Commentary, in six volumes, Mr. Pocock having presented him separately with the "Body of Divinity." Mr. Griffin in a short speech thanked the friends for their kindness; and then the evening service commenced by Mr. Wall, reading and praying. The chapel was densely crowded, and many could not gain admission.

Let it not be forgotten that the coming and kingdom of Christ must be looked at in connexion with His cross. He will never be lovely to any in His crown of glory, who have not admired Him in His crown of thorns.

P R A Y E R .

PRAYER consists not in the utterance of certain sentences harmoniously arranged, though they be ever so eloquently spoken ; nor in the rehearsal of forms composed by men, who in the estimation of the world were as holy as angels. Nor are we always to think and believe that the extempore form of words is prayer. Words and language are only the mediums whereby prayer expressed. Prayer is the desire of the "new man which is born of incorruptible seed;" and unless a man is "born again" he cannot pray. A person cannot speak until he is born; neither can a man pray unless he be born from above. Prayer, as before said, is the wants of "new man" expressed through the medium of language; not that the new man must always make use of this medium to pray; oh no! For as a child cries and thus without language makes known his wants to his parent, so the new man (spiritually born) is often unable to express his feelings by words or language, yet his Heavenly Father understands his wants though he does but cry. It was not the words uttered by the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner," that was prayer. The words were used only as a convenient medium through which to express before God the deep penitential feelings of his soul, neither are the words uttered by the thief upon the cross prayer in and of themselves. They only expressed a feeling or wish in the soul, corresponding to the words uttered, and which in that way made itself known to Jesus. The utterance of words though they be never so pathetic will never reach heaven unless there be feelings in the soul corresponding to the words used.

Prayer does not save the soul; prayer is one of the manifestations of salvation. The child cries after it is born; the child of God is born again before he cries or prays. Salvation is not the production or fruit of prayer; but on the contrary prayer is the result or production of salvation. The greatest delusion of Satan in the present day is this:—that souls can be saved by the mere utterances of words before God. True it is that God will hear the prayers of the natural man as the God of providence, and He will answer and requite the man who prays in this sense by bestowing natural and providential blessings, as "He giveth the young ravens food when they cry;" but salvation cannot be obtained by the prayers of the natural man; that is a free grace gift, given us in Jesus not for asking (or we should never have received it) but from the good pleasure of His will."

Reader! hast thou ever prayed in the sense herein meant, and expressed in Scripture? Rest assured if thou hast that thou art saved; for as the natural child does not cry before it is born, neither would thou cry or even groan unless thou hadst spiritual life. He who is not led to pray in time will never praise in eternity. Prayer always proceeds praise; for as the child cries before it sings, so the child of God prays and groans out the burdens of his soul before God before he praises. Oh, for the spirit of the disciple who said "Lord, teach us to pray."

A "SIGHER AND CRIER."

MR. STOKES'S FAMILY LOSS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

DEAR SIR,—In the brief, but very kind reference you make to our heavy bereavement in this month's VESSEL, you express a hope of being able to supply some particulars in your next. I regret to say that the absence of these particulars adds considerably to our united affliction, nor is it possible to obtain them under three or four months, if we ever do at all. We know no more than that my dear son met his death at Rosario, on the river La Plata, by an "accidental shot," (so the account states) on board the steamer *Guardia Nacional*; and that the sad event occurred so far back as the 6th of January last. Being beyond the jurisdiction of the nearest British Consul, it is very difficult to get at the full particulars, but should we ever receive them, I will supply you with a more ample statement than I am able to give at present.

In my sorrowful moments I have penned the following lines. They are quite at your service should you deem them worthy of a place in your columns. Yours in covenant bonds,

Manchester, May 8th, 1868.

WILLIAM STOKES.

LINES WRITTEN AT A TIME OF GREAT DOMESTIC AFFLICTION

Why thus cast down my trembling soul?
Why fear the storms that o'er thee roll?
Thy God who speaks in thunders loud,
Has set His bow within the cloud.

In every dark distressing hour,
He there displays His love and power;
And when fierce tempests rend the sky,
He spreads that bow of hope on high.

Look up my soul, that beauteous bow,
Speaks heavenly peace to saints below;
And tells that God in every storm,
Will all His faithful word perform.

Though clouds and darkness round His throne,
Hide from our view His ways unknown;
Though shrouded far from mortal sight,
"Shall not the Judge of all do right?"

Right, when He gives, and when He takes,
Right, when the tie of nature breaks;
And when "sweet home" is filled with blight,
His rule of love is ever right.

Then let us at His footstool wait,
When joy is small, and sorrow great;
His love will soothe the aching heart,
And all-supporting grace impart.

When tempests roar, His tender voice,
Bids trembling saints in Him rejoice;
And sweetly speaks in every rod,
"Be still, and know that I am God."

Then, humbly, let us wait the day,
When He shall wipe all tears away;
And as our earthly course we run,
Be this our theme, "THY WILL BE DONE."

Manchester.

WILLIAM STOKES.

**“WHEN DID THE HOLY SPIRIT BEGIN HIS WORK IN THE
GOSPEL DISPENSATION?”**

THIS being the heading of an article in the March number of the “Earthen Vessel,” and appearing to be a question thrown out for investigation, I venture to question the propriety of the assertion, “the Eternal Spirit began his great work in the New Testament Dispensation just as the Redeemer was finishing his great sacrificial work”—a declaration that I cannot think correct, and to receive which would be to take away the blessedness of at least one very comfortable Scripture, wherein Peter says, John vi. 68—9, “Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life; and we believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God,” “which he spake by the Holy Ghost,” 1 Cor. xii. 3. This was the utterance of his inmost soul, as every humble believer knows, and can enter into, and manifested him to be so taught of the Spirit, as to see his spiritual destitution in and of himself, which conviction prepared him to lay hold of and held fast to the “hope set before him,” in contradistinction to the mere professors whose religion began and ended in the creature.

It is true the dying malefactor was the first that died in faith in an *accomplished* redemption, but the Old Testament saints all died in faith in the same sacrifice, being all taught of the same Spirit, and it is evident that the Spirit as certainly wrought in the disciples before the Saviour's death (to say nothing of the following Scriptures, Luke i. 15, 41, 67), as in the thief, though he was blessed with a clearer view of the one offering for sin than were the disciples.

Still the question remains, “When did the Holy Spirit begin his work in the Gospel Dispensation?” In the article referred to, John xvi. 7 was quoted as the first head, the second being founded thereon; but in John vii. 39, we read that the Holy Ghost would not be given *till after* the Redeemer's glorification, which surely means a gift of the Holy Ghost in some manner diverse from that power thereof received by the thief and disciples, and, I think, seems to point to when the Holy Spirit would begin a particular work in the Gospel or New Testament Dispensation: thus in John xvi. 7, “If I go not away the Comforter (which is the Holy Ghost) will not come unto you.” Here it is again declared that the Holy Spirit will not come *before* the Saviour's departure to glory, “But if I depart I will send him unto you.” And Peter preached, Acts ii. 33, “Being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear.” So that “his promise concerning the coming and work of the Holy Spirit” was not “fulfilled and realised” on Calvary, but on the day of Pentecost.

I think a noticing the name the Eternal Spirit here bears may enable us to understand the question a little. “The Comforter,” said the blessed Redeemer, “when he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth.” This compared with Rom. xv. 4, seems to teach that the work of the Spirit is to lead into the Scriptures, which testify of Christ, and from which the

convinced sinner, the humble believer, understanding that testimony, receives comfort and encouragement, is built up in the faith, becomes bold as a lion, rejoicing in God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Was not the promise of the Master fulfilled when the disciples were filled with the Holy Ghost, and spake as the Spirit gave them utterance, testifying from heartfelt experience of the unsearchable riches of Christ?

March 21st, 1868.

W. M. C.

[We thank our Correspondent for this comment on a previous paper. In the sudden and certain conversion of the thief on the cross there was a fuller manifestation of the sin-convicting and Christ-revealing power of the Holy Spirit, than had been seen in the New Testament Dispensation before.—ED.]

LETTER BY THE LATE MR. TIPTAFT.

DEAR SIR,—I have met with another letter of Mr. T., and I forward it to you to insert in the "Earthen Vessel." It was written to a young man whom the Lord had called to speak in his name. Hoping it may prove a word of direction and counsel to others who may be called to speak in his name, I am, yours, &c.,

JAS. ELDERKIN.

King's Cliffe, April 13th.

DEAR FRIEND,—The account of the various exercises of your mind respecting speaking in the Lord's name, I was glad to read, and shall be glad, if the Lord is pleased, to use you as an instrument in his hands for the glory of his name; but those who hear you are best able to judge how far you are likely to be heard with profit. It is a very important work, more so than any other. There are trials and difficulties which cannot be known but by experience. If a minister has not a conscience worth having he is not fit for the work, and if he has he will surely have trials through sin in himself. If a minister's heart is not in the work he will not be profitable in his ministry to the tried and tempted of the Lord's family; if the heart be not in hearing, reading, singing, and preaching, it is not to the Lord's glory. But we know that there are changes, and we are glad to know the sweetness and blessedness of Divine things enjoyed in the soul, though we may say again and again, "Wilt thou not revive us again, that thy people may rejoice in thee." I wish that I could love Christ more, and could exalt his name more highly. Very few who stand up in the pulpits know really and experimentally the blessed truths and the effects of grace on the heart. If a minister is ignorant of the Spirit's work he cannot preach it. The husbandman that laboureth must be first partaker of the fruits. "He that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity: he that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword." You have cause to bless God that you can tell of his gracious dealings with your soul, and you wish to please him whoever you may offend. May the Lord bless you with a spirit of prayer to be guided aright. Ministers as well as hearers are encouraged as well as cast down, and at times sunk in such low places that they are afraid that they shall at last sink; but by the fear nots, this necessity is prized. Through mercy I have continued to the present day a debtor to restraining grace as well as saving grace. May the Lord keep, guide, and direct you. Give my love to your mother, and Mr. J. and Miss M., and any inquiring friends. Yours in the truth,

Abingdon, Sept. 19th.

WM. TIPTAFT.

Our Churches, Our Pastors, and Our People.

THE HILLS AND DALES OF THE ENGLISH AND WELSH BORDERS.

"In a city on 'THE WYE,'
Lives a preacher's 'rich supply,'
* Barren, false, and envious; she
Pours forth hottest shot at me."

THUS sang a poor pedlar as he passed away from a couple of "fat cattle" (as the Lord doth by Ezekiel call some of Zion's cruel ones) who had been thrusting their horns at him. But this poor pedlar had one friend to whom he fled in times of sorrow and distress; and he often proved this friend to be as "a brother born for adversity," and as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." And so it came to pass, as the poor pedlar turned from the scowling of a couple of unlovely pious ones, he met a priest of another school, who immediately commenced a discourse upon "charity." Quite cheerfully, to the poor pedlar, came the following words:—

The joys of human life find a far less place than its sorrows—from the fall of Adam, cast out of Eden, to the fearful Revelations given by Saint John, the book speaks of trial on earth, if it points to joy in heaven. One of the greatest elements of human sorrow is the poverty, the misery of the poor. John Chrysostom, a man with large mind and tender heart, dedicates a whole homily to the question whether the rich man, who gives is more blessed, or the poor man who receives. The first thing that strikes a man looking into the face of the world, is the great disproportion between rich and poor: the rich abounding, the poor, destitute. The second thing is the result of this disproportion—destitution on the one hand, abundance on the other. And, the third thing flowing from both, contempt and dependence on the one hand, pride and independence on the other. Such is the enormous disproportion between men equally created by God and redeemed by Christ's blessed blood. But we are but stewards of God's household; not masters. We are dispensers; and he places money in our hands for the poor. If we keep it for ourselves we are robbers, and God, who sees all things, will not suffer us to escape. "Can God be just" exclaims St. Chrysostom "to suffer his poor to hunger so?" "Complain not to God," says the saint, "he has placed thee, thou rich man, steward of his household, to administer to their wants. Rather admire the wisdom of thy God, and tremble at thy unlovingness." "If God destroys the robber of the rich," says St. Ambrose, "what curses will he not heap on the defrauder of the poor! If you expect mercy from him, be merciful: shouldst not thou then have had compas-

sion also on thy fellow servant even as I had compassion on thee." Well may St. Chrysostom cry out "When you heard the voice of the poor you hear Christ's voice; in honouring them you honour him!" St. Austin says, "Our Father loves charity so dearly that it softens him towards us, and he gives us power to break up our hard hearts, and turn again to Him."

Oh, charity! thou stream of heavenly love,
Flow thou within my heart with power,
And carry me above.

City of Hereford, April 29th, 1868.—I have been nearly a fortnight in the neighbourhood of this ancient, and comparatively quiet cathedral town and episcopalian seat of theological and musical notoriety. During my stay here, we have had storms, showers, thunderings, and little hurricanes, so common in the spring. Before I reached this Welsh border, sounds of alarm were sent forth, something like, "the wolf is coming! beware of him;" and some of the sheep were a little frightened, but others were deaf to the malicious slanders of those whose principal trade is to injure, not to help, the oppressed and the poor, "Nevertheless," as Paul saith, "the foundation of God standeth sure," and, if we do not, "the Lord doth know them that are his." By his good providence, the orchards here are full of the richest blossoms; the fields are full of flowers; the cathedral is full of the most delightful music; I have gone on praying the Lord to help me, and in his name I have spoken several times. I write these few lines in the Hinton meadow; the cathedral is in front of me. Dr. Hampden, the ninety-fourth bishop of this diocese has just been called to his last account, and not a few of the good Protestants fear the slumbering flames of Ritualism will soon now burst forth without fear or faltering; and, as the Gospel of Christ is not considered very powerful here, I expect the Romanists will increase and abound both in the Church of England and out of it. The political satires of this city plainly indicate the existence of the carnal mind as being at enmity with God, and in pulpits even, where Christ above should be exalted, the spirit of the world presses in. New Testament doctrines and decrees have but few friends here; such is the testimony of one who says, "in order to worship where Christ is honoured, and his ordinances observed, I have to travel many miles.

The pretty river "Wye" flows softly
through this land,
And on its fruitful banks, doth many a
cottage stand,
While in the distance rising high,
The lofty hills salute the sky.

I much enjoy this scene.
No barren waste, nor frightful "Moore,"
Shall drive me from sweet mercy's door.

Rosa, in Herefordshire, is a town of great antiquity, and the views of scenery around (its towering mountain forests on the one hand, and its curling Wye stream on the other) are pretty and cheering but I feel low in spirits, finding no one to talk with on things more durable than all the eye can here behold. After attending to my business, I searched for the people everywhere despised. They have a room in Rosa, where they meet; but their minister, Mr. Perry, lives miles off, so I left Rosa without one moment's communion with any of the Lord's people; and am now (April 30, 1868) waiting on the station for a train to take me back to Hereford, and from thence to Whitestone; where, next Lord's-day I hope to speak again, baptize, and break bread. I do not find travelling and moving in so many directions at all profitable to the soul. Quiet retirement in one's own home is an essential pre-requisite to peace of mind; and to usefulness in the work of the Lord. Oh, happy men whose hearts and lives are entirely devoted to, and enjoyed in a service so delightful and so good. As I left Purlbrook valley this morning, I silently sang—

"Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The temples of thy grace
Thine earthly dwellings are,"
 &c., &c.

The morning was sweet, my soul desired to take wing; but it has not fled out of self, and all created therein.

A JOURNEY FROM PURLBROOK VALLEY TO DRYBROOK HILL.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND A—K.—If I have failed to fulfil my promise to you in writing, it has been simply because, travelling, writing, speaking, some illness, and many cares have denied me the privilege. You know I left Withington on Wednesday morning, May 6th, I was busy in things connected with this world, and on Saturday, literally tore myself from home, and pent up in a narrow third-class Great Western, was carried to Newnham, in Gloucestershire, working with pencil and paper all the way, and most fearfully cast down in soul. After reaching Newnham, on the Saturday afternoon, I had to climb the hills on the summit of which, or beyond which, you come on to the Forest of Dean. I had the pleasure of travelling on foot this morning, May, 12th, through mud and mist, with steady showers of rain, from off the forest up to Newnham station, and that walk of about four miles, was grand; although I carried a huge umbrella, and sometimes thought it quite possible I might be lying down in the red clay, ere I could reach the bottom of some of the deep

descendings which I had to make. A friend, to shew me the way, carried my bag, and in perfect safety, we found ourselves in Newnham station. At the bottom of the first hill, as you come down from the forest, you turn a sweet corner into Little Dean; there the sight and the scent of the May-blossom, the hanging boughs of lilacs, the wall-flowers, and lots whose nature and name I never knew, brought us up to a pitch of admiration. Oh, how elastic the breezes and blossoms of nature sometimes make you feel; and God's gentle goodness in all the fields of this lower creation is delightful and sublime. Passing through Little Dean, a high hill has to be ascended, then on the left stands the aristocratic "hall;" on the right, "the temple," and in front of you "the pleasant style" from whence you get a sight of "the Severn," as she curls round through the Newnham valleys; and farther off, beyond her banks, the city of Gloucester shows itself in modest, ecclesiastical, and rather noble style. These forest and Severn scenes are rather familiar to me now. Last Saturday night, I slept at the Dean parsonage; and Sunday morning as I sat on one of the seats of brother Richard Snaith's neat chapel, the 27th verse of Jer. vi. took entire possession of my mind, "I have set thee for a tower and for a fortress among my people, that thou mayest know and try their ways." Whether the text meant me, or brother Snaith, or only the prophet Jeremiah, or all the true servants of God, I could not at the first decide; but as I thought upon it, my mind became seriously directed to shew the real position in which brother Snaith to be standing, and in preaching that morning, I found my confidence in the favour of the Lord to increase. I know no man who stands in more uprightness in the truth, than does pastor Richard Snaith, of Cinderford, on the Forest of Dean. His people, and himself, and his downright hard-working wife and family, need the helping hand of Christian charity, as much as any cause that I know in this world. If any Christian friends wish to make an excursion out of London this summer for the purpose of health, seeking and wishing at the same time, to hear the Gospel faithfully preached, and to be helpful to any of the real friends of Jesus Christ, I would advise them to make a tour on to the Forest of Dean, where truth is preached, and hard work is pursued, and where many who fear the Lord do dwell. At Drybrook stands a rather elderly Independent chapel. Twice on May 10th, I preached there. On Monday, we had a kind of parting meeting at Cinderford, and if ever that word was realized, surely it was then, "It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you." Mr. Joseph Moore, of Hereford, preached anniversary sermons at Drybrook, on the 17th, and around in the villages, efforts are made by many different sects to benefit the souls of the people; but of their motives, manner, or

measure of success, I know nothing: Charity leadeth me to hope some good is done, but, the Strict Communion, truth-declaring Baptists are not largely successful, as regards appearance, in any of these parts. I must say, farewell,

C. W. B.

SALEM CHAPEL, MEARD'S COURT SOHO.

THE VISIT OF MR. BLOOMFIELD.

ON Sunday, the 26th ult., as we announced in our last month's Vessel, Mr. Bloomfield preached two sermons at Salem chapel, when collections were made for the Aged Pilgrim's Society. Though we might leave off here, still perhaps it may not be uninteresting to our readers to give a little more in detail of this visit of the late pastor of Salem. There were many conjectures as to the reception he would meet, but we must say, his reception was most cordial, if not flattering. In the morning the congregation was very encouraging, in the evening, though the chapel was not crowded, it was well filled. It was not without interest we listened to groups of persons discussing before and after service the removal and the visit of their late pastor. One might hear something like the following: "Ah, many said he would never be seen again in this pulpit." But, says another, "I have prayed that he might at least once more come among us, and I bless God I have lived to see the day." "I am glad to see him," says another. "But," then a pause, "I wish he had not gone away." Therefore the worst feeling seemed to be regret that he ever left them. However, this regret does not seem mutual, Mr. Bloomfield told them that he had not yet repented of the step. He believed then, and he believes now, that he followed the leadings of his heavenly Master. He felt deeply interested, and nothing could alter him, in the good and prosperity of Salem. He had no unfriendly feeling towards any, if any had towards him, they were welcome to it, he could but pity them and pray for them. He was glad he had the invitation to come, and glad circumstances favoured his coming, as he told them he had made up his mind not to visit them till they seemed likely to have a settled pastor. Where he was he had plenty of work. On Mondays he had to meet a number of alrewd, intelligent young men for general discussions on current topics. On Tuesdays he had to preach in an out school; they had three schools with about 1,800 scholars. On Wednesdays, he had the usual home service, when two brethren prayed, after which he gave the address. On Thursdays, again to preach in an out school. On Fridays there was the usual meeting respecting church matters. On Saturdays, he met about eighty young people, to read with and explain the Holy Scriptures, and it was surprising, all weathers, to see the

interest with which these meetings were attended. He mentioned these things to show if he went away in order to live a half retired gentlemanly life he had made a great mistake. If he went for ease, or if he went for gain, or for anything but to follow what he believed the leadings of the Lord, he had made a great mistake, and must suffer for his mistake. But he loved his work, he loved his people, he loved his Master, and he wished to live and to die in preaching Jesus, and in labouring to the edification of His saints. What he said for himself he could say for his friend Anderson, who he believed was labouring zealously and successfully among the people of his charge.

The morning discourse was from 1 Cor. ix. 16, "For though I preach the Gospel, I have nothing to glory of, for necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel." In the evening the text was from Isaiah lv. 8, 9, "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

The "doctrine," God's thoughts concerning the children of men, and the many incidents of life shewing "God's ways are higher than our ways," were points touched on with considerable power; the "lessons" deduced therefrom were specially dwelt on by the preacher in a very impressive manner, shewing how man in his hasty judgment often erred, but yet how difficult it was to wait till the Lord himself disclosed the mysterious workings of his providence and of His grace.

After the service the people flocked round with apparently the most sincere greetings, and as Mr. Bloomfield passed down the chapel and through the court where a cab was waiting, the people lined the way testifying as he with some difficulty passed, those feelings of friendship, alike honourable to the people as gratifying to the minister.

TO THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION WORSHIPPING IN THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY,—

AND to all my friends scattered throughout the colonies of the southern hemisphere, Grace and peace be multiplied unto you of God, and of Jesus our Lord, and of God the Holy Ghost our comforter, who comforteth us in all our tribulations, by giving unto us grace for grace according to our day, "that we may be able to endure, stand every storm, and live at last. And with the same comfort wherewith I am comforted of God, I will endeavour to comfort you, by recording the great things the Lord hath done for me, in giving me continued acceptance among the churches of Christ, in this favoured land; for the Lord is with me, and blessing the word preached,

so much so, that if I was at liberty, I could settle in England, and be supported, respected, and loved, far better than I have been in Sydney. Nevertheless, I feel that my work is in Sydney, there I must go, and there I shall remain, until I am convinced to the contrary.

I closed my last letter by recording the liberality of the saints under the ministry of brother Ponsford, Zion's hill, Clapham, who gave me £60 14s. 10½d.

The following day Tuesday May 21st, through the Christian sympathy of Mr. Pickworth, (whose kindness to me I shall never forget) I was introduced to Mr. Varley, minister of the Free Tabernacle, Nottingham, who took the chair on the occasion of my lecture in his chapel. Mr. Varley knew me in Geelong many years ago. Since his return to England, the Lord has prospered him both in business and in his ministerial labours as the pastor of a church numbering over 500 members, and was truly glad in having an opportunity of helping an Australian church, which he did by giving me a collection which amounted to £13.

Wednesday 22nd.—Having been engaged throughout this day in making arrangements for future meetings, I arrived at Old Ford, and lectured in Hope chapel, Green street, and was kindly received by the friends worshipping there. The collecting was £2.

Thursday, 23rd.—I left London by train for Maldon, in Essex, and lectured in the evening in the Baptist chapel. Brother Debenham, pastor of the church, prayed unto the Lord, to bless us. And the Lord did bless us with his presence while lecturing upon my Australian reminiscences. Brother W. Beach, of Chelmsford, kindly took the chair, and pleaded our cause in a Christian manner.

Friday, 24th.—I preached in the Baptist chapel, Chelmsford, and was very much at home while speaking of the Lord's faithfulness, "He shall sustain thee." Bless the Lord, O my soul, for the Lord hath indeed sustained me, while I have passed through great and sore trouble. Shoes of iron and brass, and strength according to my day, the Lord has given, and thus he sustains.

Lord's-day, 26th.—I preached three sermons in the Baptist chapel, Maldon; the Lord blessed the word. The cause, which is somewhat low, seemed to revive; the amount I received at Maldon was £217s. 6½d.

Tuesday and Wednesday, 28th and 29th, I lectured in Chelmsford, was well received by the friends of truth there. Brother Baker, (late of Tunstall, and who was then supplying the pulpit in the Baptist chapel) took the chair; the amount I received in Chelmsford was £5 10s. 5d. The Protestant association gave me 21s. and Mr. W. Beach gave me £5, and Mr. J. G. Beach, £5, making a total for Chelmsford, £16 10s. 5d. All the friends received me most kindly, because the Lord blessed my visit, and while I

sowed unto them spiritual things, I reaped their carnal things.

Thursday, 30th.—My very kind friends, brother Beach and his good wife, by whom I was made welcome and comfortable while I lodged at their house, drove me to Braintree, and for their very great kindness to me I shall ever feel grateful. I lectured in the very beautiful schoolroom belonging to the Braintree Independent chapel, there was a good attendance, and I was well received, the collection was 16s. 5½d.

Friday, May 1st.—I lectured in the Baptist chapel school-room, which was quite full, and a very warm reception I met with both from pastor and people. The collection was 17s. 10½d.

Saturday, May 2nd.—I left Braintree for London, and visited the place of my boyhood days, when old reminiscences of the Lord's great mercy toward me were revived in my memory and my soul.

"His love in times past," &c.

Many times in those days I was in death's oft, but the Lord preserved me. What an Almighty preserver my ever gracious God hath been to me, all my life long, and

"When my feet made haste to hell,

And there I should have gone, but thou dost all things well."

I am indeed a debtor to the unmerited and sovereign grace of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the almighty author of salvation to the uttermost, of all his people, and all their needs, for

They may on the main of temptation be tossed,

Their sorrows may swell as the sea;
But none of the ransom'd shall ever be lost,
The righteous shall hold on his way.

Lord's-day, 3rd.—Not having an engagement to day, I arranged to worship with the saints at the Surrey Tabernacle; it was a glorious sight to see that beautiful and immense building filled with nearly 2000 attentive hearers listening to the ministry of that God-honoured servant of Christ, brother James Wells; that God is with him, the word blest, and souls saved, no one can doubt, except the green eyed monster envy. In the afternoon, I was favoured in being present at the Lord's Table. When I saw the pastor at the table, with his seven deacons, I did rejoice to see "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," and with a determination to stand by and hold up the hands of their pastor to help him, and not to hinder him in his great work. Oh! that all ministers were favoured with such decided, truth-loving men, and who know how to be kind and tender-hearted, and as all deacons ought to be courteous, and then will they use the office well, and will purchase to themselves a good degree of love, honour, and esteem for their worksake, and great boldness in the

faith which is in Christ Jesus. After the afternoon service about 300 sat down to tea in the vestry. I was called upon to speak which I did, and was received in the kindest manner by the deacons and friends, and although I have had a collection there, yet there are many who feel they have not given enough to help me in my work. One kind friend when she shook hands with me left five sovereigns in my hand, and one friend gave me 10s., and another 10s., and another friend gave me something in paper; to my astonishment I found five sovereigns. Thus I received at the Surrey Tabernacle £11.

Monday, 4th.—I lectured in Carmel chapel, Pimlico. The pastor, H. Wise, took the chair, spoke well, kind, and brotherly. By pastor and people, I was well received, and the collection was £7 10s. 1½d.

Tuesday, 5th.—I left London for Bedford, in Herts, and there preached two anniversary sermons on behalf of the church there, which is under the pastorate of brother Hutchings. We had a good day, the Lord blest the word, and the people rejoiced, and although the collections were for their own cause, yet they were determined poor as they are to do something for our cause and gave me £1 7s.

Wednesday, 6th.—I went to Tring, and preached in the Baptist chapel where the late Mr. Glover preached for many years, the present pastor, brother Bennett, has been labouring with acceptance for the last four years. While there I made arrangements to preach and lecture in New Mill chapel, June 7th and 8th.

Thursday, 7th.—I proceeded to London and then to Blackheath, and lectured in the Baptist chapel brother B. B. Wale, pastor of the church, took the chair; spoke exceedingly well and kind, there was a good attendance, and the collection was £7 5s. 0½d.

Lord's-day, 10th.—I preached for brother Ponsford, and felt very thankful in having the opportunity of serving him who was the means of the wonderful collections I had, when I preached there before.

Monday, 11th.—I went to King's Langley, in Herts, and lectured in the Independent chapel, and was well received, for the people there love the truth and nothing but the truth. The collections amounted to £2 7s. 6d.

Tuesday, 12th.—By train I went to Birkhamstead, and there saw one of the Lord's afflicted ones, who has been in the furnace for the last seven years, suffering from a spinal affection, the Lord is very gracious to her, for although not delivered she is sustained. In order to help our cause, she has worked some most beautiful markers, for books, to be sold to aid me in my mission to England. The following are the mottoes: "Looking unto Jesus," "Trust in Providence," "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth," "Hope is the anchor

of the soul." The last two years she has been confined to her bed, and while lying upon her back, she is thus doing all that she can. I arrived at St. Alban's, just in time to lecture in the Baptist chapel, brother Hitchcock, pastor of the church presided, there were not so many present as was expected, nevertheless, the Lord was there. The collection was £1 5s. 9d. By the midnight train I arrived in Euston square, walked to the hotel, London Bridge, and, after some trouble, obtained a bed at a quarter past two o'clock.

Wednesday, 18th.—Up at five o'clock, left London for Matfield Green, by six o'clock train, preached morning and evening the anniversary sermons of that good old cause. There was a large attendance all day. While there, I reaped another seal, the Lord gave me eighteen years ago, and now for the first time I am informed of the power of God unto salvation. While I was preaching from the words "How shall I give thee up Ephraim," a Christian woman desired her husband to accompany her to the chapel, but he refused, but afterwards consented to go, but only to please his wife. The sermon was the means of his conversion, he is now a member of the church at Matfield Green.

Thursday, 14th.—I walked from Tunbridge to Boro' Green, a distance of nine miles; arrived just in time to commence my lecture, and spoke over two hours, was most kindly received, and delighted in meeting with old friends whom I had known for years. The collection was £4 2s. 2½d.

Friday, 15th.—I arrived tired and weary at Sevenoaks, and lectured for two hours in the Baptist chapel, where that honoured servant of Christ, the late Mr. Shirley, laboured for many years. The collection after lecture amounted to £2 3s. 10½d; one friend gave me 20s. and another 10s. so that I received £3 13s. 10½d.

Saturday, 16th.—I left Sevenoaks for London, arrived in safety, having obtained help of God I continue to this day, working with all my might whatsoever my hands find to do, in order that I may return the sooner to you and my family: for my wife and children, I am thankful to say the strongest compassion and deepest sympathy is felt by the Lord's people here, that they should have to endure such a sacrifice which my long absence must be to them. My only consolation is that it is for the cause of Christ, and for that cause I am still willing to endure hardness.

I am thankful in being able to record, that I have now up to date, obtained £560. "Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask, or think, according to the power that worketh in us." I will subscribe myself your willing servant for Christ's sake,

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE

PECKHAM.—RYE LANE. On Monday May 11, the usual annual meeting commemorative of Mr. Geo. Moyle's pastorate, was held in this beautiful chapel. The beloved pastor of this church who has recently been the subject of severe bodily affliction, but has been mercifully raised up again, has been now connected with this church for twenty years. Tea was provided in the handsome and substantial school-room, which has recently been enlarged. The school now irrespective of class-rooms, is 48 by 32 feet, or nearly as large as the chapel, and is fitted with every convenience. After tea the public meeting was held in the chapel, the pastor presiding. The proceeds of the meeting were applied to the enlargement fund of the school. After singing "Kindred in Christ," (Miss Congreve presiding at the harmonium) and prayer by Mr. Wyard, jun.—

Mr. Moyle, with much feeling, expressed his gratification at meeting the church and friends on the twentieth anniversary of the "wedding day." He had never felt a greater pleasure in meeting them than he did now, after twenty years' union. He had been raised up from much bodily affliction, and he could say, if this should be the last year of his labours, that, by the help of God he had ever been faithful to his ministerial trust. It was also a cause for thankfulness that the church had been blessed with active deacons, and a liberal spirit had been manifest among the people, as a proof of which the chapel property had been more than doubled in value in a few years. Peace and happiness had been in their midst and the deacons and himself had worked together in harmony and love. He should not take up the time of the meeting but would call on the Secretary to report progress, and especially with regard to the building fund of the new school, to which purpose the subscriptions of the evening would be applied.

Mr. Congreve, (the secretary and school superintendent) in making the usual annual statement, in a few kind words, on behalf of the deacons, the church, and congregation and all assembled friends, wished the beloved pastor many happy returns of the day, and a happy new year of his pastoral life. If spared to another year it would be an important epoch in their history. It was no small thing in these times of "lo here" to day and "goodbye" to morrow for pastor and people to be united in uninterrupted happiness and peace for three times seven years. He thought there were not above half-a-dozen of our churches in London where minister and people had been joined in happy union so long as this. It was owing eminently to the fact (under God's blessing) that the pastor was a man of peace, the deacons loved peace, and the church loved peace. Much of their peace was also owing (under God) to their being a working church, as active people would have no time for quarrelling. And surely if ever activity were needed it was now.

Infidelity was at work, the anti-sabbatarian was at work, the ritualist was zealously at work; they wanted the children of our schools, "give us the children—the future men and women of England," they cry. He had read that at a school conference of the Church of England the other day a certain curate proposed for a Sunday morning's service to attract the children, a "dramatic celebration of the Holy Communion." It behoved them as a church to be active still, especially in furthering the progress of the Sabbath school. The visiting society was doing good; the Dorcas society was working well; in one or other of these spheres of labour, the humblest could do their part. He related an incident told by Dr. Halbeck who visited the hospital for lepers in South Africa. The Doctor saw two men sowing peas in a field, one had no hands, the other had no feet, wasted by disease. The one who had feet carried the other on his back, and the one who had hands but no feet carried the bag of seed and dropped the peas as he rode along, while the man who carried him trod them in the ground. The moral of this was that several could carry on a work that neither could do alone. Some could work, some could give, others who could do neither, might encourage with kind words, or help by their prayers. The humblest Christian had some talent to use in the masters service; and all might blend in happy union. Let them blend that night in behalf of the school. They all knew the work that had been accomplished in the past year; the school building had been doubled in size, and classrooms added. This had been a work of necessity. Before the enlargement the school had been crammed to excess, and now there were sixty-five scholars more than there were then. The bible-classes also were well attended and in excellent order, and it was believed that several in these classes were earnest seekers of Christ. Let those who desire to gather the young people round them make their schools attractive, not dark, ill ventilated places, not bare brick walls whitewashed over, but neat and cheerful places; let them hold pleasant services, with simple attractive addresses, short and appropriate prayers, lively and suitable hymns, and cheerful tunes; give them kind and earnest teachers, and let there be a loving spirit. With regard to the money business of the evening, Mr. Congreve stated there had been a total expenditure of £580, of which £380 had been raised in little more than a year and half. The accounts had been balanced, approved by the church and examined by auditors, and the amount remaining due was £200, in four £50 loans. Let them endeavour to pay off one of these £50 loans that night. These meetings afforded a practical way of showing our love to Christ. Good words and kind wishes were beautiful things in their way, but they involved no sacrifice, and they would neither build class

rooms or enlarge our schools. The noblest hands, the finest hands were not what a painter would admire as a subject for his art, but the hands that sanctified by grace were found working for Christ and giving to his cause. Subscriptions were then handed in from the Secretary, pastor, and various friends in the body of the meeting, amounting to upwards of £30. The meeting was then addressed by Mr. Wall, of Gravesend, Mr. Meeres, Mr. Alderson, Mr. G. Wyard, and Mr. Attwood, and was afterwards closed by the Doxology, and benediction in the usual way.

DOES NOT THE WORD OF THE LORD DO GOOD?

A NOTE FROM THE MALVERN HILLS, TO MR. ALFRED W. KAYE.

KIND CHRISTIAN BROTHER,—I was sitting on a farmer's gate, at the bottom of Shycknell hill, in Purlbrook valley, opposite to the Lady Foley's estate, between Hereford and Ledbury, on the first of May, when the country postman brought me a little packet of letters, and among them was your most acceptable and truly sympathising note. Just as I was opening the letter, up rode the farmer on his fine horse; down I jumped to open the gate for him, perfectly unconscious of having committed any trespass; but to my surprise, he said, "Should not sit on the gate, you might do much damage." Without stopping to horse-whip me, or give me time to apologize, he rode off; while I stood amazed at the fact that I had done wrong. "Ah!" said something, "you are always wrong." Confounded and grieved, I walked into my dear friend, Mr. Tyler's house, and into the nice room they allowed me to occupy, and there I thought over a few things; and then proceeded with my work. I can tell you, dear Alfred Kaye, that I quite believe Paul's doctrine, wherein he says "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, and who are the called according to his purpose." But some of the things which set these "All things working together" are bitter to the fallen nature, even of the most devoted of the children. Bitter bottles of wild and unhealthy mixtures we often prepare for ourselves; when we learn that we have drunk some deadly poison, we expect to perish for ever; then to see the loving, tender hand of the Lord coming and turning the bitter into a wholesome medicine, which while it makes us ten thousand times more sick ourselves, we are solemnly and honestly convinced of the fact, that "the Lord is good, a stronghold in the time of trouble, and, that he knoweth them that trust in him;" this doth melt our rocky hearts with gratitude; and silently we praise the Lord.

I am now passing the Malvern hills, they are grand upliftings of the earth, they invite us to look to heaven, while the ancient

city of Worcester, now full in view, and the cornfields and blossom-clothed orchards all tell us most beautifully that the ever-watchful eye, and constant working hand of the Lord, are over all his works.

I have had three Sundays' work at Whitestone; and my soul doth desire to magnify the name of the Lord for his goodness in giving, and blessing, the Word. Whitestone is a most interesting spot; the chapel, and chapel-house, stand near Withington station; close to those immensely extensive "Encaustic Tile Works," belonging to Mr. Godwin, where the art of producing the most beautiful tiles is approaching a high state of perfection. The attracting and genteel villages of Lugwardine, Withington, Weston, Beggar, York-hill, the City of Hereford, and a large scattered rural population, all approximate in a varied harmony around the retiring and modest looking graveyard, school-house, and sanctuary, called "Whitestone." One feature is, to my mind, of great value to this cause, it is the Sunday and day school, both of which are under the superintendence of Miss Alice Tyler, a Christian lady well qualified to train the children under her care, in the knowledge of everything that is useful and good for this life, and for that which is to come.

When I consider that a Roman Catholic Priesthood throws its deadening efforts around this neighbourhood, that a large Romish convent stands nearly opposite to Whitestone chapel, (at a respectful distance I admit) and when it is feared that the small edge of Ritualistic idolatry is being pressed into what is termed the Church of England; when, added to all this, I see that the steady friends to Gospel truth, are fast ripening for glory, some 80, some 70; and so on, and that the pretty little children are numerous in every village and hamlet; Miss Tyler's mission and work is of immense value; and I do earnestly pray the Lord to maintain and prosper her in all the various branches of her evangelistic labour. I feel a happy and holy persuasion that Miss Tyler and the church, will reap a rich reward for works so self-demying, and so seasonably good. My last Sunday there I never wish to forget. I preached three times; baptized; and broke bread to the people at the close of the day's services. On the Monday evening, we held a kind of farewell meeting; both on the Lord's-day, and Monday, our zealous brother John Thomas, of Breame, helped us; and the seasons were refreshing. On Tuesday evening, I delivered a message secretly given to me, for the friends who meet for worship, in Lugwardine; and now I am returning to the busy city.

My dear brother, I hope your work in Bethnal Green may be useful in winning souls, in building up the churches, and in fastening in many a heart the true knowledge of Jesus. When you have boldness of access at the throne, remember your sorrowing

C. W. R.

DEAL. — **PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, ST. GEORGE'S PLACE.** The second anniversary was held here on Good Friday, when two sermons were preached; morning, Mr. Burbridge, minister; afternoon, Mr. Rowden, minister of Zoar chapel, Canterbury. At five, nearly fifty sat down to an excellent tea; at 6.30, chair was taken by the minister; warm addresses were delivered; during the evening some of Kent's choice hymns were sung, the love of God was shed abroad in our hearts, the atonement and preciousness of Christ richly enjoyed, the Spirit's power, unction, dew, and divine sweetness was richly enjoyed, our hearts were filled with joy and peace in believing. Truly we may say we had light and gladness, a feast, and a good day. Thus ended one of the happiest days in this place. Lovers of Gospel truth visiting East Kent this season, will find a good Gospel table well spread with the rich vines of Gospel truth in this place, doctrinal, experimental, practical, and ordinal.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

SHARNBROOK, BEDFORDSHIRE. — The anniversary of the Baptist chapel was held here on Good Friday. We were favoured with two good Gospel sermons from Mr. Shaw, of Over; many of the Lord's people heard to their souls' profit and enjoyment. Between services, about 280 sat down to tea: brethren Inwards, of Dunstable, Chandler, of Thurlough, as well as the pastor, Alfred Peet, took part in the services of the day. Friends from St. Neet's, Carlton, Risely. Keysoe, Thurlough, and other places favoured us with their presence. To God be all the glory.

WHITESTONE, NEAR HEREFORD. — Here is a neat chapel, minister's house, and good opening for a school. A zealous, faithful, and qualified Baptist minister and his wife, might here find a delightful field for earnest labour. We have recently visited the place, and to any really devoted servant of Christ, we would give further particulars if required.

SHADWELL. — **REHOBOTH CHAPEL SUNDAY SCHOOL.** On Easter Sunday, three sermons were preached; that in the morning and evening, by Mr. Thomas Steed, pastor, and that in the afternoon, by Mr. B. B. Wale. On the Tuesday following, Mr. T. Wall preached at three o'clock, after which a tea and public meeting. Mr. Steed, in opening the proceedings, stated that the object of the meeting was to try to remove the last remains of a long standing debt upon the Sabbath school. The debt was originally £100, but had been reduced to £18, and these services had been held with the view to accomplish that end. The subjects that had been selected for the speakers were the "Five Covenants." Mr. B. B. Wale, "The Adamic Covenant;" Mr.

J. Wall, "The Noachic Covenant;" Mr. Lawrence, "The Abrahamic Covenant;" Mr. J. L. Meeres, "The Sinaitic Covenant;" Mr. T. Stringer, "The Everlasting Covenant;" upon which subjects they all spoke ably and well. Mr. J. L. Meeres, in prefacing his subject, referred to the fact of his early connections with the school, both as a teacher, and also as a trustee of the property. He concluded these few remarks by handing over £1 10s. to the Chairman, which was received with applause by the meeting.

NOTTING HILL. — **SILVER STREET CHAPEL.** On Tuesday, April 8th, the second anniversary of the church under the pastorate of Mr. D. Crumpton was held. In the afternoon a good sermon was preached by Mr. Milner of Keppel street, after which about 200 friends took tea. In the evening a public meeting was held. Mr. Crumpton in the chair, when the following ministers addressed the meeting: Brethren Box, Wall, Dickerson, Milner, Frith, Griffith, and Wilkins. The Gospel was truthfully preached by all, and, at the close of the day, many were able to say, "Truly this is none other than the house of God, for it has been the gate of heaven to my soul."

PULHAM ST. MARY. — On May 12th very cheering and interesting services were held in the above place. Brother Sears, of Saxfield, preached from the following words: "I have set before thee an open door," "the door was shut," and "the Lord shut him in." Rev. iii. 8. Matt. xxv. 10. Gen. vii. 16. Our brother was enabled to preach a good, stirring, Gospel sermon, and to a goodly and attentive assembly. May God's blessing crown his labours on the occasion. In the evening, the pastor of the place took the chair, and after making a few interesting remarks, Brethren Brunt, of Norwich, Brand, of Bungay, Bland of Beccles, and Noble, of Carleton Rode, were called upon to address the audience. Our brethren were favoured to speak with energy and love, and the countenances of all present bespoke heartfelt pleasure and joy. The object of the meeting was to pay off as much as possible, upon the debt of £44, the cost of our new gallery for the Sabbath school. To our astonishment and delight, the whole sum was cleared, leaving an overplus of nearly £5, which our friends intend to devote to the incidental expenses. Distant friends appeared to come together for the very purpose of giving us an astounding lift. Great credit, we are bound to say, is due to our female friends, who provided trays at their own expense, notwithstanding the very liberal sums of money which had been previously given. They provided us a good and excellent tea, clearing by this means £6, while everything passed off pleasantly. During the evening service, a little boy of about seven years of age, one

of our Sabbath school children, came to platform and laid down 15s. 3d., which he had collected for the gallery, by going about with his card in the neighbourhood. One shilling and sixpence out of this sum he laid up, having had a little money-box provided him for that purpose. "Who hath despised the day of small things?" To God be all the glory for his unbounded goodness to us as a people.—B. TAYLOR.

BILLINGBORO', FALKINGHAM, LINCOLNSHIRE.—Dear Brother,—On the first Sabbath in November 1867, I began a six months' probation at Billing-boro and Threekingham, which time is nearly expired. I have received unanimous invitations to the pastorate of both churches. I hope the Lord has directed me here, and that he may be pleased to bless his own word. We have lost two members by death lately; they died happy in the Lord; both of them members at Threekingham. One was 87; her path was like that of the just, "which is as the shining light, that shineth more and more until the perfect day." She said to me but a few days before her death, "Oh! I long to see my blessed Lord." I said, "Then you are still hanging to him—trusting in him?" She answered, "I will hang to him; if he won't have me, I will cleave to him." I replied, "He will not cast you off; for he saith, 'Come to me, and him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.'" She was up the day before she died, and went off very quietly. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." The other one was a widow, her illness was very protracted; a great sufferer, and very much tried in the first part of her illness; but some time before she died I saw her, read and prayed with her, and she appeared more composed in her mind. Satan was not permitted to harass her so much afterwards. The words applied to her were selected as a funeral text, "Be still and know that I am God." These two saints were only separated for a short time; now they have met to part no more.—W. WILSON.

CHELMONDESTON.—Lord's day, May 10th, was a happy day for the friends at this place, ten believers, six males and four females being baptised in the River Orwell. The day was characteristic of the month, the weather fine, and the scenery delightfully picturesque. There was a large gathering of spectators, supposed to be about two thousand. In the morning a public meeting was held in the chapel, which was entirely devoted to prayer and praise. The ordinance of baptism was administered in the afternoon, after which the members and friends returned to the chapel, when the newly baptised brethren and sisters were received unto full communion and the ordinance of the Lord's supper administered. Many friends from Ipswich

belonging to the well known churches—Bethesda and Zoar, came to participate with us in joy and gladness at Zion's prosperity. This is as it should be. Nothing transpired to disturb our worship or mar our pleasure, but all was done decently and in order. G. G. WHORLEW.

RIPLEY.—Brother C. Z. Turner's annual spring meeting was holden Wednesday, May 13th. C. W. Banks preached afternoon and evening. Tea was provided. The chapel was quite filled with many happy friends, and the services were enjoyed. The church desired C. W. Banks in the evening to present their pastor, C. Z. Turner, with a small testimonial of their sincere esteem and regard for him. This was quietly done, and gratefully acknowledged. We were thankful to see Robert Daws, Esq., Mr. Green, the proprietor of the large boot and shoe establishment, and many old friends, and young ones too—still standing fast to the cause here. At the old chapel, Mr. Collins is preaching the Gospel to the profiting of the friends who attend. At Chertsey, Mr. Turner occasionally proclaims the Gospel, and it is believed a church, on New Testament premises, will be raised there. Mr. James Wells was expected to preach at West End, Chobham, the following Tuesday, where Mr. Lambourne has, for years, faithfully filled the office of pastor. Mr. Henry Allnutt, is still spared to the Brockham church; and Mr. Henry Stanley visits the Mayford cause frequently; under his ministry many more have been gathered to hear the word of life. Some friends at Cobham have felt grieved to find brother W. Sack not so much with them, since the death of his wife. We hope, having put his hand to the plough, he will not look back.

IRTHLINGBOROUGH, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—On Lord's day evening, March 29th, 1868, Mr. George Cook, the young pastor of the Baptist church, baptised two females (teachers in the Sabbath school) in the name of the Holy Trinity, upon a profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus. Long before the time of service the chapel was crowded in every part. It was a good, high, and holy time; the Lord's presence was enjoyed, and many souls were blessed. Thirteen have been added to the church lately, and many signs and wonders have been done in the name of the Holy Child Jesus. May the Lord continue to pour out of his Spirit upon us, and we will bless his name for ever and ever. Amen.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

For want of room, notes of churches at Knowl Hill, Sturry, Deptford, Yeovil, Stepney, Hackney, Reading, Gleanford, Sheerness, Minster, Markgate street, Cumberland street, the appeal for Spain, and the notes of the month, are all omitted, but we promise they shall appear in the July number.

Goodness and Beauty in the Lord.

TO MY BELOVED SON,—I feel it laid upon my mind to write a few lines to you, and, as the soul is more than the body, let me, dear boy, tell thee I am thinking this morning upon that verse in Zechariah ix. 17.

“For how great is His goodness, and how great is His beauty! Corn shall make the young men cheerful, and new wine the maids.”

GRACE and GLORY, are the two streams which flow from the complete character of the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the mighty God, He is the Holy Man!! Had He not been God, He could not have taken us to glory, had He not been man, He could not have been our Saviour. But, He is God and Man in One Person, and can save us in time, and bless us to all eternity, if in Him we do but truly believe. How, my dear boy John, stands this matter with thee, and with thine? See to it, for it is eternally weighty.

The words of the prophet contain first, *An Exclamation of Admiration*, “How great is His goodness, how great is His beauty!” Then there there is a *two-fold prophecy, or declaration*: “Corn shall make the young men cheerful, and new wine the maids.”

I. THE EXCLAMATION contains a three-fold experimental blessing. 1. *The Reality of Faith*, it is a solid, a sure principle; it looks to, and lays hold of the glorious person of Christ, it brings grace from His person and work, and maketh the soul rejoice. 2. There is *the overflowing happiness of the soul*, when it thus seeth and enjoyeth Christ! Oh, how good He is! how full of beauty! then, there is zeal here. The man that doth truly believe in, and who can heartily rejoice in Jesus, speaks aloud of His goodness and beauty, that others may hear, and see, and rejoice with Him too.

The text in Zechariah ix. 17, belongs to a very special time, it belongs to a very special character, it belongs to a special incoming of grace to the soul, and a consequent outflowing of praise to the Lord.

First. It belongs to a *special time*, it is the coming of the Lord. Whenever, wherever He has come in His redeeming character, there men have seen both His goodness and His beauty; Melchizedec was full of goodness and beauty to Abraham. As priest of the Most High God, he was full of beauty, and in bringing Abraham bread and wine, he was full of goodness. Melchizedec met Abraham coming from the wars, weary and faint, and not without fears, Melchizedec met him, blessed him, and fed him. Then the Lord came to Abraham in a vision, God's goodness appeared in the shield, “I am thy shield,” and His beauty in the reward, “And thine exceeding great reward.” So to Jacob, what a figure of goodness was the ladder, it was set up on the earth, its top reached to heaven, it was an entire ladder; as Jesus Christ is an entire Saviour; and then the angels of God ascending and descending on it, as though they would dispel Jacob's fears; if he should say, I am afraid to

venture up it, they seemed to say, look how safe we travel up and down on it ; besides they seemed to tell Jacob that they would go before him, and behind him too, for "the angels of the Lord encamp round about them that fear him," and so all have found it. Did Jacob see goodness in the ladder and in the angels ? Then, did he not see beauty in the Lord on the top of it ? The Lord God stood above it, and spoke some beautiful promises, "I am the Lord God of Abraham, the land whereon thou liest to thee will I give it," &c. Oh what beautiful promises, "I will be with thee, I will bring thee, and I will keep thee, and never leave thee." These are promises great indeed ; and being fulfilled make a man beautiful in the Lord for ever.

Did not Moses see goodness and beauty in the Lord ? When the law was given the first time there was goodness. It was good of the Lord to tell men His mind, and when the thunder frightened them, Moses spake three good words unto them, he said 1, Fear not ; 2, he said, God is come to prove you, that His fear may be before your faces, and 3, he said, all this is "that ye sin not." The first giving of the law was as a *preventive*. Then Moses let the two tables fall, they were broken. When the Lord gave the law the second time, He descended in a cloud and stood with Moses, and proclaimed His Name, "The Lord, the Lord God Merciful and Gracious, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin," &c. Here was beauty indeed ! A sin-forgiving God in CHRIST !

If you come into the Canticles, there is Goodness and Beauty great beyond all description. It was goodness when He said, "I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse, I have gathered my myrrh with my spice, &c., therefore, eat, O friends." Here was goodness ! goodness to come at all ! goodness to acknowledge the relationship !! goodness to prepare so many good things, and then to bid us welcome, "Eat, O friends, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved !" This was goodness, but when he revealed Himself as the Rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys, there was beauty. As the lily of the valleys, He is with His people in their lowest state, but as the rose of Sharon he is the glory of the church, here and for ever. When Jesus Christ came into this world, was there not goodness in every word, and in every work ! "He went about DOING GOOD," He gave life, healing, and grace ; to fulfil the law for us, to live a holy life for us, to bleed and die for us, was such goodness as was never seen before. And when on the Mount Tabor they saw Him, when risen from the grave, they heard Him, when ascending into Heaven they beheld Him, there they saw His beauty. How great is His goodness, how great is His beauty !

When to Saul of Tarsus He came, goodness stopped the mad persecutor, and beauty said, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." Whenever Christ comes these two are together found. A sinner saved in Christ, is a pattern of goodness and beauty too, or ought to be so.

II. These words BELONG TO A SPECIAL CHARACTER, to Christ as Zion's King, "Thy king cometh unto thee, He is just, having salvation." As a king, He is crowned by the church universally, by saved saints individually, and by His Father eternally. All the true churches crown Him Lord of all, "Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, behold Him with the crown wherewith his mother crowned Him." When sinners are espoused unto Him, then Zion crowns Him as King of kings and Lord

of lords. And when the saints worship Him, they cast their crowns at His feet. To denote His Absolute Sovereignty, on His head John saw many crowns. When He comes again, then the Church will say, "How great," &c.

III. Here is a PROPHETIC PROCLAMATION, "Corn shall make," &c. Corn is the truth of God, when it is trodden out, bringing life, and knowledge, and salvation, it makes men young again, and cheerful, because they are born of God, belong to God, and shall live with Him for ever.

The Walls, and the Ways of Entrance into the City.

A SUNDAY EVENING AT FOWNHOPE.

HAVING preached several times at Whitestone, I am now on the wings of the steamer bound for the great city. There is nothing externally grand in the appearance of Whitestone: the chapel, the parsonage, the garden, the little cemetery, the adjacent valleys, the surrounding hills, and the church's position and history altogether, render it (to a secretly sorrowful spirit like mine) a truly interesting corner in the Lord's vineyard. Like myself, it has had its painful changes. There are deep wounds in the hearts of some of its oldest members, and if you ask where they met with them, the answer would be, "in the house of my friends." Nevertheless, as one brother said to me, "the truth is there, and there, we hope, it will long continue, although many, opposed to truth, would like to have the place, and the appointment of the ministers in their own hands; but while such strong and steady trees are permitted to grow in it, as the Tylers, the Goodsells, the Lewises, the Goodwins, the Reeces, the Prices, and some others, the New Testament hedge will not be broken down, although the wild boar out of the wood has made many attempts to destroy it altogether. "The still small voice of the heavenly turtle-dove went with me the first time I went there; and it continued with me at times.

For all Thy mercies, O my God,
May I most thankful be!
And may I live to praise Thy WORD,
Through all eternity.

The last Sunday I was at Whitestone, I was invited to preach at Fownhope in the evening. To this I readily agreed; and as Miss Tyler (the Whitestone organist) was also invited to conduct the praise department, arrangements were speedily made to take a good party from Whitestone to Fownhope, as soon as the afternoon service was closed. Ah! that Sunday was a truly happy one to my soul. If I never was favoured in the house of God before, I was that morning. Our Luther-like brother, Richard Tyler, sen., read that grand hymn whose chorus says,—

"Lift up your heads, lift up your voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice."

That hymn so opened the springs of my soul, and gave me such meltings of

contrition that I thought it would prevent my reading. I was helped. "Underneath are the everlasting arms" was the text ; and after sermon, we had the ordinance of the Lord's Supper ; and then we retired, until the time for the afternoon service. The text was this, "The Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them ; and he went to another village," and so to the mountain-top village of Fownhope we went, as soon as Whitestone doors were closed. In the journey to Fownhope, (and there were about a dozen of us) you have not only to pass the immense convent recently erected in this most lovely country, you have not only to ford a small river, but you must conquer at least half-a-dozen hills, of whose lofty pinnacles the Herefordshire people are never ashamed.

The chapel and parsonage at Fownhope stand conveniently wedded together in a garden of some extent ; and well shaded by a large yew tree, cleverly trained and trimmed. Here the pastor, Mr. Mudge, and his pious wife, together dwell in a quiet and peaceful mission to promote the good of their neighbours. Our evening service commenced at six ; there was a sweet and holy freedom in singing, reading, and prayer ; and when I read my text, the same sweet breeze continued.

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman seeking goodly pearls ; who when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all he had, and bought it."

The many things said by the Saviour, descriptive of his kingdom, shewed how much his heart was set upon it. It is called, "The kingdom of heaven," because its origin is of heaven, its nature is spiritual, and its grand design is, instrumentally, to carry saved sinners safe home to glory. [The sequel is deferred.]

Fights and Shadows of a Pastor's Life.

THE engagement to which I referred in my last continued some considerable time, in fact, till I obtained another in the literary world, which pleased me better. I one day received a letter from a gentleman, well-known in the literary world, but whom I knew not personally, asking me to write an article on a subject which he named, for a sanitary journal which was very popular at the time. I wrote the article and sent it to him, it appeared in the next number, and a few days after, I received a letter from the proprietor, soliciting a personal interview. I saw him, and he offered me the editorship of the journal, with furnished apartments at the West End, (near the office) and a liberal salary. This I accepted, and so became the editor of the "Health of Towns Magazine." Through this I obtained an introduction to one of the members for Westminster, who offered me the under-secretaryship of a Philanthropic institution, of which he was president. This I undertook in connection with my editorial duties. While holding these offices I was solicited by the committee of the Western Literary Institution to undertake the management of their Greek and Italian classes, two evenings in the week, for which they offered me two guineas weekly, which I consented to do. It was while holding these three engagements, that I strolled one evening into an hotel, where a meeting was being

held of a well known forensic and debating society. Having obtained permission to speak, I attacked the views propounded by the two previous speakers with some warmth and energy; my convictions on the subject under discussion being somewhat strong; and at the close of the meeting I was asked to take the presidency of the society, and to preside at its meetings two evenings weekly, for which I was offered thirty shillings per week; this offer I accepted.

During all this time I was living without God, without Christ, and therefore without a well founded hope in the world. And in the prosperity which now began to attend me, I burnt incense to my own drag, and proudly thought and said, my own hand hath gotten me all these things.

It was under these feelings and circumstances that I married. The lady whom I married (my present wife) was like myself, the child of godly and praying parents, though we were both of us at that time destitute of vital godliness, and continued some years after our marriage to live in the pleasures and gaieties of the world. But the time for the Spirit to convince of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come was at hand. During this time I was engaged largely in building transactions, and at first made money pretty fast, but having through an injudicious mortgage placed myself in the hands of an unprincipled London lawyer, I lost at one fell swoop all that I possessed. I had had by way of mortgage from him, three thousand pounds; he called this in at a week's notice, and threatened to foreclose if it were not paid. Of course I could not pay it in the time, so he foreclosed, and I lost all—some thirty houses being at the time in course of erection. For some few months, he allowed me four pounds per week out of the property, but when he found the thing was tight and fast in his own hands, he dropped this, and I was reduced almost to penury. I said then to my wife, "I cannot stay here in London under these circumstances, where we have known better days, at some distant spot where I am not known, I don't care what menial office I perform, but pride forbids it here." We accordingly sold off our furniture, and with a few pounds in our pockets started for South Wales.

I had, as I have stated in a previous chapter, made a great deal of money by lecturing in Wales some years before, and I hoped to do the same now. We took—I was about to say apartments, but that would have been incorrect, as we could only afford to take one poorly furnished room at Cardiff. I then took the town halls at Cardiff, Abergavenny, Pontypool, Newport, &c., for lectures, and placarded all the towns with bills, but to no purpose; there were not a dozen persons came to them. To me it was inexplicable, the result was that in the course of a very few weeks the few pounds that we had taken with us had melted away. We were nearly two hundred miles away from any friends, among unsympathising strangers, our spirits depressed by a long series of bitter troubles, to the end of which we could not yet see, and reduced to our last half-a-crown not knowing when that was gone where we should get another, and amidst it all, no God to go to, and strangers to a throne of grace. But it was the darkest hour, the hour that preceded the dawn; the time of deliverance, and the "time of love" was at hand,

Almsgiving is the surest and safest way of thriving.

Sects and Heresies of the Christian Church.

NO. 1.—SABELLIANISM.

BY WILLIAM STOKES, OF MANCHESTER.

Author of "The History of Baptists," "Imputed Righteousness," &c.

(Continued from page 173.)

It requires no argument to prove that doctrines so manifestly opposed to the true Gospel faith, could never have been learned from Holy Scripture by any honest interpretation of its teachings. That by torturing its passages and "wresting" them from their obvious meaning, a show of support may be obtained for Sabellianism itself, is neither doubted or denied; but all this and more may be conceded to Satan himself. Granting this, however, the question still remains, will any honest reader of the word of God fail to find the Trinity there, One God in three persons, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit? Is it possible that the unbiassed scholar in that Divine school can miss this great truth, and sit down with a denial of the Triune Jehovah of the church? According to *Epiphanius*, the Bible was not consulted by Sabellius before propounding his heresy to the world, but some loose writings, that were known to be without any authority whatever. That ancient writer says of Sabellius that he "had sucked in this error from some Apocryphal books, and more especially from that called *the Gospel of the Egyptians*." This explains the whole case by proving that from these corrupt and polluted waters, *but not from the Bible*, Sabellius drank his poisoned cup. Had he gone to David or Isaiah, to Peter, Paul, or John, instead of wandering away to Apocryphal Egypt, he would never have been numbered among those foolish men who have lived but to work mischief in the church of the living God. The eminent Chillingworth lays down the true rule for dealing with all questions that surmount the human understanding when he says:—

"Propose me anything out of this book (the Bible) and require whether I believe it or no; and seem it ever so incomprehensible to human reason, I will subscribe it with hand and heart, as knowing no demonstration can be stronger than this, *God hath said so, therefore it is true*. In other things I will take no man's liberty of judging from him; neither shall any man take mine from me."

This is true manly nobility, and one finds it difficult to determine which most to admire, the profound submission to divine teaching, the noble independence, or the equally noble liberality of that distinguished writer. Let the rule of Chillingworth become the law of the religious world, and all heresy will speedily perish from among mankind.

Sabellius was succeeded, or soon followed, by Paul, of Samosata, who also denied the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, and who brought upon himself the displeasure of a Council held at Antioch in A.D. 264, or 269. His leading sentiments closely resembled those of Sabellius, and were substantially the following:—

"That the Son and Holy Ghost exist in God, in the same manner as the faculties of reason and activity do in man; that Christ was born a

mere man; but that the reason or wisdom of the Father descended into him, and by him wrought miracles upon earth, and instructed the nations; finally, that, on account of this union of the divine Word with the man Jesus, Christ might, though improperly, be called God."

In the above Council he was degraded, and removed from his pastoral office. The sect, however, continued to increase, and at the second General Council, held at Constantinople, in A.D. 381, the very first canon, by confirming the Nicene Creed, condemned Sabellianism and all similar doctrines. This council, called by the Emperor Theodosius, and 150 pastors who were present from all parts of the world, were so entirely opposed to the Sabellians that they resolved to disavow all baptisms administered by men who openly denied the divinity of the Son of God, and the Holy Spirit. So far they were to be commended, and honoured, but they went beyond this when they proceeded to *anathematize* the holders of these dangerous doctrines. They acted properly in condemning the *doctrines*, for this was their legitimate province and duty; but they were wrong when they assumed to *anathematize* the men. Their zeal deserves our admiration, but it overstepped its proper bounds by forgetting the Gospel law, "*bless, and curse not.*"

As the Sabellian scheme implies a total rejection of the vital doctrine of a Triune Jehovah, and thus undermines the entire superstructure of the Christian faith, it will be perfectly proper to give the views of some distinguished divines on this important point. None have expressed themselves with more clearness and precision than has our own Dr. Gill in his unrivalled body of divinity. He says,

"Though there is but one God, there are three persons in the Godhead, which the Sabellians deny. Our Socinians and modern Unitarians are much of the same sentiment with the Sabellians in this respect. If the Father, Son, and Spirit, were but one person, they could not be three testifiers, as they are said to be (1 John v. 7); to testify is a personal action; and if the Father is one that bears record, the Son another, and the Holy Ghost a third, they must be three persons, and not one only; and when Christ says, *I and my Father are one* (John x. 30) He cannot mean one person, for this is to make him say what is most absurd and contradictory, as that I and myself are one, or that I am one, and my Father who is another, are one person."

The well-known and most excellent Nonconformist divine John Howe, who was a prince among preachers in the Cromwellian age, expresses himself in these words:

"And He (Christ) concerns the Father also with himself in the same sort of commerce; 'At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, you in me, and I in you.' Thus in another place, we find the Spirit spoken of as the Spirit of God, and the Spirit of Christ; and the inbeing or indwelling of Christ, and of the Spirit, used as expressions signifying the same thing; when also the operation of God is spoken of by the same indwelling Spirit, (Rom. viii. 9—11) which an eminent father observing, takes occasion to speak of the joint presence of the several persons of the Trinity with such, with whom any one is present, because each bears itself inseparably towards the other, and is united most intimately therewith, *wheresoever one hypostasis* (or person, as by the Latins we are taught to speak,) *is present, there the whole Trinity is present.* Amazing thing! that the glorious substantials in the eternal Godhead, should so concentre in kind, design, influence and operation towards a despicable impure worm!"

The great Dr. Owen is equally impressive in his defence of the true Christian doctrine of Jehovah. He writes thus :

"There are many who reject the doctrine of the Trinity as false, or despise it as unintelligible, or neglect it as useless. I know this ulcer lies hid in the minds of many ; and expect it will break out and cover the whole body, of which they are members, with its defilements. But these things are left to the care of Jesus Christ. For the present I shall only say, that on this supposition, that God has revealed himself as Three in One, He is to be so considered in all our worship. And therefore in our initiation into the profession and practice of the worship of God according to the Gospel, we are in our baptism engaged to it, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. This is the foundation of 'our doing all the things that Christ commands us ;' to this service of God as Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, we are solemnly dedicated ; each being equally participant of the same Divine nature."

Viewed in the light of such a service, or brought into the presence of a noble theology such as this, Sabellianism, and its modern type in Socinianism, appear more like spectres from the tombs, than spirits sent from heaven. They sink into a contemptible insignificance, and retire abashed from a religion that supplies to us a *Divine* Father to bless us, a *Divine* Son to redeem us, and a *Divine* Spirit to renew us to a perfect holiness. Yet, while we believe this, while we rejoice in the glorious doctrine of a TRIUNE-JEHOVAH, let us not forget that it is one thing to admit this as an element of creed, and quite another to feel this truth in the heart ; that it is one thing to acknowledge a Trinity in Unity, but a vastly different matter to know that we are called by the Father, redeemed by the Son, and sanctified by the Eternal Spirit. On this subject the pious remarks of Dr. Jeremiah Taylor may be read with profit. He says :

"He who goes about to speak of the mystery of the Trinity, and does it by words and names of man's invention, talking of essences and existences, hypostasies, and personalities, priorities in co-equalities and unity in pluralities, may amuse himself and build a tabernacle in his head, and talk something he knows not what ; but the good man, who feels the power of the Father, and to whom the Son is become wisdom, sanctification, and redemption, in whose heart the love of the Spirit of God is shed abroad ; this man though he understands nothing of what is unintelligible, yet he alone truly understands the Christian doctrine of the Trinity."

HYMN TO THE TRIUNE JEHOVAH.

JEHOVAH—Triune God—thy name,
Endures from age to age the same;
O let thy will by all be done,
Thou everlasting Three in One.

Jehovah, Father, on us shine,
Jehovah Jesus, make us thine;
Jehovah Spirit, help us now,
Before the Triune God to bow.

From morn to eve, from day to night,
Be it our service and delight,
To praise with all the heavenly host,
God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

(No 2. on Arianism will appear in our next.)

In Memoriam,

DEATH OF THE RELICT OF THE LATE MR. JOSEPH CARTWRIGHT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—For the information of your readers, will you permit me to announce the death of that dear aged saint, Mrs. Cartwright, relict of the late Rev. Joseph Cartwright, the silvery tones of whose voice once charmed thousands of hearers in London and elsewhere. After having sojourned on earth nearly fourscore and five years, her ransomed spirit was on the 18th of May, released from the body of sin and infirmity to dwell for ever with Him whom on earth she loved and adored. The poet Cowper sang,

“ My boast is not that I deduce my birth,
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth ;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The child of parents passed into the skies.”

Such was the boast of the dear departed ; her father, the Rev. Wm. Entwistle, was not only a soldier of the cross, but an able minister of the New Testament. In very early life a change was wrought in our deceased friend, whereby she shunned not to confess her Saviour, on whom the best affections of her heart were centred, and thus was qualified for the station which she was appointed to fill, as the wife of an eminently godly minister, in which relation she was an active help-meet. A character based upon religious principles must command respect, and her consistent and upright conduct for seventy years is indeed most honourable, and redounds to the glory of Him who thus in the days of her childhood called her from darkness into light and sustained her all her journey through. But although the uprightness of her deportment was excelled by few, yet no one could be less desirous of claiming heaven on the foundation of personal merit, no one more sensible of her desert as a miserable sinner, and as such found no solid ground to rest her eternal salvation on but the promise of undeserved mercy. The heaviest affliction of her life was in 1861, when she endured the loss of him who had been her beloved and revered companion through so long a portion of her journey in the wilderness of life. She was now taken under the hospitable roof of her daughter, but the remainder of her life was more or less a life of pain and suffering. Yet who that knew her and conversed with her in her affliction does not remember her cheerful countenance and sparkling eye when Jesus and salvation by Him was the theme of conversation ? When her health permitted she was a constant attendant at the house of God, where you, dear sir, then ministered, and your ministrations were to her profitable, inducing holy vigour and spiritual refreshment, yet clouds would sometimes overcast her soul, and being more of a doubting than a forward turn of mind, her faith was, at times, weak ; added to which, the paroxysms of pain she was subject to, so depressed her spirits, that she could not refrain from weeping. The sickness which terminated her life was short, but long enough to evidence where her faith centred. A confirmation of the truths she had for seventy years believed, and which, at the close, redounded to the glory

of Him whom she had for so long a period delighted to extol. Her proneness to wander she lamented, but in the sweet words of her Saviour, she found peace, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee." Approaching dissolution did not discompose her, but as nature was sinking, she the more earnestly desired to leave the tabernacle of mortality, and to take possession of the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Her experience was not of the rapturous kind, but she felt a happy composure in resigning herself into the hand of God, exclaiming, "I long to depart, oh, that the time was come;" "Come, my sweet Jesus, when shall I be with thee?" The seat of her disease being the brain, she was for many hours in a state of unconsciousness, and falling asleep did not awake, but breathed her soul into the arms of everlasting love.

I am, dear sir, yours &c.,
R. HUTCHINGS.

MRS. HEPHZIBAH WALLER, OF DICKLEBURGH, NORFOLK

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE, MAY 3RD, 1868, AGED 50 YEARS.

As drawn up by her son John, and presented to his pastor, Mr. B. Taylor, of Pulham St. Mary.

DEAR PASTOR,—On Lord's-day, Feb. 24th, 1867, my beloved mother was obliged to take to her bed. Three or four weeks previous to this, she complained of pain in her right side, which increased so much, that her medical adviser deemed it proper she should keep her bed for a week or two, hoping this might afford some benefit. The Lord's thoughts, however, are not as our thoughts, for he had designed to try her as gold is tried; for she was called to pass through a severe affliction, suffering, incessantly, the most excruciating pains. Although many things were tried to afford her ease, she daily grew worse; her case being beyond medical skill; none could afford the least benefit only that God, who did great things for her, whereof she was glad. At times, her pain was very great, so that, like Job, she chose death rather than life; however, there was a needs be for all her afflictions, for "the Lord doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." My dear mother applied herself closely to reading, when she was able; and during the time of her lying in bed, she read the Word of God quite through; Smith's "Streams of the Desert;" also "Fruit from the tree of Life," and your "Scraps and Crumbs," these books were much blessed to her; she frequently obtained a meal for her soul through reading them. A chapter on the elect of God, in the "Streams of the Desert," was made precious to her; for she found that Jehovah had chosen his people in the furnace of affliction. The Word of God, the above books, and two sermons you preached of sweet memory to my dear mother; and also your pleadings for her at a throne of grace, enabled her to bear her sufferings with patience and resignation. She was one of those who could not say much about what she felt, as you know, but she spoke many sweet things to you, declaring among the rest, that my poor supplications in her behalf and the aforesaid sermons from Job xxiii. 10, and Song of Solomon ii. 16, had been greatly blessed to her. She said these were times never to be forgotten; and that when she talked about these things, they caused her to forget her pain. She frequently said that if she could have walked, she should have attended your ministry;

and that if it pleased God to raise her up again, she hoped often to go and hear you, for that she loved you for the truth's sake. She said she believed she might have attended the Established Church till the day of her death, without getting any real benefit; for, to use her own words, she said about two days before her death, "How I should like to see dear Mr. Taylor, for had I attended church to the day of my death, there is no reason to believe that I should have received the good I got under his preaching, conversation, and pleadings at a throne of grace." She said the clergyman did not preach into her heart; and that what he said was not heart searching. Not long before her departure, she said she could see the gates open for her, and the bright angels stand ready to receive her; she exclaimed, "Oh! the sweet music! oh! the sweet music!" She repeated the whole of that sweet hymn of Toplady's:—

"Rock of Ages, shelter me!
Let me hide myself in thee!"

Requesting me to read a psalm, I did so, after which she wished my father to kneel down, asking me to pray, saying, it might, perhaps, be the last time. I said,

"Mother, when do you expect to find ease?" She replied—
"When the Lord calls me."

It seems she thought a great deal about my father, for she earnestly entreated you to call and speak to him; * she further said she could not forget carrying me in her arms to hear you preach, little thinking at that time that I should be called by grace, and the comfort she should have from my prayers. The last time you visited dear mother, she sank fast after you left; but reviving, quite unexpectedly to us all, she requested us to sing,

"Lord, how delightful 'tis to see.
A whole assembly worship Thee."

To this hymn she sung the tune of "Derby," and as loud as I ever heard her sing. At half-past three o'clock in the morning, May, 3rd, 1868, my beloved mother fell asleep in Jesus, after suffering most acutely for sixteen months.

BETHNAL GREEN.—The note, and enclosure for distribution, has been variously dispensed. We forbear to print the written acknowledgments of grateful recipients; but if benefactor will give name and address, full details will be forwarded. No one unacquainted with the condition of even the Christian poor in our district, can form the slightest idea of the pain, the poverty, and the dying misery endured by many, yea, by multitudes. We could with real pleasure, dispense pounds weekly, in only giving small portions of; wine, bread, &c., &c., to the most afflicted and needy. Large numbers of widows are now congregated every week in two places; but where the standard of an experimental knowledge of Divine truth is not maintained, every species of imposition may creep in. We confine our efforts and help to the well-known saints of the Lord's family.

C. W. B.

13, Victoria Park road, South Hackney.

* After her decease.

CHRIST OUR ALL IN ALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HYMN, "JUST AS I AM."

I NEED no other plea

With which to approach my God
Than His own mercy, boundless, free,
Through Christ on man bestowed
A Father's love, a Father's care,
Receives and answers every prayer.

I need no other priest

Than One High Priest above ;
His intercession ne'er has ceased
Since first I knew His love.
Through that my faith shall never fail,
Even when passing death's dark vale.

I need no human ear

In which to pour my prayer ;
My great High Priest is ever near,
On Him I cast my care.
To Him, Him only, I confess,
Who can alone absolve and bless.

I need no works by me,

Wrought with laborious care,
To form a meritorious plea,
The bliss of heaven to share.
Christ's finished work, through boundless grace,
Has there secured my dwelling-place.

I need no prayers to saints,

Beads, relics, martyrs' shrines ;
Hardships 'neath which the spirit faints,
Yet still sore burdened, pines.
Christ's service yields my soul delight,
Easy His yoke, His burden light.

I need no other book

To guide my steps to heaven,
Than that on which I daily look,
By God's own Spirit given ;
And this when He illumines our eyes,
"Unto salvation makes us wise."

I need no holy oil,

To anoint my lips in death ;
No priestly power my guilt to assail
And bless my parting breath.
Long since those words bade fear to cease,
"Thy faith hath saved thee ! go in peace."

I need no priestly mass,

No purgatorial fires,
My soul to anneal, my guilt to efface,
When this brief life expires.
Christ died my eternal life to win,
His blood has cleansed me from all sin.

I need no other dress,

I urge no other claim,
Than His imputed righteousness ;
In Him complete I am.
Heaven's portals at that word fly wide ;
No passport do I need beside.

NEW BOOKS.

Service at Home for the Young Folks in Schools and Families, for Wet Sundays and Winter Evenings. By David D. Doudney, D.D. London: W. H. Collingridge, &c. Another handsome volume from the pen of an unusually industrious Divine, and from the press of one of the first printers and publishers in the city of London. The preface, the arrangement, and the contents of this volume, are admirable and suitable. In many families the volume will be found useful; and to all interested in such an enterprize, the undertaking will, doubtless, be a great success. No minister of Christ's Gospel in our time will leave behind him so many standing memorials of intense mental and editorial labours as will Dr. Doudney—whose Irish and English productions through the press are numerous, essentially beneficial, and of a permanent character. For generations to come (if the present dispensation shall continue so long) will the writings, printings, and editorial fruits of our good friend "Old Jonathan" prove a rich spiritual blessing. Dr. Doudney is not quite another Dr. Gill; his bones and sinews are not so masculine. Dr. Doudney is not a new edition of Dr. Robert Hawker; his streams of eloquence are not so full and free, nor are his arguments so mighty, nor his periods at all times so finished. Dr. Doudney is not William Huntington over again; nor has he the polished rhetoric of the beautiful Augustus Toplady, or the strong mental stamina of the famous Romaine. Gill, Hawker, Huntington, Toplaine, and Romaine, are all with us still. Though they have gone to rest; in their standard works they continue to speak to us. There was no necessity that new editions of these men should be given to the Church. The times in which we live call for some simple, some experimental, some brief condensation of the whole of the truth as it is in Jesus, something which our busy people may read as they run. This Dr. Doudney gives them in a variety of forms.

LOVE.

THE FIRST HYMN OF W. HOUSE, AT
SAXMUNDHAM.

"BELOVED!" O how dear!
As in Immanuel's name,
There's nothing brings our souls so near
As this immortal flame.

Love is the highest grace,
Nought equals it on earth!
It sun-like shines, in Jesus face,
And is of heavenly birth.

Love is of God; and he
First freely loved us well.
Our love to him is poverty
His love! O, who can tell?

Love's bosom is so large,
It takes in all that's right,
And we were wrong, but got discharge;
A clearance in God's sight.

Love hath a robe so wide,
To cover every sin;
Hide we, O hide in Jesus' side,
We're clean; for ever clean.

We one another love,
Because love is of God;
This offspring cometh from above,
The new birth understood.

Pretended love's worth nought,
It may have pleasing turn,
But all guile will to shame be brought,
When earth and skies shall burn.

To love we can but yield,
And then we cannot cease;
For in the pleasant Gospel field,
There grow the flowers of peace.

The rose of Sharon there,
The violet purity;
The lily of the valleys fair,
And all that fragrant be.

Love is the breath of heaven,
The air is all perfume;
And through the blessings Christ hath
given,
We're saved from sin and gloom.

Jehovah, Three One, love,
O may it in us dwell,
Its sweetness may we daily prove,
And of its wonders tell.

Love cometh down so strong,
To fit for yonder place,
And then eternity along,
We'll praise the Triune grace.

The A B C Church and Chapel
Directory furnishes a full and correct
guide to all London chapels and
churches, and ministers.

Our Churches, Our Pastors, and Our People.

THE SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

To G. N., PRESTON, LANCASHIRE.

DEAR GEORGE,—Knowing you to be somewhat extensively acquainted with Suffolk, and many of its inhabitants, and that you always feel a very deep interest in the cause of the dear Redeemer among the churches of the Baptist denomination, and, although now far removed, yet, from an old friend you like to hear occasionally as to how religion is moving on in these parts, as far as we can judge by the outward appearance, for, while 'tis God's prerogative alone to look into the heart, 'tis ours to look outside, and thereby discover of what sort the tree is by the fruit it bears. I intend in this letter to give you a little sketch of this year's Association, the meetings of which were held on June 9th and 10th, at Waldringfield, about four miles from Woodbridge, and a long seven from Ipswich, quite an out of the way place; the Baptist chapel is situated on one side of an extensive heath, close by the road side, it is a very nice chapel for a country place, and is capable of accommodating a good sized congregation. Mr. Henry Last is the present minister, he has here been very well received, and is greatly respected, much good has been wrought by his instrumentality, and many precious souls have here been fed and strengthened to tread the heavenly road. The pastor and people are struggling on, cheered by encouragements amidst many difficulties.

Sure we must fight, if we would reign,
Increase our courage, Lord;
We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Four have been baptized this year, they have 112 members, and a good school.

You are aware I am of a somewhat migrating turn in my manner of life and calling, so, in writing, I am a regular rambler, and am likely to hop from twig to twig without much order or ceremony, but never make the least pretensions to perfection or correctness, so you must make out my scrawls as well as you can, and attribute all blunders and imperfections to my incapacity and weakness.

This summer my hap was to visit the south-east portion of Suffolk, and had you been staying with me for the last fortnight at the beautiful watering place of Felixstowe, I should on the morning of the 9th have tried the soundness of your feet by asking you to accompany me at my pace, through Faulkenham, Kirton, Newbourn, and on for Waldringfield. We should leave Walton on our left hand, where for several years the Gospel's joyful sound was trumpeted forth by that solid man of God, Mr. Thomas Hoddy, now of Horham; but in respect to sterling truth, the fine gold has become dim, and souls who go longing for pure and precious, soul-saving, discriminating manna, will be very likely to leave as they went. Oh! how fond people are of flesh-pleasing preaching, while an honest minister who sets forth that Gospel which separates the precious from the vile, is cast out and cast off as unfit for this world,

and from no class of men do God's own ministers receive more frowns than from the high towering professor, and no class of men are better hands at persecuting the saints than some professed ministers of God. You are aware, dear George, we have seen and heard enough of this in our native country, but all the church's enemies are chained, and can do no more than shall result in God's glory and the saved people's good.

On approaching the very large heath land at Waldringfield, the Association tent appears in sight; it has this year a new top covering, but our beautiful weather afforded no proof of its strength and ability to protect the people from getting wet. When the first glance of the tent was obtained, my mind was instantly led to contemplate the encampment of the Israelites in the wilderness, when God's miraculous interposition was seen, in protecting and supplying that immense host of people, and O the sweet thought, the God of Israel is our God too, and His mercy endureth for ever. The services of the day commenced with singing, reading, and prayer, and Mr. Bland, of Beccles, opened the business by a few appropriate remarks, reading the articles, rules &c., and called for the letters from the various churches.

Letters from all the churches were read, with two exceptions, viz., Clare and Glemsford. Some of them were quite interesting, and instructive, like so many little refreshing showers of rain upon the thirsty land. Some were long and dry, and the best of them were those which were unpolished, which aimed at only telling out in simplicity, what God had wrought. Some were very small in their pretended greatness, and these I leave out altogether, but will just give you a few extracts from notes taken by myself and some few other friends on the occasion. I have been in the habit of visiting these annual gatherings for more than thirty years, that is, occasionally, when I could get at them, but I never witnessed so few people present, as on the first day this year; the tent was not near full during the time the letters were read, and in the afternoon about 400 were present. You are aware that most of the ministers and messengers belonging to the society are away from the afternoon public meeting on association business. I never witnessed so few ministers present who were unconnected with the society; not one from London that I knew anything of, but it was said that a solitary one was there, but neither myself nor any comrades knew anything of him. The Halesworth church has had sore trials in the loss of friends, &c., yet things look encouraging, one baptized, four dead. At Rattlesden, the different agencies employed in the cause are well attended; four baptized. The Friston letter complains of the want of life and activity, yet there is a holding fast by the blessed doctrines of the Gospel, but no great success has this year attended them. At Grundisburgh five have been added by baptism, and five have died. The churches at Hoxne and Laxfield are highly favoured still; Mr. Sears is greatly blessed in the Lord's work, the cause is prospering, the means of grace well attended, and seems to be much enjoyed, eleven have been baptized, there are now 267 members, and 210 scholars. Mr. Masterton at Hoxne, is beloved, earnest, laborious, devoted, and very successful; God honours him, the word is greatly blessed, thirteen have been baptized, eighty-two members, and 136 Sunday scholars. Another cause in that part of the county, viz., Rishangles is also very highly favoured, twenty-one have been added by

baptism. These churches are not at all afraid of being disestablished, nor need those ministers cringe for state patronage and pay; they live and labour in the affections of the people, set an example worthy of imitation, and their arms are upheld by the prayers, sympathies and aid of their respective churches. The cause of God at Pulham St. Mary, enjoys many mercies, the ministry of Mr. B. Taylor is well received, the Lord blesses the word preached, and souls are saved. A new gallery has lately been added to the chapel for the school, and other necessary alterations made, which are all paid for. This looks well, the hearts of the people are in the work.

The past has been a very melancholy year for the cause at Charsfield, Mr. Thomas Leggett, the pastor, died March 21st, and about a fortnight later, their former pastor, Mr. John Runeckles, aged eighty-four years, committed suicide, having spent about half a century in preaching the Gospel. Dear George, what are we to say of such things? 'tis very solemn, for a man to make a profession of love to Christ, preach the Gospel, and seem to be an ornament to Christianity, yet die by his own hand. When you again write just tell me if you know of any Scripture, that will encourage one to hope a self-murderer is gone to heaven? I confess myself greatly staggered by such events, and don't know what to say.

The little church at Great Ashfield, have experienced many sorrows since Mr. Wm. Snell left them. A little more than twelve months ago, a Mr. Henry Cooper went among them, and bitterly the people have repented since then for being so hasty on that occasion. The letter stated that although the cause had been suffering very much from the ill effects of this minister's conduct, so that many of the congregation left in consequence, yet the members, one and all, had continued at their post, "all honour to them for their conduct," (said Mr. Hill who read the letter). Echo says, all honour to those members for continuing true to the cause, in time of trouble.

Mr. Henry Backhouse, of Bury St. Edmunds, is now preaching to them, whose quiet manner, and searching ministry, will, I trust, be very useful among them; he has entered on a second six months' call to speak in the Lord's name.

Mr. Field, from Beccles, has gone down to Hadleigh, under encouraging circumstances; three have been baptized. The church at Tunstall is without a pastor, Mr. Baker has left, troubles have attended them, they respectfully presented Mr. Baker with a new suit of clothes when he left them. Fressingfield church records the Lord's mercies through another year. Mr. Caleb Broom, late of Little Stonham, is preaching there under twelve months' call, and Zion's Head seems to be prospering his way, five have been baptized, and other encouraging circumstances are also seen. The Saxmundham church has succeeded in obtaining a minister likely to be useful there, a Mr. House, of Hounslow, they seem to set steady steps; Mr. H. accepted an invitation for one, four, and six months, respectively, the minister and people both deserve credit for their cautious manner of acting. A bazaar was held on May 7th, in the Market hall, the use of which was granted on the occasion, for the purpose of raising a fund to pay off the debt of £65 remaining on the chapel; when the sale closed, the proceeds were found sufficient to pay off the debt. On the second

day, a tea meeting was held, at which Mr. Sears, of Laxfield, presided, and an interesting evening was spent. You know, dear George, I don't much like these fancies to get money for chapels, but different people have their different tastes. Mr. Kiddle has settled down at Lowestoft, has been afflicted in person and in family, was publicly recognised last month, their chapel debt is felt to be a burden, and they beg other churches to help them ; the cause is growing. The Aldringham cause looks rather better than it did last year, some of their troubles are gone, but they have still days of sadness as well as days of gladness ; five have been restored to them, they have not forgotten their folly in so hastily laying hands on a late minister, are still without a settled ministry ; Mr. Churchyard, late of East Bergholt, is often supplying for them, have still a debt of £20 on the chapel. The cause at Yarmouth is making but slow progress ; Mr. Suggate is still preaching there, he finds it hard work and inconvenient, being all the week engaged in business, and having to travel so many miles. Mr. Hosken is labouring at Gildencroft, Norwich ; five have been baptized, and three stand proposed for baptism. They would like to see the teachers and many of the elder children of the school join the church ; there are seventy members, and 112 children. Bradfield St. George is as yet favoured of the Lord, and Mr. Wright seems useful there, and is highly esteemed.

You, dear George, would doubtless like to hear more from other churches, but my time and patience are almost gone for this work at present, perhaps you will yourself be in Suffolk if spared until next year, when the Association is to hold its meeting at Somersham, which is by far a better locality for it. I must, however, just give you a few hints more about Waldringfield meeting. *The Moderator* stated at the close of the letter reading, that the letters altogether reported 124 as having been baptised, and a clear increase to the churches of 55, last year the number baptised was 95, and then made an appeal for money to assist the churches who were in need of help ; some of the Ipswich traders were very kind in making provision near the tent, to refresh poor mortal bodies, but very likely they had some other end in view, besides providing accommodation for others ; the genteel people you know, some of them, at least, patronise the spread that is made for the more fortunate race of mankind. This marquee was well stored with the good things of this life, and very handsomely decorated by the able hand of our old friend Mr. John Vince, of Bildestone, who stands almost unequalled in Suffolk for taste and talent in this business.

At half-past 3 o'clock we again repaired to the tent for the afternoon service, on the platform were Mr. Willis, now of Zoar Chapel, Ipswich ; Mr. Woodgate, of Otley ; Mr. Wm. Leggett, of Cransford ; Mr. Pawson, late of Aldringham ; and Mr. Masterson, of Hoxne, who conducted the service. He commenced by singing that lovely sweet hymn, 440 selection, "Come, let us join our friends above," &c. Mr. Woodgate read Ephesians 2nd, and offered prayer, Mr. Leggett sung 218 selection, "Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss," and Mr. Willis took as the foundation of his sermon Matthew xvi., 18. The discourse was well composed of the great foundation truths of the gospel of Jesus Christ, "Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it ;" these (said the preacher) are the words of Jesus, words, the like was never spoken with such love and affection. On referring to the verses preceding the text, Mr. Willis said, Jesus needed no information for himself, but the question was asked to arouse the attention of the disciples, and to draw forth from Peter that noble confession of faith, he being always spokesman for the rest. And the Lord Jesus in substance said, on this, the substance of thy confession, on this rock I will build my church, Christ himself is the rock here

spoken of, and not poor Peter, as the papacy and other kindred systems have said, they are but awful perversions of the sacred text. Some commentators have said when the Lord uttered these words, he placed his hand on his own dear breast and said, "On this rock;" and in this light Peter evidently understood the words, for in his Epistle he quotes the Old Testament scripture in proof of Jesus Christ being this rock or foundation. The idea or symbol of a building is one of the many figures used in the word to represent the church, sometimes as a congregation, sometimes a number of congregations, sometimes the whole church on earth is meant, and again, the whole church in earth and heaven. The church visibly on earth is composed of a kingdom of saints, governed by laws from heaven, the immunities of the church are from heaven, and its glories are for ever and ever. 1st, in doctrine, the text teaches, the one true and living God, on this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. 2nd, that the Messiah is the Son of the living God. 3rd, the Son and the sent of God is consecrated and set apart for the special purpose of delivering the church from nature's ruins and Satan's dominion, and to build them up a spiritual edifice for God's glory, and it follows, that in him alone is salvation; these are the doctrines the Apostles held, take them away, and where is the foundation for a guilty sinner's hope? The church of Jesus is securely fixed upon this immutable rock. Mr. Willis' here made reference to the letter from the Laxfield Church, which exulted in the thought, there is no fear of the church's disestablishment, here fixed for ever it remains; some ideas were also given as to what the materials are composed of with which this edifice is reared, living stones, built up a spiritual house, dug up from nature's quarry, and fitted and polished by God's own gracious hand, to show forth the wisdom and glory of his own sovereign grace. Such, dear George, is a faint outline of this Gospel sermon, it was generally of a sound doctrinal character, yet the introduction of a few more experimental sentiments would have been edifying and instructive. And although to a large portion of the company present the sermon was in a sense new, yet to some who listened to about the same discourse a few weeks before, there seemed a lack of freshness and originality, but I must yet beg your indulgence to a very short reference to the latter part of this sermon. The building of the church, in one sense, was consummated on Calvary, after the twilight of the law, the star light of prophecy, &c. The instrumentality employed may be human, but the agency is divine. What a wondrous work! The formation of the universe was wonderful, in speaking the world into existence, but more mighty in redemption, God shed no tear in creation, but Jesus wept, bled, and died in accomplishing the mighty work of redemption. All means are appointed by Jesus, and no means that he does not appoint and approve will build up the church, the preaching of the Gospel and the ordinances are employed, but we must have them just as they are laid down. Then there is the means of prayer, for without prayer no means will be effectual. Then there was the perpetuity of this edifice, the gates of hell shall not prevail, &c. That is, hell's policy and accusations, the gates mentioned have reference to the places of judgment, in the original it is the gates of Hades, here the preacher launched forth in exposing the weakness, wickedness, and follies of priestcraft, popery, its purgatory, &c., but I must not quote more.

Mr. Wm. Leggett read and sung the 163 selection, Mr. Masterson made a very earnest appeal for help on behalf of the Association Fund, and did look so sympathising and pitiful that I was forced to give an extra sixpence. Mr. Leggett concluded the service by prayer. I cannot here attempt to give you the history of the proceedings in the other services, as I fear I have already gone too far and shall tire your patience. Mr. Brunt, now of Orford Hill, Norwich, preached in the evening. Prayer meetings were held on the morning of the second day at six and nine o'clock; and in the forenoon. The first Association sermon was preached by Mr. Hill, of Stoke Ash, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation,"

Psalm xxxv. 3rd verse. It was what may be justly called a great sermon, full of heavenly truth, and delivered with much judgment and ability; it seemed almost to exhaust the inexhaustible subject of salvation, embraced every conceivable point, and just about wore out the physical strength of the preacher. The second, or afternoon sermon, was by Mr. Sears, of Laxfield, and although in point of order, compactness, and preaching power, it might not compare with the sermon by Mr. Hill, yet the lack of these qualities were fully compensated by the variety, the freshness, originality, and adaptedness to interest and edify a mixed company of hearers. The congregations on the second day were very large, and, according to outward appearance, all things went on comfortably. Two churches have this year joined this Association, many other matters I might refer to as being connected with this year's Association, such as the German Mission, the last year's deputation, its costliness, its results, the light in which many look at and speak of it, &c., the state of the Suffolk churches generally, the movements of some of its ministers, what is manifestly needed, &c., &c., but these for the present I leave, when you come over next year, should you be spared, you must use your own eyes and ears. Having spent my time, all I could spare, at Waldringfield, I wended my way for Ipswich. The walk across those heathlands is very refreshing, they reach more than half the distance to Ipswich. Faint and weary I reached my quarters in St. Matthew's, where for a while I locate, and now in reflection upon my journey, with all its pleasing features, I must be free to say, it all sinks into the shade in comparison with the holy pleasures enjoyed a few Sundays ago at Chelmondiston, by the side of our beautiful river Orwell, when Mr. G. G. Whorlow baptized several friends in those waters. The day was lovely, the administration of the sacred ordinance looked so original; the preacher happy; the Lord was present. Good days have dawned upon that once distracted cause; the loving ministry is drawing many together. On the day above named, hundreds of spectators on the shore and in boats on the river, witnessed what baptism really is, according to primitive and scriptural order; Mr. Whorlow is retired from his business, and labours among the inhabitants of Chelmondiston. Ipswich is not improved in a religious sense; Popery and extreme Ritualism are preying upon the vitals of the town; fashionable preaching among dissenters by wholesale, yet in some few places the true Gospel is faithfully preached; the Church of England has its jewels. Mr. Pooce is still labouring at Bethesda chapel. Mr. Willis is settled at Zoar chapel, David street, and is well received; he is a young man of good abilities, stands on the rock of truth, and his labours are blessed. The recognition services were held Tuesday June 2nd; Mr. Hoddy, of Horham, with much ability and force stated the nature of a Gospel church; and asked the usual questions. Mr. Willis, detailed the incidents of his career from boyhood up to the present time; his first convictions; his call by grace; to the ministry; and the doctrines he hoped and intended to preach. Mr. Curtis, one of the deacons, gave Mr. Willis a hearty welcome in the name of the church as their chosen pastor. Mr. Wilson, of Boston, gave the charge and Mr. C. Hill, of Stoke Ash, preached to the people; some said they never heard Mr. Hill speak better.

The congregation at Stoke Green chapel, have now a settled minister; a sad loss has lately come upon them, in the death of their much valued old friend Mr. Robert Lacey. A young minister named Griffin is also settled at Salem chapel, from Mr. Spurgeon's college, and it is now understood that Mr. Cox will shortly leave the cause in Burlington chapel. Mr. Cox is what may well be called, the father of this cause; for by his exertions the congregation was got together, and an excellent chapel built; it is said by some, his religious views are somewhat altered.

I should like a few others whom we love in the Lord who are scattered over the globe, should know that we are still moving on in Suffolk; for after all that is wrong in Suffolk, with some of its ministers and people in the churches, there is yet a good deal of truth adhered to. I often

see the Lord's comparatively hidden, unpretending, praying, wrestling worms are the precious, the most precious sons Zion has; they wrestle, strive, and with Jacob's God they prevail. It is not the great self-important, high-towering lordlings, who are the salt of the earth.— Hoping to meet you in glory,

H. M.

TO THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION WORSHIPPING IN THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY, AND TO ALL THE FRIENDS OF CHRIST AND TRUTH, SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE COLONIES OF AUSTRALASIA.

MY DEAR BRETHREN.—The Lord liveth, and reigneth, therefore the council and will of the Lord shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure. And it being the council and will of God that his cause and kingdom, in Sydney shall be sustained, our place of worship that we have built for the Lord shall not be sold; for it is a work, eternal wisdom began, therefore eternal mercy will not forsake it, most confidently have I believed, "That the Lord will perfect this thing that concerneth us" as a strict and particular Baptist Church of Christ, and that we, who have sowed in tears shall reap in joy. Many have said that it will be impossible to obtain the money and save the place from being sold. But

"Faith laughs at impossibilities,
And says it must be done."

No one now can doubt but that the Lord directed my steps to this good old country. Here I have been honoured to do a great work, and have been strengthened and blessed of God to do it with all my might, and as a consequence the heart and hands of thousands have been opened to sympathise and feel for us in the right way, and have helped us to the amount of £870!!

In England by very many it is looked upon as being a great denominational triumph, and must produce a mighty influence in favour of the Australian Strict Baptist Churches, both in the colonies and in England.

Your unfeigned thanks are due to the thousands of God honoured and blest Christians in this land of Churches and Ministers of Christ, who have received, helped, and welcomed me in the kindest manner, as the saints used to do when they loved one another with a pure heart fervently.

But above all, the Lord alone must be exalted, for this is the Lord's doings, who has done this great thing for us, "Turned again our captivity, so that our mouths shall be filled with laughter, and our

tongue with singing, then shall they say among the heathens, the Lord hath done great things for them." Oh, my brethren, the time will now soon come when we shall shout aloud for joy, and say, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

For your encouragement and information I will continue a brief record of the Lord's kind remembrance of me, which will be seen in the doors of opportunity opened for me to preach and lecture from day to day in this honoured land, hard work I find it to be both for body and mind, but I am by God strengthened according to my day.

Lord's-day, May 17.—I preached in Zion Chapel, Deptford, on which occasion that very comfortable looking place of worship was filled, not only with the pilgrims of Zion, but with the divine presence; many were the testimonies I received from the people that the Lord was in our midst. In the afternoon I gave an address to the Sunday school, after which I met the teachers and friends at tea in the vestry, and then conducted a prayer meeting up to the time of commencing the evening service.

Tuesday, 19th.—I lectured to a good congregation, who listened with great attention. J. M. Whittaker, Esq., one of the deacons of the Baptist Church, Blackheath, took the chair, and spoke well and kindly on our behalf; the collections amounted to £12 10s.

Thursday, 22nd.—I lectured in the large school-room connected with Upton Chapel; collection, £2 6s. 9d.

Lord's-day, 24th.—I preached in Brother Hall's Chapel, Clapham, that very nice chapel was quite full. The loved pastor of that portion of our Zion did indeed plead our cause at the close of each service in a manner that did him great credit as a man of God and a minister of Christ.

Monday, 25th.—I lectured to a very crowded congregation, the pastor of that church presided. Brethren Ponsford and Forthergill, whose presence occasioned joy unto the saints, showed themselves most friendly to the cause of Christ in Australia. The collections were really wonderful, considering that many of the friends had given to the noble collection of £80 I had received when at Brother

Ponsford's, April 19. I was indescribably delighted when the amount of the collection was made known, £32; I could say, wonders of grace and providence to God belong, repeat his mercies in your songs. After the collection a very dear friend, a member of Salem, Meard's Court, but a hearer of the pastor of Ebenezer Chapel, Wirtzburg street, placed in the hands of a gentleman and lady a copy of "My Log Book;" they were pleased with it and gave 20s., which has made the collections of Brother Hall's to amount to the sum of £33. From a very dear friend who was present at the meeting and lecture in Mr. Hall's Chapel, I received a very kind letter. I will make one or two extracts:

"I was sorry to find you rather down yesterday, surely of all men you ought not to be in the valley, but on the mountains, shouting 'The Lord reigneth!' But I am reminded that 'the heart knoweth its own bitterness,' &c. Still no Strict Baptist Minister has ever done what you have done, &c., in some instances you appear to be the means of healing the breaches, or at least bringing distant friends near.

"Look here! a gentleman who saw your lecture at Mr. Hall's announced, came, and at first he thought he would give half-a-crown, but as you went on, and got into his heart, he increased it to 5s., and presently to 10s. On the day following the lecture, he met Mr. Hall at the railway station, and recognizing him, they spoke; and before the gentleman left Mr. Hall, he told Mr. H. he should give him £5 towards his chapel debt. There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, *Ergo*: if Mr. Hall had not had you there he would not have got the £5 for his church debt;" &c.

Lord's-day, 31st. — I preached three times in the Baptist Chapel, Sharnbrook, in Beds. Brother Pelt, the pastor, of the church and his good wife, received me very kindly and made me welcome, I had a good day with the saints, in that very comfortable place of worship, I pray that the Lord will often fill it with his glory.

[Our brother McCure's letter came so late that we are reluctantly compelled to break it off here.]

THE POWER OF HIS CHRIST.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—To Richard Tyler, sen., Esq., of Purlbrook Valley. Dear brother in the faith of the New Covenant I am now in Cambridge, locked in a G. E. R. car; and hope to reach the great city this day once more. When I left you last Tuesday morning, on the railway

station, it was with feelings of thankfulness; and all the way to London I tried to raise my heart to the Lord in grateful praise for all His goodness in helping me to speak the word in simplicity and sincerity. The flying wings of steam soon gave me (through the preserving mercy of God) to return to my home; to find all alive and well, demanded a nobler song than I could raise; but "it was in my heart" to praise Him, although the effort was weak. I was weary with so much travelling, but the next morning quite early, you might have seen me marching up the Hackney road, taking my ticket for Swavesey, and in a hot and dusty third class was I packed until nearly noon. Landing on Swavesey station, I looked about and saw no one. Thinks I, I must be come to the wrong place. There was one word had been a little star in my soul that morning in travelling, and I was not much moved. The word was John's, in the Revelation, he says, "I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of His Christ; and the accuser of the brethren is cast down," &c., &c. Here I saw another of the beautiful sevens of the Bible, and the precious Word of God is so full of heaven's sevenfold perfections of salvation, that I can scarcely ever read the Bible, but I am led to see one of them, standing out in the most intelligent form. I know you are a man rising up early, and (when I am with you) sometimes sitting up late. I know you eat the bread of carefulness, I know you have toiled hard over fifty years; and although the wire-worm destroys some of the wheat, the rabbits out of the wood eat the oats, the black crows steal the cherries, and the cause of God has lain heavy on your shoulders, still, prosperity has smiled upon you, "the God of eternity has been your refuge, underneath have been the everlasting arms," and very soon all the enemies will be left behind. Therefore when you sit down to rest awhile, ponder over this anthem of seven parts in which John heard an angel in heaven taking the lead. He says,

I. "Now is come salvation," that is, Jesus himself has come; and salvation for the whole election of grace has come in, and by him. The promise of salvation came in the garden, its pattern came by Moses, its prophecy came by holy men of old; but THE PERSON having salvation never came until Jesus was incarnate. Cannot you put your hand upon your heart, and say, "Now has come salvation?"

II. "Strength has come; because the Holy Ghost descended on the day of

Pentecost, and kindled such a fire, that all the floods of foes could never put out.

III. "And the kingdom of our God," that is, the Gospel kingdom. This was set up in many parts of the world by Paul; and from his day to this, the builders of this kingdom have been continued, and the work still goes on.

IV. "And the power of his Christ." He has power in his intercession in heaven; and the echo of that power reverberates through the ministrations of thousands on earth, sinners are pierced, saints are confirmed, and thus the kingdom grows.

V. "The accuser of the brethren is cast down." This is more in prophecy, than in practical power at present. The brethren are accusing one another, and will continue until a better day shall come.

VI. The conquest of every ransomed soul is secured. "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb; and by the word of their testimony." Here you see the threefold action of a true faith. It looks to the blood of atonement, to the fountain opened, it applies the cleansing virtue of the sacrifice made on Calvary's cross, and it bears testimony to its wonderful power; this all the happy saints have done.

VII. "And they loved not their lives unto the death." Here is their decision for Christ, and their devotion to the cause so near to his heart.

I had thought to fetch a sermon out of this seven-fold branch of the olive tree of grace, but hitherto it has not been so.

While I stood on Swavesey station, wondering if I could be right, a kind of John the Baptist friend touched me on the shoulder, and beckoned me away. With Mr. Leach, the Swavesey pastor, and Mr. Parish, sen., the Dry Drayton pastor, I dined, then a six miles ride found us in Mr. Phyper's barn; there a large company was gathered; there in the waggon I preached twice; and there some solemn words were sung, closing with,

"And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death."

At Swavesey, Mr. Leach is pastor of the old cause, and ministers to some hundreds of people. The friends in connection with Mr. Flanders's ministry have just built a new chapel. The venerable pastor Webb recently expired in his own vestry. Mr. Parish, jun., is pastor of the church at Oakington, and is a promising young man. Mr. Pung is doing good service at Cottenham, and Mr. R. G. Edwards stands well at Sutton. In this county of the

Cambs. many small churches exist; and good ministers stand with them. I must not multiply words. With earnest prayer for your eternal welfare, I am, as ever,

C. W. B.

Dry Drayton Strict Baptist church, it ought to be observed, was planted principally by that honourable and favoured minister of Christ, Henry Hanks, of Woolwich, whose departure from Dry Drayton has been a cause of sorrow, to many. That ancient veteran, the patriarchal Druce, whom I saw in his bed, with others send hearty love to their old pastor, H. H., but I cannot personally convey their kind words.

KINGS AND THEIR CROWNS IN AN ANCIENT TEMPLE.

CUMBERLAND STREET, COUTAIN ROAD.

[To abridge the following report was painful to us. It is more cheerful than we usually have them.]

Our 225th anniversary was held Sunday, March 29th. Three sermons were preached; morning and evening by the pastor; afternoon by Mr. Myerson.

On Tuesday, March 31st, Mr. Silverton preached in afternoon; at five, a good number took tea in this house of God, which must have been dedicated to his service in the reign of Charles I, amidst the professed Protestant yet actual Roman Catholic persecutions of that period. What wars without, and fightings within, has it not seen!

It was with peculiar feelings we entered for the second time this ancient sanctuary of God's saints, who, during the first century, had no time for envy, jealousy, and rivalry, except in the cause of truth, but having entered stealthily, and with closed doors they read that life word, so dear then, in more than one sense, and poured out their hearts' cries to him, the great provider for deliverance.

After tea, the chapel was crammed. We rejoiced in the manifest success of our brother Lodge, who, in person and manner is a very good specimen of the plain, outspoken, old Saxon race, so rare now-a-days. After the hymn, brother Steed prayed. Mr. Lodge gave a summary of his pastorate of four years standing; and of the Lord's dealing with him and the church, most encouraging and satisfactory. The Lord is evidently doing a work in this locality, by his servant whom he has called by his grace, fitted and qualified to preach the unsearchable riches of that grace. Brother Lodge is evidently a progressing man, in those things which make a man acceptable to the church of God, and we feel delighted amid the many who are seeking the world's applause and worldly show. Brother Lodge's ambition is of a far higher order, he is seeking the approbation of a good conscience which is a pearl of great price

We should like to see the chapel double the size, and well filled. Brother Lodge preaches a good Gospel. Ought he not to live of the Gospel he preaches? After some remarks from the chair.

Mr. Stringer was called to address the meeting, who, according to his usual energy and warmth, spoke of the one glorious salvation of the blessed God, and of his Christ. He said, how many saints had been blessed, how many had been set at liberty; if the walls could speak, how many cries and groans of God's saints would they record.

A hymn being sung, Mr. Wale, of Blackheath, addressed the meeting.

He observed it was the Gospel which brought to us news of salvation. It was made up of two words, "God" and "spell." It was "God'spell" to draw poor sinners to himself. The word spell had several significations—as a story—here was a marvellous story about the Saviour; and God's love to poor sinners. Sometimes as a charm; in some country places they put a horse shoe over the door to keep out the evil one; this was very questionable. But he was sure God'spell had; for the more men knew of the Gospel the more and more they hated the ways of sin, and loved the ways of holiness. It was also used as a saying; there could not be a better saying than this, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

Mr. T. Baugh next addressed the meeting.

Mr. Steed said, "What could such a poor thing as he do, who had to follow three kings?" I think brother Steed outdid himself. He was a little calm, being before so many kings, he was dumb-founded in their august presence; this was all the better for him, for while he spoke with warmth, he spoke with effect from these words, "What sayest thou of thyself?" He gave some of the wise answers of God's saints in ancient days, as Solomon's in Ec. iii. 20, Job's in xxv. 40, Isaiah's in vi. 5, John's i. 23, Paul's 1 Cor. xv. 9, and Nebuchadnezzar in Dan. iv. 36; and then proceeded to show that every sinner must approach God in this way before he can find mercy and pardon in God's salvation.

Brother Holmes, from Camberwell, next addressed the meeting, who said if what the last speaker said was true what would become of him to follow three kings and a fiery steed? He allowed Mr. Steed the liberty of crowning; but for his part he did not crown every man who could carve out a few sentences. It was what those sentences contained was of the chief importance; we might, in our amazement of men, give them more than was justly due to them. For the wise man said, "Great men are not always wise." There was another way to view the matter, (no doubt they might reign without asking us) but here it appears with us, but every one of the Lord's people were kings; you poor

and needy in this world, you are every one of you a king. You have not received your diadem from the hands of your fellow-creatures, but from the hands of the immortal King of kings. The brightest crown that ever graced a mortal brow passed away, but yours is a crown of immortal glory, that passeth not away; eternal in the heavens. Crowns are sometimes gained by usurpation; not so yours! yours is the gift of the dear Saviour's love, who won one for each and enough for all the disciples, and the brightest of all for himself. This leads us to see what a union there is in the dear Saviour's work! All are on the same level, and what a union—all stand in the same righteousness, all made partakers of the same grace. Then what was the use of the division of the Strict Baptists and the strife amongst them? One was an EARTHEN VESSEL man, a second was a *Zion's Trumpet* man, a third a *Voice of Truth* man, a fourth, a *Standard* man. Now for his part he was all of them, and he could easily show all the saints to be so too. The meeting closed at nine o'clock with singing and prayer, and a collection for the pastor, and a happier meeting we have seldom witnessed. May the Lord go on to crown our brother Lodge's testimony with a blessing, giving to this part of his vineyard peace, and continual additions, and no divisions for his name's sake, amen.

G. H.

SAXMUNDHAM.—According to notice the friends of the above place held their bazaar for the liquidation of their chapel debt, in the Corn Hall, on Thursday and Friday, the 7th and 8th of May. Through the kindness of friends, and our own united efforts, the tables extending nearly round the hall, were furnished in such profusion as to cause some of the first visitors to express their conviction that it was the best country bazaar they ever saw. Great credit is due to the following persons for the efficient manner in which they waited at the stalls:—Mrs. Barnes, Sternfield Hall, Miss Double, of Ipswich, Miss Whitehand, of Wickham Market, Mrs. Cullingford, Mrs. House, Miss Wells, Miss King, Miss Scraggs, Mrs. Thos. Newman, Miss Barnes, and Mrs. Rackham, of Saxmundham. By five o'clock, the second day, the committee had the pleasure to announce that enough had been realized to entirely clear off the debt, with small balance over. The tables having been cleared, tea was set out, to which about 150 persons sat down. The whole affair was brought to a close by a public meeting. Mr. E. E. Sears, of Laxfield, presided, and was surrounded by the following ministers, Mr. G. Hind, of Roudham, Mr. G. Frith, of Saxmundham, Independents; Mr. Flory, of London, Mr. Large, of Sudbourne, Mr. House, pastor of the church, and Mr. Robert Barnes, who had taken great interest in the affair throughout. The service was commenced by singing a hymn composed by Mr. House.

especially for the occasion; Mr. Bedwell, of Halesworth, engaged in prayer. The meeting was one of a very interesting nature, the chairman's remarks were most telling, and the address of each speaker of such a character as to well engage the attention of the large audience assembled. The chairman having, on behalf of the church thanked those friends who had so kindly assisted them. The meeting which was enlivened by several appropriate anthems being sung was finally closed by the doxology. Thus we desire to record to the praise of our great Jehovah a deliverance from a long felt burden, while we feel deeply grateful to all who have kindly aided us, and by which we have been enabled in so short a time to accomplish this much desired end. We are also thankful that we have a prospect of an open baptistry the first Sunday in June.

STEPNEY.—CAVE ADULLAM CHAPEL AND SCHOOL BUILDING SOCIETY. Sixth anniversary tea and public meeting of this society was held Tuesday, April 28th. Thomas Pocock, Esq., in the chair. The report shewed a balance of £174 10s. 7d., and grounded its appeal for further support on the noble object in view, the erection of a building for the preaching of the Gospel and the scriptural instruction of the young; thus, by God's blessing, perpetuate the benefits of this time-honoured sanctuary as an inducement to which, called to mind the various associations connected with the place, as former pastors, including our late beloved and lamented Mr. Webster, with saints now in glory; besides many believers now on their way to heaven, feeling convinced that the due influence of these considerations will ensure that amount of further aid which persons can afford. The adoption of the report was moved by brother Wale, of Blackheath, and seconded by brother Baugh, of Islington. Brethren Silverton, Stringer, and Steed then addressed the meeting, enforcing the claims of this society upon all present. A collection was made during the evening which amounted to £5 0s. 4d. A vote of thanks having been passed unanimously to the chairman, the doxology was sung and the benediction pronounced which closed the meeting. Donations and subscriptions, however small, by Post Office Orders, or in postage stamps will be most thankfully received by Mr. George Reynolds, of 9, Wilson street, Stepney, E., now preaching to us for six months with a view to the pastorate. Mr. C. C. Abbot, of 82, Grafton street, Mile End, E., Treasurer, or of the Hon. Sec. Thomas Culyer, 91, White Horse street, Stepney, E., who will gladly afford any further information that may be desired.

CANTERBURY.—The truth is preached in Zoar chapel, Burgate lane; "A friend" says, "Mr. Heritage, the minister of that new and handsome Baptist chapel,

in the New road often gives the people a good Gospel sermon. The Baptists in this city, have risen up in appearance, and in numbers, during the last few years. Not very many years since, there was but one small Baptist cause; and that was up a low passage; King street chapel, under the patronage of those influential families, the Flints, the Christians, the Howlands and the Ladds, was an improvement in its appearance, and in its enterprizes; and many good men often occupied its pulpit. King street chapel has been destroyed entirely. We suppose the parties interested were afraid to let it remain, lest "the Gospel" should take possession of it. St. George's Baptist chapel, is quite in accordance with the times. Sir Morton Peto laid its corner stone, upon the condition that it should be Open-Communion. But, in Zoar, they abide by the New Testament Order; consequently, they are not either a flourishing or a wealthy cause. Mr. Creswell still ministers at Guildhall, but the Congregationalists in Canterbury are not so grand in appearance, nor so influential in their audiences, as the Congregationalists now generally are. Over 20,000 people reside in this city; we do not think one quarter of that 20,000 can be found at any one time in all the churches and chapels put together. How is it that a city with so many clergymen, curates, pastors, missionaries, &c., is in such an heathenish condition? Whenever the Gospel has been set up there, it has been awfully cut down. The mixed and genteel ministrations now to be found in nearly all the places of worship in this clean, aristocratic, and quiet city, are making but little progress. Is it not a most alarming fact, that in a city with over 20,000 people there shall be at least one hundred clerical doctors, prebends, deans, rectors, curates, ministers, and teachers of all degrees, and yet vital godliness, and true Gospel progress, appear so weak? Oh! Canterbury, how painful to us are the recollections of bye gone days.

C L A P H A M. — EBENEZER SUNDAY SCHOOL. On Tuesday, May 12th, the second anniversary was held, when an excellent tea was provided for the children and friends, a goodly number of whom attended. The gathering was a very happy one, and after the tables were removed, a public meeting was held presided over by Mr. Rowe, jun., minister of Heath, Bedfordshire, in the unavoidable absence of his father, Mr. W. K. Rowe, of Mansion House chapel, Camberwell. A hymn was sung, and prayer offered by Mr. Knights, when Mr. Hawkins gave an account of the school, and read a statement of the receipts and disbursements for the past year, which showed a balance in hand of £1 0s. 4d. Mr. Rowe, the chairman, then made an appropriate speech, and introduced Mr. Webb, of Little Wild street chapel, who favoured the meeting with some valuable and interesting remarks founded on the following acrostic:

Soldiers of Christ arise,
 Unite against the foe;
 Note well your marching orders,
 Draw the sword with two edges,
 Advance or hold your ground,
 Yield no quarter to the foe.

Sow beside all waters,
 Choose the best seed,
 Harrow it in by prayer;
 Over it look to keep off the birds,
 Over it look and pluck up the weeds,
 Labour and wait to bring home the sheaves.

The first part of which shewed a military, and the second an agricultural picture. Mr. A. W. Kaye then made a stirring appeal from the words "work while it is day." The teachers regret, Mr. Williamson, who was to be one of the speakers, was compelled to leave at too early an hour to admit of his taking part in the meeting. A selection of hymns was sung accompanied by the harmonium which was ably presided at, by Mr. Phillips, one of the teachers. Mr. Hall, the pastor, brought the meeting to a close.—C. HANKINS, Sec.

DACRE PARK, LEE, KENT.—The usual Whitsuntide services were holden at this pleasantly situated chapel, on Monday, June 1st. The pastor, Burlington B. Wale delivered a very excellent discourse in the afternoon to a good company; after which tea was served to the friends, who subsequently adjourned to the lawn in front of the chapel, and with nature smiling all around, they sang right joyfully,

"A day's march nearer home,"

and other favourite songs for Christian travellers bound Zionward. Shortly after seven, the chapel being then quite full, Mr. Wale took the chair, and a public meeting was held. The pastor's statement was cheerful and careful; "as a church much to be thankful for—nothing to boast of;" he was "never happier in the work than at present;" "felt more at home than ever;" and knew the people there loved him more. Peace and unity, and a Christian loving spirit reigned in their midst. Following the pastor's statement, Mr. Wall, of Gravesend, Mr. Baugh, of Islington, and Mr. Frith, of Bexley, addressed the meeting, and some excellent remarks were made. We are glad to announce that prosperity and peace are now realized in a large degree by the Dacre Park church; and we pray it may long continue and increase. We warmly commend the friends for the commodious, neat and useful school they have erected by the side of the chapel; and we are not afraid to say, we hope it will be a "nursery for the church."

THE LATE MRS. ANNIE MARIA MOSS,
 OF PECKHAM.

Thus aged and long-afflicted saint fell asleep in Jesus, June 7th, 1868, aged 72. Her remains were laid in the family grave

at Nunhead, June 16th. In the cemetery chapel, at the funeral C. W. Banks said a great Bible principle was powerfully illustrated, in the life and death of this long-tried child of God. Paul to Timothy said, "Adam was first formed, then Eve; and Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived, was in the transgression," consequently, THE WOMAN IS THE GREATEST SUFFERER. Sarah was sharply tried in her faith; Rebecca in her two sons; Rachel died in that hour of pain when her son of sorrow was born, *her Benoni*, but his father's BENJAMIN; Naomi said, as many a poor mother in Israel has said, "Call me not Naomi, but Marah," that is, bitter, "for the Lord hath dealt bitterly with me." Hannah was "in bitterness of soul; she prayed unto the Lord, and wept sore;" she said, as thousands in Israel have said, "I am a woman of a sorrowful spirit, I have poured out my soul before the Lord." For her the Lord appeared; and for all His seeking saints he will appear. That coronation and crowning promise in Isaiah lxii. 4, shews both sides of the church's state; (1) "Forsaken and desolate," (2) "Hephzibah and Beulah," "Thou shalt no more be termed forsaken, neither shall thy land any more be termed desolate; but thou shalt be called Hephzibah; and thy land Beulah; for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married."

One word spoken by the Lord was verily true in the experience of our departed sister Mrs. Moss, "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." God hath chosen his people in the covenant of grace, there they were adopted, and hence they are called, "the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty." They were chosen in Christ; there they were made one with him for ever. Not a few are chosen in the furnace of affliction, there they are crucified to the world, and made willing to depart and be with the Lord for ever. For over twenty years was our friend in the fires and in the floods; many times was I favoured to kneel beside her bed, and plead and pray for her; but the last wave has beat upon her shattered barque, and now

Secure from every mortal care,

By sin and sorrow vexed no more,

Eternal happiness she'll share,

She is not lost—but gone before.

It was a mournful scene to my mind when her orphan sons and daughters prepared to follow her remains to the grave. Mr. James and Mr. William, Miss Mary, Miss Eliza, and Miss Sarah, and with other relatives, and when around the grave we stood, a solemn voice seemed to say

There is a calm for those who weep;

A rest for weary pilgrims found;

They softly lie, and sweetly sleep

Low in the ground.

What numbers of Christian friends whom I once knew have I seen laid in their grave!

As I turned from the open grave, my soul in earnest secret cries to heaven did look; while all I could desire was expressed in words like these.

Oh! my precious God and Saviour,
Pity, pardon, my poor soul;
Let me live for thee, and labour
To make wounded sinners whole;
Then, on shores beyond the river,
May I, thy great name extol!

Amen. C. W. B.

3, Victoria Park road, South
Hackney, June 17, 1868.

[Great respect was shown to this departed sister. The tradesmen around partly closed their shops, and some of the members of the church surrounded the grave.

YEOVIL.—Many friends will be glad to learn that our mutual friend in the Gospel, Mr. George Kellaway is comfortably settled in the prime of his life. He has furnished us with a striking narrative. In his note he says: "I have walked about twenty thousand miles to carry the word to the Lord's poor; and like you, I have often done it at a sacrifice. But, the Lord had determined to do something for me to help me. I speak every other Sabbath at the old cottage, and the other Sundays at Sherborne road chapel. I call myself a Baptist Itinerant. The chapel is about 300 years old. I have always encouraged the VESSEL from the first day until now; and I hope there are better days in store both for the EARTHEN VESSEL and its editor. That the God of all grace may send you down a shower of blessings is the prayer of yours in covenant and eternal relationship. G. A. KELLAWAY.

[We are thankful for such kind words.]

GLEMSFORD—PROVIDENCE CHAPEL. The anniversary sermons on behalf of the Sabbath school connected with the above place of worship were preached on Sunday May 10th. These in the morning and evening by Mr. Beach of Chelmsford, and that in the afternoon by Mr. S. Wilson, of Clare. The morning service was well attended, and in the afternoon and evening the chapel was filled to overflowing. The collections and annual subscriptions amounted to £9 14s. 9½d. On Monday afternoon, May 11th, the teachers and children met in the chapel where a good tea was provided to which ample justice was done. A public service was held in the evening, W. Beach, Esq., presided, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Smith, Wilson, and Kemp, pastor. Before closing the meeting, the worthy chairman made some remarks relative to the clothing club in connection with the Sabbath school, stating he was glad to find that an increasing interest was manifest, there being now ninety-five children paying their weekly subscriptions. 25 per cent. was given to the children subscribing at the end of last year, and we hope to be

able to give a good percentage this year also; we have by cash and promise £7 14s. 5d. towards the fund. The number of children in Sabbath school 138, teachers 20, total 158. We desire to look with thankfulness to the great Giver of all our mercies, praying that his blessing may rest upon our united efforts for the good of the Sabbath school.

SHEERNESSE.—Zion chapel has for many years been the place in this town where the doctrines and the ordinances of the New Testament have been maintained. Its recent pastors, Mr. Cornelius Slim, Mr. Plyer, Mr. Merrett, and others have all been useful for a time; but they have speedily passed away. The friends here remember gratefully the labours of such men as Zechariah Turner, of Exeter; W. W. Bennett, of Tring; Kevan, of Colnbrook, W. Beacock, Palmer, and others; but they are painfully crying out for one to be sent to dwell among them, as God's mouth, to feed, to gather, to build up, and to strengthen the hearts of the saints. Old Master Munna, the poet and precentor, at the age of ninety-three, lies now near to death. The honourable brother Stanford leads on the praise department; and good men fill the pulpit, but, they want a pastor, a permanent, a practical, and a truly devout pastor. Mr. Robert Banks, of Egerton, has preached here with much acceptance; C. W. Banks, his brother, preached here two Lord's-days; and held week-evening services, and we hope the Lord will enable him to find us a sterling minister. A student from the great Metropolitan College has been sent into this isle of Sheppy; and we are told a new tabernacle is to be built, there is plenty of room (situated as we are in the midst of perhaps more than 18,000 people) for the good old Strict Baptists yet to have a flourishing cause. The Lord hasten it, in his time. Your London ministers who preach and value the truth should be more concerned for their people in the provinces than they are. Think of this; Tappenden, of Ashford, is dead; none to succeed him. Page, of Challock, is dead; his chapel is almost closed. Beale, of Faversham, is dead; not one to follow him. Thus it is in many parts of good old England.

MINSTER IN SHEPPY.—Mr. Stanford, jun., preaches in the chapel in this place. On Tuesday, May 19th, C. W. Banks preached here to a goodly company assembled. "Minster" the chief church of the monastery, stands on a lofty hill, from its summit you may see the German Ocean, the Medway, the Sala, the Thames, the back-bone of Kent, and the Essex coast, a scene most delightful. Here a few believers dwell.

MARKYATE STREET.—Mr. Editor, I send you an account of the Lord's dealings with us, as a little church, feeling assured

you will rejoice; if you knew all we have had to pass through as a little church since you preached the word in the cottage, you would say we have great cause to thank God, and take courage. We had been struggling on for a long time, and there were those around expecting, hoping, and predicting we must close our place of worship; thank God they have proved false prophets; for just at that time, the Lord in his good providence brought our esteemed brother Mr. T. Kerridge, late of Glemsford in our midst; he is with us now preaching the glorious Gospel of our blessed God; and not without success; he is made instrumental in gathering in some of the Lord's in chosen ones. May the dear Lord be pleased to bring in many more. I will write to you again when our numbers are increased. On the first Lord's-day in March, 1867, our brother was favoured to baptize one in the name of the Holy Three. She was a teacher in the school. On the first Lord's-day in June, his heart was made glad in having to lead two lambs into the watery grave; once scholars in our school. And on the first Lord's-day of May, 1868, he was again thus honoured. I know he esteems it an honour to bring the lambs of Christ into the church. One of these was a scholar in our school, the other, the youngest daughter of my brother deacon. I call them lambs, because they are young in years. Oh, what a mercy to be stopped in a course of sin, in early life! The Lord preserve them. Another sat under the word a long time; has been greatly exercised, but was enabled to come forward to follow her Master through the much despised ordinance; and then she lost her burden. Also a dear brother, in a remarkable way, was brought to hear our brother preach the word, he had formerly been a Primitive Methodist. We do not care what they have been, so that they are brought right at last. He, too, has been baptized, making seven since March, 1867. You see the Lord is with us; we are in peace among ourselves. The Lord still continue to be with us is the prayer of his unworthy servant,

MOSES LACEY.

SUTTON, ISLE OF ELY.—The anniversary of the Sabbath school in connection with the Baptist cause in the above village, was celebrated on Lord's-day, May 17th, when Mr. R. G. Edwards, the pastor, preached the sermons, and addressed the parents, teachers, and children in the afternoon. On the Tuesday following, the children and friends partook of a friendly cup of tea, a goodly company being present. In the evening a large party of children of all sizes and ages, were seen enjoying themselves in the beautiful orchard of our very kind friend, George Ibberson, Esq., to whom and his beloved partner in life, we tender our hearty thanks.

RAMSGATE.—Some believers in truth,

who sat under Mr. Isaac Comfort's ministry when he was in Ramsgate, have erected a room to worship in, which was opened on Whit-Sunday. It is called "Albert street room, West cliff, Ramsgate." Should any minister of truth be in or near Ramsgate, they would be glad to hear him. Letters may be addressed, Mr. Henry Meader, 20, Liverpool lawn, Ramsgate.

WINDSOR.—Dear brother, At Windsor, there is a Baptist cause; we have met for divine worship in a large upper room; the congregation is increasing under the ministry of those brethren who have supplied; Christmas, Lee, Price, and Brett. We have £100 towards building a chapel; a piece of ground is offered, but, we want to augment our funds to £400. If you or any of your readers could tell us how we could raise £250, we should be thankful, as we want to build a chapel to seat 200 persons. The much esteemed pastor of the Surrey Tabernacle has preached our anniversary sermons, and other highly favoured of the Lord's servants. We should be glad to hear from you at your earliest convenience. Signed by

E. SMITH.	} Deacons.
H. EARLEY.	
T. LLOYD.	

KNOWL HILL, NEAR MAIDEN-HEAD.—We have been compelled to defer insertion of this: so many "hard cases" are pressing upon us. Dear brother Banks,—"I perceive the notice I wished you to insert, relative to the Knowl Hill cause was omitted. Should be glad if you would give it a place in your VESSEL for next month. We are very anxious to clear off the debt of £31, and thus liberate the people from the necessity of increasing the mortgage on the chapel. You will see I have enclosed one of our collecting cards, and shall feel greatly obliged if you could make as good use of it as possible, and thus aid us in our effort to free the people from the debt now remaining £31. Praying the dear Lord may bless and prosper you in your work and labour of love, and give you every needed blessing, I remain, yours in Gospel bonds.—W. BROWN.—The card says: The people worshipping at Knowl Hill chapel, having been recently bereaved of their beloved pastor, Mr. Mason, who for some years lay on a bed of sickness, are now in difficulty, having a debt of £31. Feeling that we cannot surmount this without the assistance of benevolent friends, we affectionately appeal for help to a Christian public, desiring to ascribe all the blessing and honour to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Helpers together in the good work,

Mr. CHAS. VIZE.
Mr. J. VARNBY.
Mr. W. BROWN.

[This is a worthy case.—Ed.]

STURRY, NEAR CANTERBURY.—

We had on Good Friday a tea meeting, and addresses in the evening. Our two ministers were presented with £10 and £5 each. The Lord is with us; the Word is blessed to our souls; you planted, others have watered, God has given the increase. The same blessed truths preached by you here thirty years ago are still our comfort and rejoicing. Our good ministers labour together in love and unity; indeed, we are highly favoured of the Lord; to him be all the praise. I was at Tunbridge Wells the other Sabbath, heard Mr. E——, he alluded to baptism, and said he would rather go breaking stones on the road, than go back to water baptism. How dreadful to make thus light of one of heaven's commands. I heard brother Comfort and was pleased to learn things there are very encouraging. I hope it is a home for him.—Yours to serve,

J. E. MOAT.

THE APPEAL FOR SPAIN.

DEAR SIR,—The following sums have been received by me in answer to the appeal, viz:—Baptist Tract Society £10, a thank-offering, £1, Mr. Wilson, £1, Anon, 3s., Anon, 2s. 6d., M. G., 8s., M. L., 2s. 6d., J. S. E. 5s., W. L., 5s., Minnie, 1s. 6d., A Believer, 1s.

In addition, I have received from Mr. Norton, a packet of Spanish Testaments, and extracts from the Gospel, also Spanish Testaments from Mr. Mason, and Mr. Heath. The Baptist Tract Society, in addition to the very handsome gift of £10, which was given for the translation of some of their tracts into Spanish (which I have had done, and which are now in the hands of the printer) have further agreed to bear the cost of stereotyping the same, and of forwarding them when printed to Spain, free of cost. To them, and also the other friends who have so kindly assisted me, I beg to return my sincere thanks. I am sorry to say, however, that the Spanish government have renewed their persecution of those who profess the Protestant faith. A royal order has been recently issued to the governor of the province of Malaga, directing him to unite with the ecclesiastical authorities, in diligently searching out the propagandism now carried on in Malaga and the other provinces near Gibraltar, by means of the distribution of books, contrary to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church; and "tending" says the Popish writer, "to destroy the unity of our faith." "The said persons," it is added, with the books employed by them, "shall be delivered up to the tribunals whenever found." I presume, the zeal of the Queen of Spain has been aroused by the late presentation of the "golden rose" to her by the Pope, whose legate, in presenting it designated her as the Pope's "best beloved daughter in Jesus Christ, Queen Isabella," and extolled her for the possession of rare virtues, which those who know her best doubt her having. As my appeal has met

with the objection that we have no right to proselytise in a country where the Protestant religion is forbidden by law, I shall be glad if you and some of your readers will in a future number, give me your and their views upon the question, whether the command given by Christ to his disciples (which extends through all time) "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," overrides the commands of men or not.—Yours faithfully,

JAMES MOAT.

WHITESTONE, NEAR HEREFORD.

—The anniversary of the Baptist chapel, in Withington, was celebrated, May 31st, and June 1st, 1868. Three sermons were preached on the Sunday and Monday by C. W. Banks; and at the tea-meeting large parties of Christian friends assembled from Hereford, Fownhope, Lugwardine, &c. The services and meetings were pleasant, and, we trust, profitable. This is the only really Strict Baptist church existing in these immediate parts, that we have any acquaintance with. In the city of Hereford the Gospel is preached in two of the churches, by Messrs. Venn and Kirwood. But while the General Baptists, and nearly all the other sects have a standing here, our particular division of the visible church has scarcely a friend. Whitestone has been a highly favoured spot, and we trust it will be again.

READING.—Dear friend, The Lord was pleased to grant our dear brother Pearce a safe journey to Reading on Thursday, April 9th. We held our anniversary on Good Friday. About 200 partook of tea; the public meeting was well attended in the evening; we opened it by singing and prayer, after which several addresses were delivered. Mr. John Aldis, one of the oldest standing ministers in the town, came and welcomed our dear brother to his new sphere of labour here, and gave some very excellent advice to minister and people, wishing us God's blessing and success, trusting the union would prove a strong and lasting one. A good feeling pervaded the meeting, very encouraging to our brother in coming amongst comparatively a strange people. We are thankful to realize any smiles of the divine approbation; a more settled feeling appears amongst us. All praise to our blessed Immanuel, who we trust in for success and increase of all spiritual good. Yours in best of bonds,

A. MARTIN.

A VISIT TO WATERBEACH.

ON Whit Sunday, I went over by invitation to preach to the people who have been far and wide ridiculed as "Hypers" by their enemies, and whom I also heard not many months since, called so sneeringly, by the counsel for the prosecution in an open court of justice. The Baptist cause in this village

has obtained a painful notoriety with the Cambridge magistrates, lawyers, and police, as also with the local newspapers, and many of the lowest of society. Depend on it, there remains yet a heavy charge against some person, a person to be tried before a higher than any earthly tribunal. At first we felt with David, "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph." However, it has shamefully been published far and wide, and great have been the rejoicings of the Philistines, whilst the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty have drunk full cups of bitterness. When I arrived at the village, I saw some kind friends ready waiting to direct me where I could put up my horse and trap, and find a happy home that day for me and mine, with Mrs. Smith, son and daughter, whose Christian kindness was deeply felt by myself and those with me. At the time for the morning service to commence, we left for the place of worship and soon saw a very nice chapel capable of seating about six hundred persons, I should suppose, built by these friends a few years since. A Mr. Neale occupies there at present, so we had to go past with a look and a sigh to a barn, wherein was gathered the outcasts of Israel." A similar painful sight I could hope never to behold again, among them were comprised all the late deacons of that fine chapel they built, and not only the seven deacons, but ten out of eleven of the trustees of that building, also two-thirds or more of the members, and the respectable portion of the congregation. When I reached the place fitted up as a temporary pulpit, I sat down, buried my face in my hands and wept; the feeling of my soul then, the subsequent tenor of my preaching that day, and the firm conviction of my mind is now that in some conspicuous manner it shall be seen, (without there is a very great change, without there is a bending) there will be a breaking of the oppressor, or the oppressors of the armies of Israel, by the God of Israel, whose they are, and whom they serve, "Shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them? I tell you that he will avenge them speedily," Luke xviii. 17, 18; see also Isaiah lxvi. 5. It has been said by one, that no worse men could be chosen out of a public house than those seven deacons; will any one believe this statement for one moment? and worse than this has been said, "But the day will declare it." I rejoice to say, my thoughts towards them, and the dear friends associated with them, is exactly opposite, so are the churches at large, as also the ministers among whom we find Mr. Spurgeon, their former pastor, who in this month's *Sword and Trowel* says, page 244, "The deacons of our first village ministry were, in our esteem, the excellent of the earth, in whom we took great delight; hard working men on the week day, they spared no toil for

their Lord on the Sabbath. We loved them sincerely, and do love them still; though another minister speaks of them with a severity never exceeded. In our idea they were as nearly the perfection of deacons of a country church as the kingdom could afford; and we wonder the present occupant of the pulpit could have found out faults and vices of which we never saw a trace." I say again, "The Lord will appear to their joy." R. G. EDWARDS.

Sutton, Isle of Ely.

BOW. — OPENING OF A NEW BAPTIST CAUSE, OPPOSITE THE CHURCH, BOW.— Dear brother, As I know you are always glad to hear of the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, and doors opened for the preaching of the truth as it is in Jesus, as also your readers, will rejoice in the spread of the Gospel of the grace of God. It has been laid on my mind that there was a cause wanted at Bow, where the whole truth would be preached, and I saw a lecture hall to let, enquired the terms, &c., spoke to several friends who met at my house, and promised to make up any deficiency should the place not answer, as all quite saw the necessity of a Particular Baptist cause at Bow, and it was arranged that I should take the hall at 8s. per week, for three months which I did and we arranged to open it the 24th of May, and our God had arranged to water the earth that day, for it rained fast all day. Our good brother Mr. G. Elven, preached in the morning from Jonah ii. 9, "Salvation is of the Lord;" shewing the author of salvation and who the recipients were. Mr. T. Stringer in the afternoon from Col. i. 28; here he spoke of the preaching of the Gospel, and who were to preach it, those sent by the Lord, what it was and the effects that would follow the Gospel faithfully proclaimed; and gave a little wholesome advice to about eighty present. In the evening brother Elven spoke from John xiv. 26, on the work of the Holy Spirit; this was a most seasonable word, as there is so little Holy Ghost preaching in 1868, we hardly know whether there be any Holy Spirit. There were about sixty present, and all enjoyed the services, thanked God and were glad. May 31st, our brother Mr. James Wells preached a most spiritual and sublime discourse from Isaiah liii., on the suffering of Christ, his being made sin for his church; he spoke of the Divine and human nature of Jesus, of the form of man as being that which God delighted in. Our brother, seemed to have happy liberty, and the people heard well, many said never better in their lives. We had about 170 or more present; morning and evening by your humble servant, congregation good, also Tuesday evening, services well attended. I remain yours in the bonds of the everlasting Gospel,

W. H. LEE.

37, Mostyn road, Bow.

HOMERTON ROW.—Special services were holden in the Baptist chapel, on Sunday, June 14th, 1868. Two of the valiant men of Israel delivered good, wholesome, old-fashioned discourses on that day, to which many listened with spiritual delight. Mr. John Foreman's text in the morning, was Psalm xxxi. 22, "I said in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes; nevertheless, thou hearest my voice when I cried unto thee." In the midst of the congregation, intently listening to this discourse, might be seen elders, mothers in Israel, and some ministers, such as the venerable John Plaw, many years of Shaw street cause, in Liverpool; subsequently, the pastor of some of our midland churches; and even now calculated to be of much use to those parts of Zion, where the truth is maintained; but pastors have been removed. At Homerton row, Mr. Foreman appeared quite well, and, although he has preached here on anniversary occasions for many years (always in the times of the revered D. Curtis, and others) yet, never was he heard to greater advantage. In the evening, Mr. Samuel Milner occupied the pulpit. A correspondent says: "On the work of the Holy Spirit, and on the possibility of quenching the Spirit, Mr. Milner was a messenger of much value." Mr. W. Palmer is still the pastor here; and although he is no sensational revivalist, he is one who feeds the church with wisdom and understanding. We believe the cause at Speldhurst road is a child of Homerton row; and the church at Homerton terrace is an elderly daughter. That strong advocate of the glorious second advent of Christ, Mr. J. Osborn, preached at the terrace chapel on the 14th of June; where some wished more could have heard him. Hackney, South Hackney, Homerton, Dalston, and Kingsland, form a multitudinous portion of the N. E. suburbs of the metropolis, but for the many tens of thousands who there do dwell, no extensively prosperous cause of the Strict Baptist faith and order exists. Hackney is a kind of central suburban city, with its wealthy and wide-spreading population; and now Mr. Hughes is mostly silent, we do not think a thoroughly sound ministry can there be found. WHY IS THIS?

PLYMOUTH.—For several years now, our church and schools have moved on in truth and peace, under the devoted ministry of our pastor F. Collins; and as a member of the mystic body, I think no minister, deacons, people, and school teachers, could work in more harmony than we have been favoured to do. Dark prophecies, and little discouraging elements, have sometimes tried us, but, still, we have been most wonderfully sustained. Our Sunday school excursion was on June 3rd, Mr. Collins, and many friends, were happy in our midst. Baptizing service at Howe street, on June 4th, was solemnly delightful. On June 8th, Ashburton anniversary

services were holden. Mr. Collins preached the sermons, and we hope good was done. We all wish the EARTHEN VESSEL good success. Pray for

A WATCHER ON THE WALLS.

HARWICH.—Our pastor, J. W. Dyer has recently baptized. He has been our faithful and devoted minister now for five years; but our strong sea-coast does not agree with his health. We fear he will remove to a more inland church. The Lord's blessing will go with him.

EAST LONDON.—At Hope chapel, Green street, Mr. Griffith is preaching with good success. Some hope he will be the chosen pastor ere long. Mr. Alfred W. Kaye is progressing at Claremont chapel; has recently baptized; and presided at a public meeting when a special lecture was delivered by Rev. Timothy Baugh. A correspondent says, it is expected Mr. Sankay will be ordained as pastor over the new church at South Hackney.

RYE, SUSSEX.—The anniversary of our Sunday school was holden June 14th. Our pastor, Mr. W. Gill, preached with liberty and delight, at Sheerness on that day. Mr. Geo. Webb, of Wild street, has visited us, with edifying and evangelical words.

STEPNEY.—CAYE ADULLAM. A public meeting was held in this place of worship on Tuesday, April 7th, Mr. T. Pocock in the chair. It was a meeting to help on the Building Fund, a report was read, and the people were spoken to by brethren Wall, Baugh, Silvertown, Stringer, and others; the friends were happy and the collections good.

NOTTING HILL.—Mr. James Wells preached here on Tuesday afternoon, May 26th. A goodly number sat down to tea, after which a public meeting was held in the chapel; the pastor, Mr. Williamson, took the chair, addresses were given by Messrs. Attwood, Jones, Wise, Baugh, and Silvertown. It was the twentieth anniversary of the pastor's pastorate.

NEW NORTH ROAD.—SALEM CHAPEL. This house of God was reopened after painting and cleaning, on Lord's-day, May 31st. Mr. Flack, the minister, preached morning and evening; E. J. Silvertown preached in the afternoon. On the Monday following, Mr. Crowther preached in the afternoon; many persons took tea, and a meeting was held in the evening, and addresses were delivered by several ministers.

WOBOURN GREEN.—Sermons were preached here on Monday, June 1st, by E. J. Silvertown, of London.

HITCHIN.—Mr. Crowther, of Gomersal,

preached in Mr. Tucker's chapel, on Wednesday afternoon, June 8th; after which the friends sat down to tea. A meeting was held at night, and John I. I. was spoken from: Mr. Crowther, "That which was from the beginning;" Mr. Silvertown, "Of which we have heard;" Mr. Wheeler, "Which we have looked upon with our eyes;" Mr. Hawkins, "And our hands have handled of the word of life." It was a very happy day, we had a good sermon in the afternoon, and good speeches in the evening.

LONG MARSTON.—Three sermons were preached here, on June 9th, by E. J. Silvertown, of Trinity street, Borough. A tea was provided, and many happy faces were round the tables. May the God of heaven bless his own word.

BOROUGH GREEN.—A cheerful day was spent here on Tuesday, June 2nd. Mr. Wall, of Gravesend, preached in the morning; Mr. Silvertown, of London, in the afternoon and evening. Dinner and tea were served to many. Brethren Frith, Camp, Horton, Griffiths, and other ministers were present.

Notes of the Month.

BENEVOLENCE.

THANKS.—[We do rejoice in the following. If by calling attention to the afflicted of God's saints good can be done, then we will still work on.]—Brother Banks, for your article in *VESSEL* we thank you very much. My dear afflicted husband is still in the body, suffering beyond my pen to tell, but the Lord gives him great patience to endure the heavy burden. He has still many blessed seasons with his heavenly Father; he is too weak to say more than a few words at a time. Kindly return our grateful acknowledgments to the Lord's people, who so kindly responded to your suggestions in the *May VESSEL*, their kind help was much needed, as I have claims pressing upon my mind very heavily. Believe me, it is not my wish, or intention, to live idly upon the bounty of dear helpers, but, at the present time it is quite impossible for me to teach, or sew; as in addition to having my dear husband to wait upon, I have been severely injured by a cow, it was a great mercy my arm was not broken. Believe us, yours truly in Christ Jesus.

J. & E. M. GRANT.

Setley school, Lymington, Hants.
March 16th, 1868.

Please to acknowledge the following:—Mr. Pocock, 10s., Mr. Chas. Hart, 10s., W. H., Brighton, 3s., J. M. W., and M. A. H., Grove lane, Stamford hill, 2s., a Friend, 2s. 6d., J. and M. W., Boston, 1s., a Friend,

Bermondsey, 8s. A packet of books I expect from the editor, thank him much.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Permit me to assure those churches whose pulpits have not yet been offered to our brother John Bunyan McCure, that they are depriving themselves of both pleasure and profit. He has had a noble reception at many places, and not the least has been the one the Clapham friends have given him, (Mr. Ponsford's and Mr. Hall's) and as a proof that a liberal course is not altogether without profit, the very next day after his visit to Mr. Hall's chapel, the minister accidentally or rather providentially met a friend who said "I mean to give you £5 towards your chapel debt." O that the churches of Christ as well as believers in general would remember God's own declaration, "Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thy increase, so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine." I am, dear Mr. Editor, yours sincerely, CLAPHAM.

BETHNAL GREEN.—Dear Sir, I enclose you 5s. worth of postage stamps (all I can afford at present) to be given to some poor child of God in distress. J. O. B.

[This has been distributed.]

Dear Mrs. Banks,—Be kind enough to acknowledge the receipt of kind Christian letter, and 1s. 6d. in stamps, from the wife of a labouring man, and her sister in Berkhampstead. I am very thankful; my husband has not earned anything for some time, the Lord keeps me looking to him. I would also thank you for what you gave me, which enabled me to pay my rent for one week. With gratitude, yours in Jesus, ANN YARROW, 15, George gardens, Essex street, Bethnal Green road.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Rev. D. A. Doudney writes, in the May number of the *Gospel Magazine*:—"We had occasion a few weeks ago, to attend upon the Premier as one of a large deputation, to remonstrate upon the proposed rating of schools and charities. Composed as that deputation was of upwards of thirty members of Parliament, as well as some two or three hundred men of influence and standing, it was to us a source of the greatest grief to witness more deference paid to the Oxford pervert, Dr. Manning, the so-called Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, than to any other member of the deputation. To us it was astounding to see the number of persons who flocked around him, anxious to converse with one who was actively and unblushingly conspiring against the dearest privileges and securities of our land."

"Letters, and other communications for Mr. D. Crumpton, late of No. 2, The Crescent, Peckham Rye, must be addressed to him at No. 121, Cornwall road, Westbourne park, London, W.

LITERARY.

THE ROCK.—As an indication of how

deeply and widely the crisis in the Church, induced in the one branch by the attacks of politicians, and in the other by the inroads of Rome and modern philosophy, is moving the mind of the country; we may state that the *Rock*, the new organ of the Evangelical party, established in the beginning of the year, and which has already attained a very large circulation, appear as a bi-weekly.

MINISTERIAL.

MR. KERSHAW.—It is said, this is the last visit Mr. John Kershaw will make to London. We can hardly believe it. He looks and speaks as though he might work on yet for some years. We hope he may. "The Wandering Sheep" says, she has been searching for some green pasture and cannot find it. One young gentleman has been offended, and the fear is, he will soon fly. Another has sent in his resignation, but the people would not receive it, &c. If this dear old wanderer can send us no better tidings we shall not take the pains to read his notes. We are exceedingly grieved to announce that Mr. Holmes, minister of Lothian road chapel, in Camberwell, has been severely injured by an accident. We shall be glad to hear of his entire recovery.

MR. W. BLOOM, has given notice of his intention to resign the pastorate of the Baptist church at Doncaster, and is open to supply destitute churches. Address, W. Bloom, Baptist minister, Doncaster.

NOTICE.—Our brother John Brett, (formerly of Leiston) purposes visiting his native county for a week or two, and would willingly speak in his Master's name wherever a door might be opened. At Newick, Dane Hill, Windsor, Lakenheath, &c., he has preached the Gospel to the helping of many.

LOOK AT THIS AND CONSIDER.—"The burning the effigy" is too black for us. So is the report of a testimonial which proceeded not from the main body of the people. What awful overthrows Satan and sin accomplish! We mourn over the fact that useful men are cast down, growing churches are weakened, the earnest seekers are turned back, the enemies triumph, consternation and confusion, like clouds of darkness, cover the whole of Christendom. Two things we clearly see in the issue of such events. 1. Every man who has been preserved, should strive more earnestly to watch and pray that he enter not into temptation. 2. All the men who stand well on the walls of Zion should, in some way, fly to the help of those churches who have suffered so fearfully. Such churches should instantly clear their decks of all participators in the evil. Such churches should hold special meetings for humiliation and fervent prayer; such churches should then hold public meetings, giving Christian brethren and neighbouring churches, opportunities of expressing their

sympathy, and of helping the afflicted. Thus, we are certain the Lord would bless them. This is our advice.

FOREST OF DEAN.—We referred last month to the cause at Cinderford, on the Forest of Dean, where Mr. Richard Snaith is pastor. Since we wrote that note, bodily illness has fallen upon him; in fact, in his family, in himself, and almost in every way trials have surrounded him; and his people, composed mainly of hard-working colliers, can do but little. We trust, under the directing hand of the Lord, this notice may constrain some heart and hand to aid a cause, and a Christian minister so manifestly raised up by the Lord himself. Can we see such a brother in need, and shut up all feelings of compassion from him? Surely not; dear reader, leave not this work to others. Mr. William Harris, of Cinderford, near Newnham, we feel certain would gladly receive, and give to his beloved pastor any mite, or help which may be sent.

LOWESTOFT.—A correspondent says, that under the ministry of Mr. Henry Kiddle, the cause at Tonningsstreet, Lowestoft, has revived. During the last eighteen months, Mr. K. has baptized several; and the church has been increased by new converts; and by additions from other churches. At this season many are flying to Lowestoft for health and change. At Tonnings street Baptist chapel, they may hear the Gospel faithfully preached.

MARRIAGE.—At Zoar chapel, on Monday, 8th of June, by Mr. Nevell, of Sutton-at-Hone, Mr. Thomas Wall, to Maria Finn, of Gravesend.

DEATH.—On the 13th of May, Mr. Samuel Beach, son of Mr. William Beach, (of Chelmsford) aged 33. The deceased was a member of Mr. Alderson's church at East lane, Walworth. He has left a young and loving wife and family to deeply feel their loss. He was interred at Nunhead cemetery, when Mr. Alderson spoke solemnly to a large number of friends who had gathered to show their respect for the deceased.

On Saturday night, June 20, Mr. Gill, (of Grange road, Bermondsey) son-in-law of Mr. John Foreman, (of Mount Zion) was suddenly, in a moment, called away to rest. Mr. Gill was also a member of Mr. Alderson's church; and was present, and sat next to us at Mr. Beach's funeral, about a month previous. He leaves a wife and family. This is the third heavy family bereavement that the Mount Zion pastor has sustained in a short period. He has our deepest sympathies, and we pray the dear Lord specially to comfort him, and be his consolation in his days of bereavement and nights of sorrow.

No Trouble—No Fear.

"Let me but hear my Saviour say,
Strength shall be equal to thy day,
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace."

THIS is Saturday, June 27th, 1868. I am one of more than a dozen in a G. W. thirder, directed once more to Whitestone, 150 miles away from home. Left that this morning more unhappy than words can tell, because heavy affliction lays there; and as I sat for a moment looking on the afflicted one, I heard (inside) these words, "The sword shall never depart out of thine house." A secret spirit within gently bowed in resignation; and taking a farewell of them all, in prayer commending body, soul, family, and everything to the Lord, I left the house of sorrow, and forced myself through the city to Paddington; and now, beneath a summer's sun, I am riding and writing at the same time. If I do no good, I cannot afford to be idle; I feel like a good and venerated farmer, who once said to me, "I have worked hard over sixty years, and am not worth fourpence half-penny after all." So with myself, I have been studying, writing, talking, printing, travelling, and working over fifty years, and if I am worth anything it is all in Jesus Christ, for, out of Him, apart from Him, I nothing have, I nothing am. Still, like the man who said in him was found "THE MYSTERIOUS FOUR,"

"A sinner, BASE;
A sinner, BAD;
A sinner SAVED;
A sinner, GLAD,"

so, I have found, a sense of sin brings shame and sorrow; but when a divinely-wrought faith opens up the glories of the Son of God, the greatness of His work, the compassion of His heart, the strength of His arm, the infinitely precious efficacy of His atoning sacrifice, then a sense of the goodness of God in Christ leadeth to repentance, and to rest; and of every such believing penitent, of every such Christ-approaching soul, the Saviour frequently said, "And I will raise him up at the last day."

I did not know until very lately, that at a wholesale factory where they make ministers of all sorts and sizes, one of the exercises in which they are allowed to indulge is, pouring contempt upon the Bishops and Deans of the so-called Hyper-Calvinistic school. Such simple notes as I write, no doubt, are helpful to these raw recruits. Still, I would rather be assured that the grace of God, of which in those immense chambers of knowledge they profess to possess so large a share, led them to esteem the fathers in Christ; and not like the wicked urchins in Elijah's time, make a mock at things they never knew, things which tried believers learn in fires and floods, into which these unfledged striplings never yet have been plunged.

Leaving these trifles, I rejoice I can this day write of something higher and richer by far. It is a mercy to have any of the Saviour's promises realized in our souls. These, certainly, are tokens for good.

He said, concerning His Word, "It shall be in you, as a well of water, springing up into everlasting life."

That promise I have found true. Each time I have been going to Whitestone, a word has come to me, and dwelt in me, and I have spoken from it there. This morning to myself I said, "You have no message to carry this time." Then old unbelief, in one of his sulky fits, grumbled out, "And what good have any of your messages ever done?" I was silent, I was sad. But, unexpectedly, as I was passing through that part of the city called "The Poultry," those beautiful words the Saviour spake entered my heart with gentleness as soft as dew, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." If I live to stand in Whitestone pulpit to-morrow, those words will, I hope, in the grace of the Spirit, be a blessing to some. Oh, Lord, let us all know thee as our deliverer from troubles; and as the friend who banisheth every fear. Amen, so let it be.

As I journey on, the words referred to are full of holy matter if you consider them in a three-fold direction:—First, they are connected with the Saviour's going away from His disciples. He is going to leave them; but where is He going to? What has He to go through? And what will be the end of all this? Then,

Secondly, these words have a kind of prophetic spirit, they look forward to the circumstances in which the disciples will be left when their Lord is gone from them. And,

Thirdly, they are connected with those great foundation blessings which enabled the Saviour in all faithfulness and affection to say, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

I. Christ is about to leave them. It is the coming and going of Christ in the souls of His disciples which make up what is termed "Christian Experience." The advents of the adorable and eternal Son of God are most wonderful demonstrations of His love, and of His purposes of mercy toward His people. It may be said, Christ has many provinces into which He more specially and immediately has come, for the deliverance and comforting of His people. There was (1) His Anticipatory Province. He came to Adam, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Jacob, Joshua, Gideon, Isaiah, Daniel, and others. Always to speak "comfortably" unto them. There was (2) His Mediatorial Advent. "In the fulness of time, God sent forth His Son;" "God was in Christ." Oh, how full is that one of Paul's, "It is a faithful saying, worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Even I accept that saying, and sinner as I am, do sometimes, put in my plea; and call this precious Jesus mine. There is (3) His Spiritual Province. All the souls the Father predestinated, He, the Son, redeemed. All these, in due time, are filled with the Spirit of life and grace; and unto them Jesus is pleased to manifest Himself as seemeth Him good. How I have thought of that comprehensive *multum in parvo* of Paul's, "When it pleased God;" there is Divine sovereignty—"Who separated me from my mother's womb,"—there is Divine predestination; "and called me by His grace,"—there is effectual calling; "to reveal His Son in me,"—there is divine illumination, and when Christ is thus revealed in the living soul, He will be believed in, followed after, and affectionately desired for ever. Although the old serpent, the deceitful heart,

the wicked flesh, the alluring world, and other foes, may often becloud, distress, and ensnare the soul, CHRIST once revealed, is never LOST. No, never. His comings and goings in the soul are the sources of all real experience. My poor soul says, "He seems gone a long time!"

Ah! where and when
Shall I again
Those happy seasons know?
I would rejoice,
But still a voice,
Says, "No more here below."

Christ looked forward to all the gloomy future which would surely follow His departure from His own disciples; and while His own dear heart was breaking with the trouble which then lay upon them, He sought to administer comfort unto them by repeating, by again reiterating those precious words, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Did not Christ hereby mean that the cause of all trouble and fear should be removed from them? Certainly he did.

This beautiful exhortation is, as we may say, united to, and built upon, several great principles and promises which the Redeemer lays before them as so many grand reasons why they were not despairingly to give way to unbelieving fear. Just look at them; and then as the Psalm lxiv. says, "Wisely consider of his doing."

1. "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid," because "in my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." Who can the full meaning of these wondrous words unfold?

2. Because, "If I go, and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."

3. Because, "I will pray the Father, and He shall send you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever."

4. Because, "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you," yea, "Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

"Oh, thou once weeping, dying Jesus,
Now enthroned in glory high;
Come and pardon, cleanse, and heal us;
Tell us we shall never die.

But for ever live to praise Thy glorious name.

Amen.

C. W. B.

Standing before the Cross.

BY E. J. SILVERTON, BAPTIST MINISTER.

THE cross is the blood-marked standard round which the multitudinous forms of truth gather. It is the grand centre of all true religion, and those who do not value the cross of Christ will never wear the crown of righteousness. True, the cross was wrapped in death's black pall, yet there shone through such a light and glory, that some who stood by said, "This was indeed the Son of God." The cross of Christ stands at the head of the king's highway of salvation; all who come to heaven's gates

must first pass Christ's cross ; the way to the eternal city is by the cross, for just as we cannot go down the river (say to Greenwich College) without passing the Tower of London, so no man can go to heaven without passing the cross of Jesus, and all those who are trying to find some other way, are such as would take off the crown of Christ and be crowned therewith themselves. The cross should be the burden of every song, the merit of every prayer, and the substance of every sermon ; every saved sinner is led to it, and every saint draws life from it ; it is like the tree of life, its roots go deep down into the heart of eternal love ; its brows are broad and mighty, its leaves are for the healing of the nations, its fruits are rich and plenteous, those who eat of this tree shall never die ; beneath its branches the law-chased sinner is sheltered from the pelting storms of Divine justice. Here it is he learns the doctrine of transfer, and sees how Christ took the sinner's place.

It is to the cross the saints often retrace their steps to start as it were afresh on life's journey to the skies ; it is indeed the true starting post, all who begin here will end in the joy of eternal salvation. Many who saw Christ on His cross will sit with Him in His throne, and many who saw His dying gestures will never behold His living glory. In some, the eyes which saw Him nailed to the cross while they were on earth, shall see Him seated on His throne, while they shall be in hell. Many looked upon His person who had no faith in His cross, many heard His words who did not receive His Gospel. And as it was then, so is it now, not all who say Lord, Lord, shall enter in. The sun gave orders for the earth to put on mourning, all the lamps of the sky were darkened, and darkness was over the face of the earth from the sixth hour till the ninth. He died amid a thunderstorm, which was so terrible that the earth was shaken to her centre ; never was such a death, never was such darkness, never was such fear, never was such silence in heaven, never was such commotion in hell, never did men wait with hearts so full for explanation ; never did hours hang so heavily as with those who waited for the third day. For all we know the heaven of heavens was hung in mourning when Christ gave up the ghost ; the angels all took off their crowns, laid aside their golden harps, we can think of the crystal fountains all lying still ; we can see the hosts of heaven all sitting down with faces full of wonder and contemplation. The throne of the eternal God wrapped round with black linen, and God's own face wearing a majestic frown. The Son of God is dead !!! But all this had cleared and passed away by the time Jesus rose from his borrowed tomb. Now all was peace and sunshine. He whose death had split massive rocks shook the mighty earth and rent the gorgeous veil of the temple, sent Satan reeling drunk to hell ; for he now learned that Jesus had conquered, and his people were free ; Christ's victory over sin, and death, and the grave, was shown in the rising of the saints on the same morning as Jesus rose, who were said to have made visits to the holy city. These were the first fruits of the Lord's victory over the grave, and it would seem that they went home with our risen Saviour, seated with him in the same chariot, which God His Father had sent from His own courtyard to bring His Son in triumph home to glory. Thus the Prince of Peace and the first fruits of the resurrection all went gloriously home together ; how sweet a journey it must have been

for those who had been raised from their deadly slumbers by the loud striking hammer which fastened Christ to the cross. Watch the chariot up the golden hills, see it as it comes near the pearly gates of the city, behold the welcome given in the thousand upon thousands of the highest angels who crowded on either side of the entrance to the eternal kingdom; hear the loud shouts, He is King! He is King! crown Him Lord of all. And now the mighty ring of voices is heard singing, "Glory and honour, and power and might, and blessing and majesty, be unto the King for ever and ever." Yea! He who hung pale and dead on the cross, is the Almighty Prince of heaven and earth; He lives to bless His church, and His church lives to bless His name, He is alive for evermore, and because He lives His saints live; their life is folded in His, it is "In Him we live and move and have our being." Child of God, all thy sins were put to death when Christ Jesus died; as multifarious as they were not one is left alive; not one shall meet thee at the judgment day. No! they were all crucified with Christ, died with Him, He rose from the dead, but they have no power so to do. If sought for now they can't be found. He has saved thee! destroyed death, opened the grave, curtailed the power of Satan, honoured the law and glorified His holy name, and now He reigns as King. He who had a cross for His bed, now has a throne for His seat; He who had murderers for His attendants and thieves for His dying companions, is now adored by the countless millions of the just made perfect, whose delight it is to serve Him day and night. Oh, people of God, think! we shall be with Him, and like Him; yes! the day will come, when we shall be disentangled from life's sorrows, and the last tear shall be wiped away. Christian, think of this, look up and look forward; think of the full discharge, the perfect liberty from sin, the emancipation from the fretting cares of this sin-stricken world; think of seeing thy Saviour face to face; think of what it will be to stand in the sunlight of his presence, to hear Him speak, to see Him smile, to behold His glory, to join with the glorified saints in the song of the city, "Worthy the Lamb." Think of every power and every thought living only all to do homage to Jesus; to sin impossible; all that is within us shall then praise the Lord; not one thought shall stray away, not one feeling opposed to holiness, not one word shall be unwisely spoken, nor one act unwisely propounded. The holy soul longs for such a state, and is, at times, made very happy by the recollection of the promise, "They shall be mine in that day when I make up jewels." But as yet we are in the world, and have to do with the things of the world. The Lord keep us from being worldly; may the world be our servant but we never the servant of the world; may we die while we live, for we shall live when we die. The Lord grant us a level path, and an easy way; but grace to take up the cross when we come to it; may we never shun the footprint of our Master Christ! the Lord attend to our hearing that we may never be deaf to the saying of His, "Take up thy cross and follow Me." If we think of how much He suffered to bring us to glory, surely we shall not think much of the little we suffer to bring Him praise. May the faith of God's people often carry them back to the garden where stood the cross, and there may they gaze till they read their names in His wounds, and feel the shedding of His blood has

drowned all their sins, and that they are clean in Jehovah's sight. May faith then show them the glory of the eternal world, take them up into Jesus court, and let them hear the sounding harps with the holy voices of the ransomed Israel, and so shall they have grace to live, and patience to wait for the great change.

Memorials of the Life of Mr. Joseph Hamblin.

BY THOMAS JONES.

(Continued from page 167.)

IN the experiences of God's ministering servants there is no ground more interesting than that which describes the leadings of Providence, guiding to a settlement where the Lord had a work for them to do. The Master's messengers are fully convinced that He sends by whom He will send, and not less so that each one has his appointed sphere of labour, whether it be for a few months or for many years. As the soldier who has sworn to do service in arms for an earthly sovereign, must go wherever that sovereign commands, so must the soldier of the cross be at the disposal of his Captain both as to place and time, and not unfrequently the divine will is made known through circumstances strangely mysterious, as if the Lord would teach His servants by the logic of facts studied at the foot of the throne what He would have them to do. It may not be denied that sometimes they are suffered to follow the devices of their own hearts. An exception of temper has broken a fellowship which with a little self-denial might have been lasting as life; ambition doth sometimes beget discontent and puts the aspiring man on seeking a larger field for the exercise of his large abilities; the caprice of peoples and the obtuseness of deacons have tried the patience of many a devoted man till his fortitude gave way, and like Elijah he has fled to the wilderness, anywhere for peace, albeit he has not found it. Yet even where men have been blameable through vanity or variableness, we have seen good ends obtained, infinite wisdom being never at fault; so that human follies shall not frustrate gracious purposes, nor prevent the progress of the Redeemer's cause. It is pleasant when the man can tell how his steps have been ordered of the Lord, and how his own spirit has been kept within the lines of patience and prudence, unflattered by human applause, and undismayed by human enmities, envyings, strifes, and backbitings. "There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit; and differences of administrations, but the same Lord; and diversities of operations, but it is the same Lord which worketh all in all." One man has what might be called a popular gift, which attracts and engages the attention of hundreds; yea, that gift hath in it or about it, a considerable amount of natural endowment, such as personal appearance, an apt memory, a spice of mother wit, warmth of manner, flexibility of voice, &c.; and it can be known to the Searcher of hearts only how many of the admiring crowd are caught by the natural, and how many (or few) come into living contact with the essentially spiritual. "To another is given by the Spirit the

word of wisdom ; and to another the word of knowledge," and these, it may be, have only tens of disciples, so few, comparatively, prefer depth and substance to the mere a b c of religious teaching. We know these apparent anomalies belong to the diversities of operations conducted by Him who worketh all in all ; and we have no doubt the end will demonstrate the depth of the wisdom and knowledge of God in making all things work together for good to them he hath loved and called according to his purpose. But this belief does not sufficiently influence the common mind of the church to a cordial acceptance of divine sovereignty in the dispensation of spiritual gifts, and to a thoroughly kind, encouraging treatment of the men who watch for souls and who honestly minister of the ability which God giveth. "I am of Paul, and I am of Apollos," is still the creed of many, uttered with as much complacency as if the cry had never been rebuked by inspiration itself ; and those who should be ensamples to the flock, are but too apt to help the heresy. What we learned from Joseph Hamblin himself of his ministerial career shows he had a good share of that experience which was not unknown to the prophets of old, and which was not confined to witnesses under the former dispensation. He was morbidly sensitive, liable to take offence where, we hope, none was intended, but he was not always mistaken in suspecting prejudice against the truth he preached, and a lurking diotrophesan spirit in quarters where annoyances could be craftily hatched and the peace of the church undermined. These observations may be rather premature, for we were about to tell that the negotiations referred to in a former paper eventuated in his settlement at East lane, where the usual inaugural services were held after some delay demanded by his timid scruples about his unfitness for so great a work and the Lord's will in the matter. The doubts and fears were all with himself and were his own. The people kindly sympathized with him in his self-distrusting anxiety, but their own minds were made up ; they were ready to receive him as a chosen servant of the Chief Shepherd and Bishop of souls, and as sent by Him to care for and feed them in the pastures of truth. So the day of his recognition was a day of gladness and of thanksgiving. At East lane he was blessed and made a blessing souls, were converted, wanderers were restored, and the church was edified and strengthened. It would be pleasant to record that this union, this growth, this beauty continued uninterrupted, undiminished, till time-service was finished and the eternal reward possessed. But earth is curst, however garnished, and change is one of its conditions, and the church on earth is affected by its general character. In nature the genial summer and golden autumn do not last all the year, and heavenly sunshine and sensible prosperity are not always Zion's portions here below." "Cold cometh out of the north ;" keen polar breezes blow sometimes with nipping effect, and love itself waxes cold. Peradventure we can find something of somebody to blame. The chill we think began with the pulpit, or there was deceit in the desk, or perverseness in the pews ; either or all of these may be fixed on as the source of offence and decay, and yet it is possible the evil began with neither, though neither be blameless. "Offences must come," said the Saviour, and they do come ; as to original and subsidiary causes we may sin in judging. "What ye know not now, ye shall know hereafter." This we know, there was work to be done by Joseph Hamblin elsewhere, and he was taken to it.

In the Church of England, and Out of It.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."]

DEAR MR. BANKS,—There was a circumstance transpired while I was in the Church of England, which I have been tempted to pass over, because it seems to me to be rather out of place, but the same darts which have been hurled at me, may be hurled at others, and the same word which has comforted me may comfort others. I will therefore go on with my work, begging you to insert it or not, as you think best. It helped to teach me the value of the Word of God in all times of doubt and perplexity.

I once came in contact with a Wesleyan friend, and we had much conversation at different times on religious subjects. I had in my possession a memoir of a young friend I had known in childhood which I lent her to read; my friend in return lent me a work called, "The Centre and Circle of Evangelical Religion," written by a Wesleyan minister whom I knew; it contained the dying testimony of several individuals who professed to have arrived at Christian perfection. The dying words of one of these individuals were, "For fifty years not a single cloud has ever passed between me and my heavenly Father." I was then just in the wrong state of mind to read such a work as that; the light of God's furnace had discovered to me more clearly the deceitfulness of my heart. I felt conscious I was living at too great a distance from God, I had tried all the means in my power to obtain this favour, and time after time my endeavours had failed. I was writing bitter things against myself, and sinking down into a state of despair, believing that God had forsaken me. When I read this man's experience, I thought, well, if this man is right, then I am altogether wrong. This was a famous case for him who "goeth about as a roaring lion," and "worries whom he can't destroy;" and he worried me until I felt one of the most miserable of God's creatures. But the thought struck me one day, that it must be utterly impossible for a human being to live fifty years without sin as he must have done, for if he had sinned there must have been a cloud, for my own experience had taught me that I could not sin and still continue to live under the light of my Father's countenance. I laid aside the work, for it made me so unhappy I could not read it; I tried to call to mind the life and character of some of the saints of old; I repaired "to the law and to the testimony," and I found to my comfort that their experience accorded more with my own than with that of the man of whom I had read. David was a man after God's own heart, but he had to cry, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation." It was evident, therefore, that he had lost it, or he would not have prayed for its restoration. And we find it was not a solitary instance, for he had frequently to mourn the absence of his God; St. Paul, too (how I love to think of him) he, like myself, had a constant war going on within, and his conflicts with the enemy seem sometimes to have been very severe, for he is led to exclaim, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?" It is evident, too, that

St. Paul did not arrive at a state of Christian perfection for he says, "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect, but I follow after." Job, too, according to God's own testimony was a perfect and upright man, yet we find he sometimes sinned greatly. The Holy Ghost by St. John declares that "there is not a just man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not;" "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."

I was much relieved after examining carefully the Word of God, for I could not find a parallel case to this man's, and although this circumstance may appear unworthy of notice to some, it was of great benefit to me; notwithstanding it had caused me so much uneasiness, for the comfort I felt at that time from the study of God's word gave me a relish for the Bible which I have never lost. The more I studied it, the more I loved it; and I found it to be a deep mine of precious treasures, able to make me wise unto salvation, and as I carefully and prayerfully studied the record of truth, I seemed gradually to emerge out of darkness into light, out of bondage into the glorious liberty of the children of God. I felt a hope springing up within, that imperfect as I was, I was one of those for whom Christ had died. Not long after my minister preached from the words, "Thou art my portion, saith my soul:" I felt I could adopt this language as my own; almost every sentence he uttered seemed as though sent for the comfort of my own soul. I believe I then felt for the first time, the assurance that the Lord was my portion. For a long time after this I enjoyed a peace such as I never felt before; the Saviour's whispers of love had gladdened my desolate heart, His loving voice had calmed my troubled breast; I felt that heaven itself would be no heaven to me if my Saviour was not there; like Mary of old, we should turn away and weep if we saw not the Lord. Now I knew what it was to enjoy communion with my heavenly Father, I knew what it was to leave every thing at the foot of the mount, while I ascended to hold conference with God. I did indeed realize His presence as a loving father, rather than as an angry judge; His word became more and more precious to me, and "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go up unto the house of the Lord." But the time came when my nest was to be disturbed. Evils which I have already named, and others which I need not to notice, caused me to feel very unsettled in the Church of England; I felt that I was neither doing good, or getting good, but I had become too much attached to her to entertain a thought of leaving her, and for many months I tried to put the thought far from me. To state every reason would be painful to the feelings of others, and I do not see that it would be likely to profit any one, but it appeared to me that they were all meant to show me that I was not in my right place. While there I felt I was under the necessity of practising that which was against my own conscience. Baptism for instance; we read that Christ went down into the water to be baptized, and therefore could not be baptized by sprinkling; and He is set before us as a pattern which, as believers, we are bound to imitate. In the Church of England, we are expected to sprinkle; not that I would for any moment censure those who think it right to baptize by sprinkling, for I have known so many in the Church who, I believe, are living very near to God, and whose

desire it is, to walk before Him in "holiness and righteousness all the days of their life," and I would rather sit in judgment upon myself than upon others. What I write is simply my own views, and if I am not right, I am open to conviction and shall be glad to be corrected.

The only other reason which I think it necessary to mention here is, that, although I was devotedly attached to my minister, and what he preached was more in accordance with my own views, and more satisfying to my soul than anything I had been privileged to hear, yet there was in my opinion generally something wanting. While the sinner was laid prostrate in the dust, unable of himself to do anything towards the salvation of his soul, and no hope held out for him, only through the merits and death of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by the assistance of the Holy Spirit, there seemed to be so little comfort or encouragement for the believer. The sermons were so much to the unconverted, that there was sometimes little or nothing for the Christian. This might be accounted for by the fact that by far the greatest part of the congregation were unconverted characters, and therefore the subject was frequently directed to the unconverted only, and much as we dislike the formality of the Church service, I frequently found more comfort in reading the prayers than in listening to the sermons. But the time came when I could no longer be satisfied with the deadness and coldness of the Church. The introduction of "Penny Readings," and other amusements into the village did much to destroy what little spirituality there was in the church, and I am not exaggerating when I say that I saw more in the conduct of professors to remind me of worldly amusements than the worship of God.

It was a comfort, however, to know that the minister did all in his power to discourage it, and I am not afraid of his contradiction when I say, that his heart was often sorely pained, and his soul cast down at this sad state of things, which made me the more reluctant to leave him. My views with regard to the doctrines of "free grace," made it very desirable that I should worship with those who were like-minded with myself, but every time I thought about it a feeling of uneasiness crept over me. I clung still faster, not to the church, but to my pastor, I thought of the anxiety I had no doubt he had felt for me, and of the pains he had taken to instruct me in things that belonged to my everlasting peace. In temporal difficulties he had been my friend in helping and advising me; then I thought how few there were who endeavoured to encourage him by their presence or their prayers, and I determined again and again that the Church of England should be my home while I lived.

But "God's ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts," and however I may have been censured for the step I have taken, I hope and believe I have been led by the Spirit of God, and that the chain of events which has brought me to where I am has been linked together by Him, and if I am spared until another month, will give your readers an opportunity of judging for themselves. Meantime, may the Triune Jehovah be with us, and establish us in all that is holy, just and true.

MARIE.

Billingsboro'.

Sects and Heresies of the Christian Church.

NO. 2.—ARIANISM.

BY WILLIAM STOKES, OF MANCHESTER.

Author of "The History of Baptists," "Imputed Righteousness," &c.

(Continued from page 173.)

ARIANISM first appeared in a systematic form about the year 315 A.D., when Arius, a presbyter or elder of the Christian church at Alexandria in Egypt, denied, with great plausibility and earnestness, the proper and essential divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ. The heresy itself wandered about from a much earlier period, but this man reduced it to system, and without intending it, also gave it a name.

It first made its entry into the world," says the learned John Whitaker, "from that accursed spirit of opposition to heaven, for which the Jews changed situation with the Gentiles; for which they were cast off by God as the Gentiles had been before; have continued cast off, for nearly the same period of time that the Gentiles were; and will continue, we know, till they return to their first faith, return to Messiah their Prince, and prostrate themselves in an agony of repentance, before their crucified Lord and God. Arianism thus began to flow among the Jews, in the days of our Saviour. But the stream had then no regular channel. It moved only in secret rills. It strayed under sunless thickets, or through subterraneous passages."

The same writer proceeds to remark that, eventually, through the contracted mode of interpreting those Scripture passages that refer to the Messiah, which was adopted by the scribes, "the whole nation of the Jews became Arians." This fact accounts for their fury against the Saviour, whom they sought to kill, because He had said that "God was His Father, making himself equal with God." John v. 18.

It also appears historically certain that the *first* known Arians under the Christian dispensation, were two Jews named Ebion and Cerinthus, both of whom secured some followers who went by the names of Ebionites and Cerinthians. The former sect rejected the authority of the Apostle Paul, retained circumcision, and, according to Eusebius, had "low and poor ideas concerning Christ himself, whom they regarded as a mere man." The Cerinthians were equally self-willed, having been taught by their sceptical leader, that "Christ was a man only, the son of Joseph, and without DIVINITY." These two men lived in the days of the Apostle John, if not earlier, and several passages in his Gospel and first epistle, we believe to have been directed against these men who robbed his Lord of his true and proper godhead.

This dangerous doctrine floated about under various disguises until the inflated Arius took it under his equivocal patronage, and gave it shape and name. He and his followers taught the startling fable, that the Son of God, and the Eternal Spirit, were mere creatures; the creature Son being made by the Father; and the Holy Spirit as another creature being made by the Son, by whom also the angels were made. Photinus, an ancient writer, says that,

As even Arius determined concerning the Son, so he determined also

concerning the Ever-holy Spirit; and reduced the lordly and supreme Sovereignty of God, into two servants and ministers." "The Arians," says Epiphanius, "confess the angels to have been made by the Son; and even dare to say blasphemously of the very Spirit, that he was created by the Son."

This most pernicious and destructive heresy, being congenial to the corrupt taste of unregenerate man, spread extensively in the fourth century, and was embraced with great cordiality by numbers who were unwilling to admit that Christ was "all and in all." Yet the church as a whole denounced the heresy as fatal to hope in the world to come, and in order to prevent, if possible, its continuance, the first General Council was called by the Emperor Constantine, at Nice, in Bithynia, A.D. 325. Athanasius, who was present, reports that pastors from all parts of the Christian world, attended that Council, to the number of three hundred and eighteen, of whom twenty-two, (but some authorities say fewer,) were favourable to Arius. Besides these pastors, an equal number of presbyters and elders attended, so that the whole assembly numbered not fewer than six hundred persons. The travelling and other expenses of the members of the Council, appear have been borne by the Emperor, who presided in person, and who exhorted the assembly to peace and unanimity. The most learned, eloquent, and grave men of the age were there; some even who carried in their persons "the dying of the Lord Jesus," having been tortured to near dying themselves for the faith of their divine Master. The Council sat about two months and ten days, having met on June 19th, and closed at near the end of August, A.D. 325.

In this Council, after a full debate, the doctrines of Arius received a severe condemnation, and that great assembly issued a creed, or statement of doctrine directly the reverse of the loose and dangerous tenets of Arius. That doctrinal statement is known at this day as the NICENE CREED, and it originally ran thus:—

We believe in one God, the Father Almighty, maker of all things visible and invisible; and in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the only begotten of the Father, that is of the substance of the Father, God of God, and Light of Light, very God of God; begotten, not made, being con-substantial, or, of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made, both in heaven and earth: who for us men, and for our salvation came down from heaven, and was incarnate, and was made man. He suffered, and rose again the third day; ascended into heaven, and shall come again to judge the quick and the dead. And in the Holy Ghost. But for those that say, there was a time when He was not and; that He was not before He was made; or, that He was made out of things that were not, or that He is of any other substance or essence, or that He is obnoxious to change or alteration; all such the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church does anathematize and reject.

This confession of orthodox faith was drawn up by Hosius, the pastor of the church at Corbuda, and the Council adopted it with but few dissentients. The Emperor heartily approved of it, and ordered its circulation among all the churches. He did more than this; and in his zeal for orthodoxy issued the following bill of "penalties and penalties" against all who might continue to entertain the sentiments of Arius.

"Constantine the Great, the August, the Conqueror, to the Bishops and People.

"Since Arius has taken upon him to imitate impious and bad men, it is but just he should undergo the same punishment with them. As therefore Porphyry, the enemy of true religion, for the pernicious volumes he wrote against Christianity met with a reward due to so great a villainy, to become infamous to all posterity, to be loaded with reproaches and execrations, and to have his impious books quite banished out of the world; so now it seems good to us, that Arius and his adherents be called 'PORPHYRIANS,' that they may bear this his title whose manners they imitate and resemble. Farther, if any book written by Arius be found, we command it to be burnt, that so not only his vile doctrines may be utterly extirpated, but that not the least monument of him may remain. Declaring also, that if any man shall be found to conceal any such book of Arius, and not presently offer it to be burnt, as soon as ever he shall be apprehended, he shall be put to death. God have you in His keeping."

It is most manifest from this imperial mandate, that Constantine, and the whole Council with him, overlooked entirely the great truth that "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal." It is not the province of man, be he whom he may, whether king or priest, to *punish* any other man for errors of creed. Conduct belongs to the jurisdiction of Cæsar, but conscience belongs *alone* to God. Constantine as a Christian man had a right to unite with other Christian men to condemn Arianism, but as an Emperor he had no right whatever to command that a man who secreted an Arian book, "should be put to death." He did not understand his own duties, and in an ignorant zeal for the truth, he became a Pope, and a heedless persecutor. The spirit he displayed was that of rank Popery before the name of Pope was known.

This imperial decree produced the exclusion of Arius and his partisans not only from ecclesiastical, but also from *civil rights*. For three years and more they were doomed to banishment, from which, however, at the end of that period, they were recalled by the relenting Emperor. But the bitter hostility of Athanasius still kept Arius and his party from all office; until, having recovered influence at court, the Arians became the persecutors, and in their turn obtained the banishment of Athanasius. Thus the orthodox and heterodox alike exhibited passions that disgrace the religion of the meek and lowly Jesus.

For three hundred years at least, this heresy disputed the superiority with the orthodox faith. It was long the reigning religion of Spain, and prevailed extensively in Italy, France, Hungary, and Africa. It reached Britain about the fourth century, and "fatal as a serpent," caused serious mischief among the English churches. In the seventh and eighth centuries it began to decline, and soon shrunk away into obscure corners. In 1531, Servetus gained for it a footing in Geneva, from whence it wandered into Poland, where it was swallowed up by a deadly Socinianism. It re-appeared in England in the last century, and it may even yet be found among the Presbyterians in the north of Ireland, where however it appears to have heard the final mandate, "Set this house in order, for thou shalt die and not live."

The pernicious nature of this heresy may be seen in the following momentous particulars.

1st.—*In the denial of the true and proper divinity of the Son of God.* Arius taught that Christ was not of the same nature with the Father, but of a *like* nature. He conceded divinity to the Father, but

he never admitted it in the *like* nature of the Son. He thus robbed the blessed Saviour of His true and proper Godhead.

2nd.—*This heresy equally destroys the divinity of the Eternal Spirit.* The common doxology of the Arians was not the majestic one of "*Glory to the Father, and to the Son, (and to the Holy Ghost,*" but the scanty and evasive one of "*Glory to the Father, by the Son, and in the Holy Ghost.*" Thus the noble doctrine of Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, was overthrown; and while they ascribed godhead to the Father, they reduced the Son and Holy Spirit to the low level of created agencies, and nothing more.

3rd.—*As a consequence, this heresy, if it can admit of salvation at all, makes it dependent on a mere creature, and wickedly degrades it to the inferior standard of a creature work alone.* Nor can it possibly be otherwise, where salvation is made dependent upon a created Saviour. Equally so with the Holy Spirit. According to this appalling system, He can lay no claim to be called the "Eternal Spirit" (Heb ix. 14,) or to exercise divine power in quickening to life the "dead in trespasses and sins." Creatures, though of the highest rank, can never do more than creature work, and to this contemptible condition Arianism reduces the Gospel of Him who is "over all, God blessed for evermore."

4th.—*This heresy, in effect, removes divinity from the whole system of Christianity.* The Gospel presents us with a Christ in whom dwells "the fulness of the godhead bodily," who also assures us that "he that hath seen Him hath seen the Father." Here is the true divinity, when to see Christ is also to see the Father. And on what other ground but that of divinity can blasphemy against the Holy Ghost be the unpardonable sin? Is it possible that blasphemy against any mere creature can be of blacker wickedness than blasphemy against God? Yet such is Arianism. Originating in Jewish infidelity, and insolently denying the Triune God, it teaches its unhappy victims to idolize the corrupt human intellect, and to deny the sacred claim, that "all men should honour the Son even as they honour the Father." "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united!"

(No 3, on "*Pelagianism,*" will appear in our next.)

NEARER HOME.

NEARER, nearer, drawing nearer,
Even as we roam,
To the land that's brighter, dearer,
Our eternal home.
Often rugged, wild and dreary,
Is the uphill road;
And our hearts grow very weary,
Of our sins, a load.
Yet we sometimes have an inkling,
Of the rest above;
And enjoy a blessed sprinkling,
From the sea of love.
Then rejoicing, bounding, leaping,
Singing as we go;
Our glad feet the measure keeping,
Like the bounding roe.
Yet anon the storm clouds gather,
And the shades of night
Hide the smilings of our Father,
From our longing sight.

And we grope and halt and stumble,
Fearing lest we fall;
Till our stubborn hearts grow humble,
And the Lord our all.
Then when we all means have taken,
And with sighs and tears,
We deplore ourselves forsaken,
Dawn once more appears.
Sometimes on the lofty mountain,
On the rugged hill;
Sometimes at the crystal fountain,
Quaff of love our fill.
Sometimes in the silent valley,
Where deep waters flow;
And faith and hope, twin sisters holy,
In luxuriance grow.
Press we onward still, and nearer
Till the moment come;
When in accents, sweeter, dearer,
Jesus calls us home.
Gravesend. D. NEWMAN.

The Death of Mr. John Andrews Jones,

OF JIREH CHAPEL, EAST ROAD, CITY ROAD.

WHILE busily engaged in writing, a note came to hand which authorises us to announce that the patriarchal metropolitan Baptist minister—JOHN ANDREWS JONES—has been removed from this world, where for more than eighty-eight years he was an inhabitant. The note referred to, says,—

“260, Oxford street, July 15th, 1868.

“Mr. C. W. Banks,—It is my painful duty to inform you of the death of Mr. J. A. Jones, which occurred this morning at three o'clock. You will not be surprised, knowing he had been so long laid aside. Kindly insert some notice in the *VESSEL*. I am, dear sir, yours truly,

“A. CLARK.”

Thus the oldest head of a long-standing race of Gospel ministers has been laid in quietness and rest; and before another ten years have rolled away, many others will be called to follow those who through faith and patience now inherit the promises.

We can only say at the present, that the aged man's end was peaceful; and without any painful emotions either of a mental or physical kind, he bowed his head in death. Mr. Griffin, the successor in the pastorate to Mr. Jones, was with him on the Monday evening previously, when a kind look and a hearty shake of the hand, bespoke the continuance of every faculty, although even then death had nearly done his work. In this case we certainly are not called upon to sorrow as those who have no hope, because Mr. J. A. Jones was decidedly a firm believer in the New Covenant of grace, a bold and useful preacher of the Gospel of Christ, and an author of several works, whereby he earnestly contended for the faith once delivered unto the saints. Nearly thirty years have passed away since we first knew the deceased. Those thirty years have been most eventful in the Church's history as regards the departure of those venerable sires whose ministrations helped much to perpetrate in London, and in other large cities, the glorious Gospel of the ever blessed God. A hasty glance over the last quarter of a century will shew the departure of many respecting whom we may say their places have never been filled up. We cannot but think of such godly men as Hawker, Cartwright, Doudney, Triggs, Tanner (of Exeter), Turner (of Sunderland), Chamberlain (of Leicester), Isaac Beeman (of Cranbrook), John Warburton (of Trowbridge), W. Gadsby (of Manchester), Joseph Irons (of Camberwell), John Stevens (of Meard's-court), David Denham, James Nunn, Moody, John Pells, and hosts beside—men who lived and died in the faith, leaving behind them not a few whose souls were led to know the Lord through their instrumentality. Of Mr. J. A. Jones's departure we may have further particulars presently.

THE FUNERAL.

On Tuesday afternoon, July 21st, 1868, the mortal remains of JOHN ANDREWS JONES—the oldest Baptist minister in London—were

conveyed to the tomb. At an early hour in the afternoon, the chapel in East road, City road, was opened, and was soon filled with persons who evidently were anxious to pay the last tribute of respect to an old minister and steward of God's word. Shortly after three o'clock, it was evident by the deathly stillness that the funeral had arrived. The first who entered the chapel were the ministers, who walked with measured tread down the aisle: these were Mr. Samuel Milner, Mr. George Wyard, Mr. John Hazelton, Mr. Joseph Wilkins, and Mr. Griffin. Mr. William Hawkins (son-in-law of deceased) was also present. The mourners having been conducted to their seats, the coffin was brought in, and placed in front of the pulpit, which was draped in black, as were the family pew and reading desk.

As soon as all arrangements had been completed, Mr. Griffin (successor to Mr. Jones), read a hymn, which being sung, Mr. Hazelton read the fifth chapter of St. Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God," &c. Prayer followed. Mr. George Wyard, sen., then delivered an address, in the course of which he said they were assembled to pay respect to the remains of an old saint, and an old minister of the Gospel. They were about to take the mortal part of their late beloved friend, and bury it. What was termed the jewel had gone, the casket only remaining. What was the exact condition of the departed soul they were unable to tell. St. John said, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." That was all they knew. Referring to Mr. Jones, the speaker said he was much respected; and in travelling about the country lately he had been asked if John Andrews Jones was still alive? He had been asked that question the latter end of last week, and he had to reply in the negative. Many of the quaint sayings of their departed friend would not soon be forgotten. Mr. Wyard concluded the service with prayer.

The funeral procession—which consisted of a hearse drawn by four horses, five mourning coaches, and some private carriages—proceeded to Abney Park Cemetery. In the immediate vicinity of Birch Chapel some marks of respect were shown, many of the shops being partly closed, and many of the inhabitants were standing outside their doors, talking of the "old minister who preached for many years in Brick Lane."

Having arrived at the cemetery, the corpse was borne to the family grave, the ministers present acting as pall-bearers. A large number of friends also congregated here to bid adieu to the remains of the aged minister of the metropolis, amongst whom were Mr. William Flack, Mr. Samuel Jones, Mr. Evan Edwards, Mr. Syms, and Mr. Sack.

The ceremony at the grave was conducted by Mr. Samuel Milner, who in the course of his address said that it had been the wish of their departed friend to be buried in Bunhill Fields, and he had actually agreed with the sexton, and chosen the spot. But Bunhill Fields had closed, and the old sexton had long since died. And surely no man had merited more, if he (Mr. Milner) might use the term merit, to be buried in Bunhill Fields than he who had written the Memorials of that place. Their late departed friend used to call himself a Gillite. Some were ashamed of Gill, but he (the speaker) was not. There were no Gills

now. A more learned, good, and spiritual man than Gill never lived. He too was a Gillite. Referring to death, Mr. Milner said he had been thinking that the chrysalis was a simile of death. There was the caterpillar crawling from cabbage to cabbage. Let the caterpillar be put in a box. It appears to die; but after a time it comes forth a beautiful butterfly or moth. And so their departed friend was now removed from earth: his body was now crumbling and mingling with the earth, but his soul had flown. It was quite possible that some railway might cut through that ground a hundred years hence, but the dust in that grave was in safe keeping, and when the resurrection morn came, God would bring that body up out of the grave. It was a cause for thankfulness that many members of the family were the Lord's people. They would meet their father again—not as their father, but as their brother in Christ, for there was but one Head in Heaven—the Lord Jesus Christ. Yet he would be glad to see them, and they would be glad to see him. In conclusion, the speaker urged upon them to hold fast those truths which were so dear to their father, and not be ashamed of them for there is nothing to be ashamed of in the truth of God.

Mr. Wilkins, of Soho, closed the solemnities, by pronouncing the benediction.

The large number of persons—after taking the last look at the coffin which contained all that was mortal of John Andrews Jones—dispersed.

The funeral was conducted by Mr. Samuel Minton, of St. John street road.

Death of Mr. Thomas Wall,

PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, MEETING IN ZOAR CHAPEL,
PEACOCK STREET, GRAVESEND.

ON TUESDAY, July 21st, 1868, in the morning at a quarter past seven, Thomas Wall, the Gravesend pastor, was very suddenly summoned to his account. We had just arranged to attend the funeral of Mr. John Andrews Jones (which took place on the same day), when Mr. Lane called at our office with the sad intelligence. At this late period of the month we can only record the fact, but in our September number we shall refer more fully to it.

The two following letters is all we can give this month:—

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."
MR. DEAR SIR.—Will you kindly insert the following brief but sad account. Next month a further description of the mournful event will be sent for publication. Yours faithfully in the bonds of the covenant,
S. C. DRAYSON.

"We have to record the sudden death of Mr. T. Wall, of Zion Chapel, Peacock street, Gravesend. The mournful event occurred on Tuesday, July 21st. The Church and congregation in their suffering from this sad bereavement prayerfully solicit the sympathy and help

of the ministers of the Baptist Churches, by supplying the pulpit for them in this their time of need."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

"Gravesend, July 21st, 1868.

"DEAR SIR,—This morning on leaving my home I heard a report that our pastor, Mr. Wall, that servant of Christ, had gone to his rest. For some time he has suffered from disease of the heart; and we have sometimes been afraid that he would be taken while preaching. But the Lord sustained him in this troublesome world until Tuesday morning, July 21st. On that morning he was rising about half-past six, having an engagement in London, when he was suddenly seized with pain. He sat down in the chair, but did not speak, and expired immediately. We must say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." O that the prayer of his Church may be raised, that this solemn lesson may make a deep impression on all who hear it. Yours in sorrow, "A MEMBER."

Death of Mr. Elijah Packer,

OF HORSELYDOWN.

IN the Editor's absence from town, it is our sorrowing duty to announce the departure to a brighter world of his old, sincere, tried, and devoted friend, Mr. ELIJAH PACKER. This solemn event occurred at his residence on Friday morning, July 24th, 1868, after a few days' illness. During the editor's pastorate at Crosby Row and Unicorn Yard, the deceased occupied the double position of deacon and clerk, and his impressive and cheerful manner of conducting this part of the worship of God, with the beautiful and suitable reading of the hymns, his devotion to the cause, his sympathy for the poor, his "cheering word" for the cast-down, and his general characteristic for kindness to all, has endeared him to thousands of the children of God, and his name is embalmed in their memory associated with feelings of love and gratitude. To us it is a great bereavement. We have lost a good, kind, affectionate, and constant friend; but we know our loss is his everlasting gain.

We expect the Editor will next month, if spared, refer to this solemn event.

A LETTER BY THE LATE ARTHUR TRIGGS TO MISS LOUISA FRANCE.

I AGAIN hail and greet you, because you belong to Christ; peace be unto you, and love with faith, from God the Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who is our hope, the author and finisher of faith, and the author of eternal salvation; and they killed the Prince or author of life; yet He laid down His life of Himself, and He took it up again. He is the resurrection and the life, living in the presence of God for us; and saith, "Because I live, ye shall live also;" and we being raised up together with Him, live, dead to sin, and our life is hid with Christ in God, and

cannot die any more, are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection. And thus we are partakers of the first resurrection, are passed from death unto life, and cannot come into condemnation. What a miserable life professors are living, judging after the flesh, and its constant changes in feeling; and thus they do despite to the Spirit of grace, and set aside Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. But to the believers in Him He is precious, in life or death, sickness or health, sorrow or joy; and He is made of God unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption. The person, fulness and salvation of Christ appears to be but little known, consequently, contending for the faith once delivered to the saints is almost obsolete, the differing parties striving for the mastery; thus the potsherds are striving with the potsherds of the earth, and confusion and evil works are manifest and my once Bethel hath been made an hole of the asp and like the cockatrice den; fair words and plausible speech were plentifully propelled from the tongue, but deceit and hypocrisy were nursed until a convenient time when it was developed by lies, and now the propagators of the same are caught in their own craftiness, and are dethroned and gone into exile. Nor will the crafty words published in the newspaper prove them to be what they desire; they, the late so-called deacons, the church, and congregation, have no more right to Trinity chapel than I have. This is enough on the subject of the doings of men who keep back the wages of the labourer which they engaged to him; but it was great mercy from the Lord that I was delivered from the mouth of the lion and the paw of bear and the uncircumcised Philistine, and I sing unto the Lord, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted." I live in and by and for the Lord, kept in perfect peace, with the mind stayed upon the Lord, looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom we say, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none on earth I desire beside thee," Jehovah, our everlasting light, our God and our glory, hallelujah. Love, blood, and salvation abound in your heart, and all those with you that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth, and it is good at all times to consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself lest we be wearied and faint in our minds. And it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom, this is the Lord's love way, and I love it, because by living and walking in it, we learn to say, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God," and are the called according to His purpose; and the purpose of God according to election must stand, each of your moving and movements makes one less, and with me the last will soon come out of the lower house into the upper to see Him as He is, &c. Cheer up, beloved, "For if God be for us, who can be against us?" and we may say continually, "The Lord is my portion," saith my soul, "therefore will I hope in Him." And we are the Lord's portion, His inheritance and His possession, joined to Him and one spirit, and it is written, "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye." O sacred mystery, glorious truth, and precious, precious, precious Lord Jesus. In the unity of the Spirit and bond of peace, my Mary, with me, salutes you and your sisters, married or virgins, all one in Christ Jesus, and of Him

is said unto us, "Thy maker is thy husband, the Lord, of Hosts is His name, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel, the God of all the earth shall He be called." Our love also to our sisters you mention, Mrs. C——, and D——, the widow, her daughter, and her son. Be a thank you for your kind remembrance; the daughters send love to you. One verse to sing:—

O sweet employ to sing and trace,
The amazing heights and depths of grace;
And spend from sin and sorrow free,
A blissful vast eternity.

I thank you for the stamps, all is well.—Yours in our precious Lord Jesus,

A. TRIGGS

2, Argyll Road, Brixton Road, London, S:

Jan. 6. 1858.

THE EDITOR OF "THE GOSPEL STANDARD'S" ANSWER TO "A WEAKLING."

REALLY one is accustomed to hear so much of the editor of the *Gospel Standard*, of his great mind, and sound judgment, that we were fairly astonished when we read his answer in the last number of that magazine to a correspondent signing himself "A Weakling." It appears this person had upon his mind some doubts as to the possibility of falling finally from grace, which doubts were caused by some friend relating to him the circumstances of a celebrated hymn writer having committed suicide. This poor "weakling" goes with his burdened conscience to the editor and lays before him a letter. The great and learned man instead of proving the invalidness of the agreement, by remarking that very frequently, in fact almost all suicides are committed when the mind is in an unsound state, and consequently could have had nothing to do with a man's spiritual standing, he attacks the person who put the problem to the "weakling," and disposes of him thus:—"You can tell him that if he likes to fall, he is quite free to do so, but that the children of God have a firmer standing, and a better warrant for their full and final safety than he is acquainted with." What a dreadful thing to tell a man, note the almost blasphemous language, "Tell him if he likes to fall, he is free to do so." If Mr. Wells had made use of such a remark, how this editor would have thundered, how he would have been shocked; it would have been worse than the Rahab business, but though I know nothing of Mr. Wells, and have never seen or heard him, I venture to say he would not have used such an expression. It really is not only shocking when viewed with regard to a polemic thing as a man falling, but it is so senseless when viewed in the light of the doctrine of election and predestination, of which doctrines Mr. Philpott is such a firm advocate, and would have us believe he is such a strong believer in, if we may trust his writings, which is all I know of him, as I have only seen him once which was at Cowper Street. "Tell him if he likes to fall," fall from what I ask? If a man fall from a house top, common sense would say he must have been on the house top or he could not have fallen from it; so then it follows that before a

man can fall from grace, he must have been a subject of grace, or he could not have fallen from it; but Mr. Philpot cannot believe that a subject of grace can fall from it, neither do I, neither did Huntington, Toplady, Calvin, Gill, and a noble host beside, who are the favourite authors of Mr. P.; "Once in Christ in Christ for ever," is an oft quoted line with him, and with all who hold the doctrine of grace. Then what could he have intended to convey by such an answer? Does he mean that he was at liberty to commit suicide? Oh, dreadful thought! No. I cannot believe the learned editor intended his correspondent "Weakling" to tell his friend such a thing as that. The meaning then is obscure, I cannot see it, but surely then, there must be a meaning, but too infinite for any ordinary understanding; we all know the editor of the publication in question lays claim to great erudition, though I do not remember to have seen any insignia of it, such as, "D.D.," "M.A.," or even "B.A.," after his name, am aware that he has written some sort of pamphlet as to his reasons for leaving one of the universities, but as I have not been so fortunate as to have read it, I am ignorant as to his position there, whether he was first prizeman, senior wrangler, or what, perhaps some of his admirers will kindly inform me, not that I should regard him any the more for any amount of scholarship, as I am well convinced some of the most illiterate have been wonderfully taught from above, but when you find a man so wonderfully dogmatic, and described as so immeasurably superior to his fellows, you naturally ask what claim he has to such a position.

In conclusion, I ask what effect could that answer have had upon the mind of "A Weakling." St. Paul enjoined upon the ministers of Christ to "support the weak," and I have often thought that one of the chief duties of a minister is to try to do so. No doubt "A Weakling" felt the matter pressing heavily upon his mind, and he naturally laid the matter before a minister of the Gospel, but what comfort could he have obtained from such an answer? I should say difficulty was added to difficulty, obscurity became more dense, and consequently his mind was more troubled, "Tell him if he likes to fall he is at liberty to do so;" **LIBERTY TO FALL!** How does he know he would be permitted to fall, I ask; I was not aware that it was "with man to direct his steps," I did not know it was in the power of man to fall, or else where would be the use of crying out with the Psalmist, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe," which is the ejaculation from the heart of every child of God many times a day, and the person to whom he was told to deliver that dreadful message must have been a child of God, or he would not have any position to have fallen from, as before proved. I have frequently noticed many remarks in the answers of the editor of that publication to correspondents which I am sure he would have never made, if he had prayerfully considered them before sending them forth. I am fearful his temper often gets the better of his judgment, and that he has too much esteem for his own opinion, and too little regard for the opinion and feelings of other people. How great is the contrast in this respect with the editor of the **HARTEN VESSEL!** Poor man, I regret to see him so much in Job's position. May better and happier days yet dawn upon him, though he is where the Lord's people always have been found,

JOHN W. HOPKINS.

Our Churches, Our Pastors, and Our People.

TO THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION WORSHIPPING IN THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY, AND TO ALL THE FRIENDS OF CHRIST AND TRUTH, SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE COLONIES OF AUSTRALASIA.

On Monday, June 1st, brother Pelt drove me to Irthingborough. It being Whit Monday the world was out following divers lusts and pleasures, and no less than seven clubs assembled in the village; but for the clubs there would have been a chapel full of people. There were about one hundred present, and to them I preached of these things, which are unto the Christian more precious than all the world calls good or great.

While others after earth aspire,
Christ is the pleasure I desire.

The collection was £1 10s.; after the service, we drove back to Sharnbrook, a distance of nine miles.

Tuesday, 2nd.—I lectured in the Baptist chapel Sharnbrook, brother Pelt, pastor of the church, presided; brother Baker, who was preaching at Carlton prayed for the divine presence; the chapel was full of people who listened most attentively for over two hours while I related some of the wonders of providence and grace. The collections were very well, considering that half was for the school connected with the Baptist church, leaving for the Sydney cause, £9.

Wednesday, 3rd.—I was most kindly invited to dine with the deacons and pastor of the church, worshipping in Woodbridge chapel, Clerkenwell. I was received in the kindest manner by those good brethren, at the house of Mr. Kendle, whom I have known for many years. In the evening I lectured in the chapel. The pastor, brother Luckin, prayed most sweetly and fervently for the divine presence and blessing; there was a good attendance. I felt that I was greatly honoured of God in having the opportunity to speak in that chapel, where my soul twenty-nine years ago was delivered and brought into Gospel liberty, under the ministry of that greatly honoured servant, Richard Luckin. I have and ever shall love him for his work's sake. The collection amounted to £22.

Thursday 4th.—I lectured in the Bap-

tist chapel, Silver street, Kensington. The pastor of the church, brother Crompton, took the chair; in consequence of the rain, there were not so many present as would have been, but by those who were present, I was most kindly received; the collection was £3 6s. 1½d. Tired and weary, I arrived at my lodgings by half-past twelve o'clock.

Lord's-day, 7th.—I preached in the Baptist chapel, New Mill, Tring, in the evening in the tabernacle, which was crowded.

On Monday 8th.—I lectured to a chapel full of people in New Mill chapel, brother Bennett, prayed for the Lord to be in our midst. I was well received by the Tring friends; the collection was £10 6s. 5½d, which was the gleanings, for on the Sunday before, there were collections for their own cause, and likewise on the Tuesday.

The next day, Tuesday 9th.—I went to Two Waters, and preached to a chapel full of people. I was very much blessed with the Lord helping me, and the people who are poor in this world, but rich in faith, they did all they could; the collection was £1 4s. 6½d.

Wednesday, 10th.—In the large school room belonging to the Baptist chapel, Hemel Hempstead, I lectured. The place was full, and I was well received, the collection was £2 4s. 8d., two friends gave me 10s. each, making the amount £3 4s. 8d.

Thursday, 11th, After a round-about and in-and-out journey, I arrived at High Wycombe; the pastor of the Baptist church, brother Chivers, met me at the station, and took me to the house of one of his deacons, where I was made to feel that I was welcome. At seven o'clock, the lecture commenced, brother Chivers took the chair, and did indeed plead with the people to help, and show to the Australians that there is in England true Christian sympathy; the collection was £6 5s. 9½d.

Tuesday, I left High Wycombe for Leamington, there I obtained 10s. from Mr. Payne. After a parting cup of tea with Mr. and Mrs. Stow, I left by the train for Birmingham; that night I slept at the house of Mr. Pool. On the 1st of June, Mrs. Pool entered her heavenly rest, leaving her husband and one dear

daughter to mourn in the wilderness. They are now sowing in tears, may they reap in joy.

Saturday, 13th. — I called upon the sons of my dear friend and brother Beach, of Chelmsford, when Mr. N. B. Beach gave me £5. I then called upon Mrs. and Miss Strickland, who gave me £1.

By the three o'clock train, I arrived in Shrewsbury, and was received by one, a seal to my ministry when I preached in Birmingham twenty-three years ago. I rejoice in that she is walking in the truth and blessed by the God of truth.

Lord's-day 14th. — In the Baptist chapel Shrewsbury, where brother G. Wyard, jun., is preaching the Gospel of Christ; I was favoured by my good Master to speak in his name, with acceptance unto the saints. In the afternoon, I gave an address to the school, and was pleased with the opportunity of speaking a word of encouragement to the teachers who are engaged in the good work of teaching the rising generation the history of truth. May the Holy Ghost teach them its mystery.

Monday 15th. — It being a public holiday in Shrewsbury, the Baptist Sunday school was taken to the ruins of Haughmond Abbey, I accompanied them to that renowned place of Popish relics. Leaving Shrewsbury by the North, or Castleforegate, a suburb one mile in length, and advancing on the main road to the right of the old Heaton turnpike, a landscape of delightful scenery expands itself watered by the Severn, which in different places is seen to glide through the meadows below, while a range of swelling hills, with the noble Wrekin, extend along the surrounding distance.

About three miles hence, on a rising ground stands the picturesque ruins of Haughmond Abbey skirted by a wooded upland. The position commands an extensive view over the great plain of Shrewsbury, to the south-west, heightened by the towering spires and castle of the town, and a large tract of mountainous country, in which those gigantic land marks between England and Wales, the Moel-y-golphon, Calfyn-y-Castel, and Breidden hills form a prominent feature.

The earliest foundation of a Popish religious house at Haughmond appears to have originated in a priory some time between the year 1130 and 1138, and to have progressed into a monastery in or before the year 1155.

While I stood upon one of the ruined towers, looking through the iron bars, I tried to realize the sufferings of those

of our fathers, through whose faithfulness and suffering unto death we were delivered from the darkness of that Popish night. I thought of the decision and determination of immortal Bunyan, who said while in prison for truth sake, "I would rather that the moss grow upon my eyebrows, if frail life should last so long, than violate my faith and principles. I was obliged to deny myself the pleasure of remaining longer with the friends and the school, having to lecture in Oswestry at seven o'clock, a distance of eighteen miles. I arrived just in time, the minister of the Baptist chapel took the chair, but there were only a few persons present, and many of those did not come until past the time to commence the lecture; it was a cold affair. There being no one who could give me a bed, I was obliged to leave off before I had finished my lecture, and then run to the train, and jump into a carriage just as the train was starting. The friends at Oswestry got the bills printed, which cost 10s., the collection was 9s. 7d. so that I had to pay 5d. and my railway fare, 6d. out of my own pocket. The train being late, I did not arrive in Shrewsbury, until past eleven o'clock; not having had anything to eat since three o'clock, I felt somewhat faint and weary.

Tuesday 16th. — I am now within the bounds of civilization, most kindly cared for by loving friends, Mr. and Mrs. Williams. This evening I lectured in the Baptist chapel, St. John street hill, Shrewsbury. J. Bratton, Esq., Mayor of Shrewsbury, took the chair, the pastor of the church, brother Wyard, prayed; the chapel was comfortably filled, and the people listened with great attention. Not being able to get through the whole of the lecture, I was requested to finish it on Wednesday evening 17th. The amount collected after lectures was £6 4s. 1d.; 30s. was given to me by a friend, and 20s. by another, which increased the amount for Shrewsbury to £8 14s. 1d. On Lord's-day the collection was for the school, which I am told was the best they have had for a long while, thus, while they have helped us they have not injured themselves.

Lord's-day, June 21st. — Through the preserving mercies of my ever gracious Lord, in the great and busy city of Manchester, I was favoured to preach in the Baptist chapel, Hugh Temple street, where brother Smith has for several years preached the Gospel. The congregation was but small, there was only pulpit notice given that I should preach, and no arrangement made for me to lecture dur-

ing the week. It appeared to me to be a very cold affair, but for the Sun of righteousness, I should have been frozen by reason of the icebergs I met with. One of the deacons, brother Greenhough, received me into his house, and treated me with the most Christian kindness, made me both welcome and comfortable, and interested himself on my behalf; but for brother Greenhough, I don't know what I should have done; the Lord bless him and his dear family shall ever be my prayer. The collection on Lord's-day, was £5 9s. 9d. After the morning service many of the friends were warmed up, and felt that it was wrong that no arrangement was made for me to lecture, and requested that I should lecture in the chapel on Wednesday. On the evening of that day the 24th, I lectured upon Australia, and was well received by the people. The collection was £4 making a total of £9 9s. 9d. I received a kind welcome from the mother and friends of the gentleman (Mr. Jeake) who died on board the "Great Britain," whose death is recorded in my Log Book; but for the Log Book, his mother would not have known any particulars of his death. To her it was a great comfort to know that I attended him during his very trying illness, and that he was able to declare his faith in Christ, in whom he fell asleep. When she shook hands with me, she gave me £3.

I had the opportunity of going over Sir Elkahah Armitage's cotton mills; no less than 1,500 hands employed, and Mr. Leake's engraving works, where there are 400 employed; it was very wonderful, I will give you all the particulars when I arrive home. I attended a teachers' tea meeting at the Baptist chapel, and by request addressed their teachers. In connection with the school a Band of Hope was formed; 332 signatures have been received to the pledge of total abstinence from intoxicating drink, ranging from the age of six to seventy-six. There has been also an anti-tobacco society formed. The first meeting was held in March, the motto of this society is, total abstinence from the use of tobacco; Twenty-nine persons put their names to the pledge, the ages from eight, the youngest, to sixty-three, the eldest. With your help I will endeavour to form such a society in connection with our school in Sydney, when I am once more among you in my work.

Saturday, 27th, I arrived in Rochdale. On my way to Heywood, I called upon brother Kershaw, the minister of the only Particular and Strict Baptist church

in Rochdale, who has for more than forty years preached the Gospel in Hope chapel. He received me very kindly, and said that he was glad to see me, had heard of me for many years. I asked him if he would arrange for me either to preach or lecture in his chapel; he said that it could not be arranged for they were going to commence their annual cleaning of the chapel, I said well, the school room would do; Mr. K. said that they were going to clean that also. I then enquired what place can I have in the town? "The public hall," he replied. I then said, "Now if I take the the public hall will you take the chair," he said "No, I cannot do that." I then asked him, "Will you give notice of the lecture on Lord's-day to your people?" He said "No! I won't have anything to do with it!" I felt exceedingly sorry, and very much cast down, to think that a minister of the same faith and order with myself, should refuse to hold a helping hand to a brother 16,000 miles away from home. I did think that in Lancashire I should have met with the kindest and warmest reception, and particularly in the district of Rochdale; for during the cotton distress, the people of all the colonies of Australia, subscribed and forwarded many thousands of pounds; the collections that we made after two sermons amounted to £46, and now I am told in the very district where most of the money was sent, in relation to our own needs, "I won't have anything to do with it." I could not help saying while on my way to Mr. Ashworth one of the deacons of the Haywood, Baptist church,

"How many things, alas, beguile,
Sometimes a fascinating smile
Will cheer the drooping heart;
But what, alas! are creature smiles?
They often prove but Satan's wiles,
And prove a secret dart.

The very man that smiles to-day,
Will turn his face another way,
And frown perhaps to-morrow.

Lord help me then to trust in thee,
And from the creature set me free,
Although I now am down;
For thou canst raise me up again,
And make the path before me plain,
Then let the creature frown."

I was received by brother John Ashworth, and his good wife, and treated by them in the kindest manner, which to me was a great comfort particularly after meeting with "Icebergs." After tea I visited the old church, St. Chad, and saw the tomb of John Collier, the poet, and author of the Lancashire dialect, who used to sign himself, "Tim Bobbin." He died at the

aged seventy-five, in the year 1786; from his tomb-stone I copied the following lines:

"Here lies John, and with him Mary,
Omnib. by soul, and never vary;
No wonder that they so agree,
John wants no punch, and Moll no tea."

Lord's-day, 28th.—I went to Heywood. Brother Powell, pastor of the church, preached in the morning a good truthful sermon, which was listened to with profit by the people. In the afternoon and evening, I preached, and lectured on Monday night. The people who are poor in this world, gave me a good collection, which amounted to £9 9s. 6½d.

On Wednesday I again preached, and altogether I spent a very happy time with the pastor and friends of the Heywood cause. There are many there who love the old Gospel, the good old wine, and who have no desire for the new and fashionable preaching of the day. I met with some of old John Sykes' stamp, who was a man of decided truth, and who could not sympathise with the man-made ministers, and once gave notice in "Slathwite," I will give it you in his own words:

"God willing, John Kershaw, from Rochdale, will preach here, next Lord's-day, a salvation fast a booth ends, as for those puffed shirts, and turned up topkins, weep had enuff on o, you may goo to the mountains of Gilboa and prophesy to the children of Ashdod."

The Mayor of Rochdale most kindly offered to take the chair, if I would lecture in the town. I went to Rochdale on Thursday, in order to make the necessary arrangements, and after attempting to do so I felt constrained to give it up, fully sure that I could not succeed, single-handed, unless I went over to the General Baptists; the Particular Baptists would not have anything to do with me, and I felt that I could not have anything to do with the General Baptists. I therefore left Rochdale by train for Manchester, and was again received with hearty welcome by my good and kind brother Greenhough. Spent the evening with brother Suttle, who has been preaching the Gospel for some years in Royton, but in consequence of affliction has been laid aside from his work and his people for the last twelve months. I trust that the Lord will yet restore him again to health and strength and years of usefulness in Zion; to several friends present, I gave some particulars of the work of the Lord in the colonies, which I hope was profitable.

Saturday, July 4th.—I arrived at Welleston in Cheshire, and was welcomed by brother Fitton and his kind wife at

Cheerbrook farm, and was made to feel at home. I feel sure that the Lord has directed me here; brother Fitton called where I was staying; in Manchester when he saw me he was glad, for he wanted to see me, and said, "We must try and get you into Cheshire." In a few days he arranged for me to preach in Nantwich on Lord's-day, 5th, preach in Crewe on Monday, and lecture Tuesday; the result I must wait for. Lord's-day, I preached in the Baptist chapel, Nantwich, the cause is very low, chapel in the morning was about half full in the evening it was quite full. I am told that such a number has not been seen in that chapel for years; the attention was very great during the services, I do hope that the word preached was blessed to the people. I felt truly thankful in having the opportunity, and do believe, although I may not get much help in a money way, yet there are those who will have cause to rejoice because of the blessing of the Lord attending his own word. More than ever I do desire to spend and be spent for the good of souls, and the glory of my Master. The following is a brief description of the town of Nantwich, which is a market town, situated on the high road from London to Chester, 164 miles N.W. from London, thirty-six miles from Manchester. The town is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Weaver, the streets are irregularly built and many of the houses are ancient erections. In the reign of William the Conqueror, a battle is said to have taken place between the English and Welsh, in the vicinity of Nantwich, and in 1644, the town sustained a severe siege from Lord Byron. As the siege continued, it is reported, things began to be very scarce, both for man and beast, many cattle being within the walls wanted forage. A special providence now appeared, for it pleased God, upon the thawing of the snow, the Weaver began to rise, and the enemy feared the water would take down the plat they had laid over it a little below beam bridge for their free passage to relieve one another. On the 25th of June, the river had risen so high that they could not pass the river, which the townsmen and soldiers perceiving, took advantage thereof, and issued out to the enemies' works, driving such as were left in their way, throwing down their works, bringing in as much hay and fuel provision as they needed.

Nantwich has been more than once the victim of fire and pestilence, both in the year 1493 and again in 1583, on the 10th of December; in the parish register it is thus described:—

"A most terrible and vehement fyre, beginnunge at water-lode, about six of the clock at nighte, in a kitchen, by brewinge. The wynde beinge very boysterouse, encreased the said fyre, whiche very vehementlie burned and consumed in the space of fifteen houres, six hundred bayes of buyldings, and could not be stayed neither labour nor pollice, which I thoughte good to commend unto the posterities as a favoureable punishment of the Almightye in destroying the buildinges and goodes onlie, but sparinge the lyves of manye people, which, considering the tyme, space, and peril, where in great jopardie, yet by God's mercie, but onlie two persons perished by fyre, the damage was computed at £30,000."

Monday, 6th.—I went to Crewe, and preached to a congregation of about fifty persons, and lectured to about the same number of persons on Tuesday night, the collection was £1 8s.

Wednesday, 8th.—Up at five o'clock, went to Liverpool, to see my sister-in-law on board the "Great Britain," for Australia; felt very sorry that I was not going likewise to my home and my people, thankful I shall be when the time of my departure arrives. My prayer is unto the Lord to hasten the time, by opening the hearts of his people who are blessed with this world's riches. By the 4 o'clock train I left Liverpool for Nantwich, arrived in time to lecture, tired and weary; the amount of the collection was £1 4s. But for brother Fitton, I don't know what I should have done, for he collected privately the sum of £5, and did all he could for the truth's sake to help me in my work.

Thursday, 9th.—I left Nantwich for Manchester and through the kindness of a Christian brother, Mr. Morton, whose acquaintance I made when in Manchester before, who engaged for me the Roby school, and paid all expenses himself, I had the opportunity of lecturing once more and for the last time in Manchester, and was received by the meeting in the warmest manner; the collection amounted to £4.

Saturday, July 11th.—Left the city of Manchester, for Gomershal, dined with Brother Crowther and his kind wife, and was received with Christian welcome, and felt that I was in a "warmer latitude," away from "icebergs." Having made arrangements to lecture in Lockwood, and Slaithwaite, on Monday and Tuesday, 20th and 21st.

I proceeded to Bradford, and was most kindly received by Brother Watson one of the deacons of "Trinity," as a pilgrim

ought to be received, when travelling Zionward.

Lord's-day, 12th.—I preached morning and evening in Trinity Particular Baptist Chapel, which is a most beautiful building, and will seat about 1000 persons, was erected in about 1857, with School Room, of a cost of £700, and all paid for!

During the absence of the pastor of the church, Brother Anderson, I am engaged to preach, 12th and 19th. In the afternoon I gave an address to the Sunday School; there were 250 present, besides a good number of teachers. I spent a very happy day, having great cause to be thankful, because the Lord blest the word, and many of the saints were made glad and joyful in the courts of the Lord's house. Oh! what a honour to be the instrument of comfort to the cast-down, and thus to be acknowledged and employed by the Lord of the harvest.

Wednesday, 15th.—This evening I lectured upon "Australia," but for the thunder storms that came on just in time to keep many at their homes, there would have been a large attendance.

Next Lord's day I am to preach in Trinity Chapel, Bradford. Monday, lecture in Brother Crowther's Chapel, Lockwood. On Tuesday, lecture in Baptist Chapel, Slaithwait, Wednesday, lecture in Bradford, by postmaster's request. On Thursday I have to preach, afternoon and evening, Sutton, Isle of Ely. I have many engagements now before me, full particulars of my success in Bradford and other places I will give you in my next. I have now collected over £700, and quite expect that I shall be able to leave England some time during the month of October; in my next letter I hope to be able to name the date of my departure from this good old country for the land of my adoption, a witness of the truth and fulfilment of those words, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." I have indeed for a long while sowed in tears; and now through the sympathy of British Christians, whose hearts the Lord hath opened, I SHALL REAP IN JOY. Fare thee well until another month. Yours in our faithful and ever loving Lord Jesus,

JOHN BUNYAN MCCURE.

CLAPHAM, EBENEZER CHAPEL, WIRTEMBURG STREET.—The 7th anniversary of the opening of this chapel was held on Tuesday, July 7th, under very encouraging circumstances. At 7

o'clock in the morning the friends assembled for prayer, after which they breakfasted in the school room and at 11 o'clock the more public services commenced by Mr. G. Webb, of Camden town, reading and offering prayer, followed by Mr. Hazelton, who preached a sermon as full of the marrow of the Gospel as any sermon it was ever our pleasure to listen to, from the words: "The righteous shall flourish as the palm tree." A cold dinner was provided, of which as many friends partook as could be conveniently accommodated, and in the afternoon Mr. Alderson preached an instructive sermon upon the words "The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil." At 5 o'clock tea was served and was thoroughly enjoyed; at half-past 6, a public meeting was held at which Thomas Pocock, Esq., of Southwark, presided, who, after Mr. Wyard had offered prayer, called on Mr. Hall the minister, to give information as to the state of affairs, to which Mr. Hall responded in substance as follows:—Mr. Chairman, I thank you for so kindly consenting to preside at this meeting and to aid us in raising the £50 we require. We are at most only a small cause, composed chiefly of the working class, but what we are, we are, we hope, by the grace of God. It is about ten years since I first set foot on Clapham soil, and nine and a half years has the church been in existence; 123 persons have been received into our communion. Some have fallen asleep, and some have been removed to different parts of the country, but of the greater part it may be said they remain with us unto this day, and several others are about joining us. The cost of the chapel, vestries, school-room, &c., has been £900, which sum has been increased to £1065 by purchase of articles of furniture, necessary for the worship of God, and by the payment of sundry sums for interest of money borrowed, £815 of this sum we have paid off, £200 we have arranged for, by easy yearly payments without interest, which will afford the worshippers here an opportunity to show their love to God's truth, by contributing of their substance, as occasion may require, and the remaining £50 we hope to pay through the liberality of the friends assembled at anniversary services, that the chapel may be handed over in trust to the Baptist body for the worship of God, and the proclamation of the Gospel of His grace, and may the Lord mercifully accept it at our hands; make it his abode while the bricks may remain one upon another; cause his glory to rest upon it, that violence may not be heard in our

land, wasting nor destruction in our borders, but may our walls be salvation, and our gates praise, our sun no more go down, nor the moon withdraw itself, but the Lord be our everlasting light, and the days of our mourning be ended.

The accomplishing of this object, Sir, has been the work of much labour, perseverance, and earnest prayer, but it has been the labour of love, and I cannot take my leave of the subject without expressing my heartfelt thanks to Almighty God, who has enabled me to labour during these ten years, without a day's cessation either in my secular or ministerial calling. To the church and congregation I tender my warmest thanks for their steady adherence to the truth of God, and for their continued attachment to me, while to the friends of truth at large, including the many ministers who have so willingly favoured us with their presence and aid, as well as to those gentlemen who have so often cheered our spirits in presiding at our meetings, and augmenting our funds, I shall ever feel most deeply indebted. Among the most ready, sympathizing, and kind, must you, Sir, ever be ranked, and your name will be embalmed in my memory, and in that of the Church of Christ here. My most earnest prayer is, that God may mercifully and abundantly reward one and all, continue to recognise us as His, sanctify the blessings bestowed, that the church here may have rest, contend in the spirit of the Gospel for the faith once delivered to the saints, walk in the fear of the Lord, be edified and multiply to the honour of that God and to the glory of His name who has so mercifully helped us in the day of our distress. May it be so for his mercy's sake.

Mr. Wyard expressed his pleasure in being present, and at what he saw and had heard, and made some very suitable remarks on the Lord's merciful helping hand towards the cause. James Mote, Esq., followed by an excellent and amusing speech, showing how the Israelites acted towards the house of God, the tabernacle to wit, when the women brought their ornaments of gold, and the men offered an offering of gold unto the Lord, in such abundance that Moses had to issue a proclamation for them to cease. A proclamation, observed our brother, he had never heard made at any meeting in any Baptist chapel he had ever attended; indeed so well did our brother perform his part that it was very evident he was very closely allied to the Law Giver; the only difference being that Moses gave the law, and Mr.

Mote advocated it, and we cannot help thinking that if every church had a Mr. Mote among them, there would be no poor ministers, for he, of all men, is the poor Baptist minister's friend. After our friend's speech, the chairman rose and addressed the audience in a speech which breathed forth the very spirit of brotherly love and kindness. He said it gave him much pleasure to be present, he could not say that he felt comfortable and at home at all meetings at which he had been called to preside, but he must say that he always felt at home here. He had taken a great interest in the welfare of the cause and that of the minister whom he held in high esteem and whose course he had observed from the commencement of the undertaking with approbation. He had laboured very hard, and he heartily rejoiced in God's mercy towards him and the church, and he, the chairman, had come to night with a determination that this £50 should become a thing of the past, and in addition to that, he hoped the liberality of the friends would enable him to present his brother Hall with some testimonial, say £10, £15, or £20, as an expression of their appreciation of his earnest and persevering labour during these ten long years. Such a termination of the business would afford him much pleasure, and he should take it as a favour done unto himself. The burst of applause which followed the close of the chairman's speech evidenced to all that he had introduced a subject which had touched the sympathies of the people and that he would easily gain his object, and so it proved.

The collection was made, and while a hymn was being sung, the chairman vacated the chair to ascertain the result, and on his return, the eyes of all were fixed upon him, and when he announced that the collection with what had been previously collected, amounted to £65, the congregation gave full expression to their joy. Mr. Pocock, then called Mr. Hall forward and placing his hand in his, presented him with the fifteen sovereigns which he had placed in an elegant purse made for the occasion and brought by himself, accompanying it with expressions of the kindest nature, wishing him every blessing. Mr. Hall attempted to reply but it was evident that the circumstance had produced emotions in his breast it was impossible for him to conceal, and in broken language he endeavoured to return thanks to the noble chairman and to his friends; but broken as it was it told its tale, better by far than would have done the most

eloquent oration, yea, eloquent it was, for it was the eloquence of the heart. Mr. Caunt, Mr. Hazelton, and Mr. Alderson, then delivered most excellent and kind addresses which were followed by a most cordial vote of thanks to the chairman. Mr. Hall then gave out the closing hymn:

Awake my soul in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee,
His loving kindness, O how free.

which the people heartily sang, and Mr. Pocock closed the interesting meeting by prayer at nine o'clock. The Lord be for ever praised.

This is the fourth public acknowledgment Mr. Hall has received from his Clapham friends, three purses, and a time-piece.

CHURCHES IN LONDON.

MR. GEORGE REYNOLDS is succeeding the late Mr. Webster with grateful prospects, at Cave Addilam, Stepney. We understand his ministry is so far appreciated, that not one single member has left; but several additions from Dalston, &c., have come in to strengthen his hands and to encourage him in the good work. This is decidedly a happy event for that faithful and useful old Metropolitan Church, which, from the commencement of its existence, has stood in the truth of the Gospel without wavering. We have known Mr. Reynolds from the time he left the City Mission—which he did for conscience sake. He may not have brilliant talents; but he has an unblemished character, a pure conscience, an abiding confidence in the Gospel of the grace of God, and a mind with a strong mental and fixed bias towards truth, which will grow and increase in the knowledge of all things holy and good. Tenderly, faithfully, and with thanksgiving to God, we hope the Church will stand by him; and then, like the sturdy and deep-rooted Hazeltons, Dickersons, and others, he will see the work of the Lord prospering in his hands.

We regret the frequent illness of Mr. Blake, of Dalston Hall; his medical man we understand has forbidden his preaching at the present.

A new Church is rising in South Hackney, under the ministry of Mr. G. Sankey, whose ordination we this month announce, a report of which we shall give next month.

In Bow, the new cause at Albert terrace continues to meet with support. Mr. Christmas is a sound divine; his co-worker, Mr. Lea, is a zealous pleader for earnest efforts to spread the Gospel. And if the three essential graces—faith, hope, and charity constrain them to labour unceasingly in the three most vitalising works—prayer, preaching, and studious devotion, we think they ought, instrumentally, soon to raise a flourishing New Testament Church.

Without robbing their sister Churches, which we hope they never will do, the wide-spreading new suburbs furnish an immense population, out of which hundreds may be gathered, united, and blest.

LEOMINSTER.—Finding ourselves in this old town some few weeks since, we called on Mr. Nash, the pastor of the Baptist Church in that town. He presented us with a pamphlet giving a historical sketch of the Baptist Church in Leominster from its formation in 1656, to the present time. This book is a singularly interesting document, and furnishes records of many trials, changes, ups and downs, decreasings and increasings attendant upon the Church's progress for two hundred years and more. It is our intention to take special notice of this history. Mr. Nash, the present minister, appears to have endured a great fight of afflictions. His book should be read by all, ministers especially.

HERTS.—A friend says,—"I have been lately looking in upon a few of our Churches in the Home Counties, and trust some profitable lessons have been derived. The 'Two Waters' Church is a little recovering from the shock which rather disturbed its quiet and happy composure, arising from the cracking of a bell; the pleasing tones of which had charmed not a few; but its ultimate doleful sounds brought dejection and distress. Alas! alas! what is man? The question—the real question is this—was the metal bad—or has Satan, for a season, gained a terrible and dreadful advantage? For the sake of the other bells, and for its own sake how rejoiced should we be, to know that a God-wrought restoration had been thoroughly established. At Aston-Clinton, the excellent and long-tried pastor, Mr. Crampin, has been visited by a dispensation most severe, in the loss of a choice young man, his son, by drowning. Knowing the sympathies of brother Crampin to be of the most sensitive kind, we are certain nothing but the everlasting arms could support him under a trial so heart-rending. May the God of all grace, who has made him the honoured instrument of carrying sound Gospel truth to Aston-Clinton, carry him safely through all those trials by which ministers are specially prepared to speak a word in season to those who are in any trouble. Mr. Free, having been preaching in the Town Hall at Chesham, has rather weakened the old chapel, but time and the Lord's blessing will show who are on the right foundation. The good old Baptist town of Tring progresses in the truth under the ministrations of Mr. Bennett and Mr. Edgerton. The Bishop of Akeman street, is growing in usefulness; but the zeal of the young West End pastor will be too much for his physical powers, if his real friends do not endeavour to curtail his out-of-door labours. He is admired and beloved by many for his untiring exertions for the good

of souls; but John Foreman said, 'It is better to wear out than to tear out.' We wish brother Edgerton the richest blessings; but his 'moderation' even in preaching is necessary. He is young, and seems not to have an iron frame. Mr. Searle, the faithful and laborious itinerant of these parts, is working occasionally in all these churches; and is well known as a good man and a brother in Christ of much value. The Bedmont church and its pastor, Mr. Hutchinson, still run on like the horses in Pharaoh's chariot. How we wish a fund could be raised to help such devoted men, who, in the cause of Christ, spend all the strength a six-days hard work leaves them for the Sabbath. As his years increase and children multiply, such men as brother Henry require an increase of support: God's promises are ample; they never can fail. Eaton Bray Church has no settled pastor yet. Dunstable Church, with John Inwards for its bishop, and a deaconship of long-standing, looks for showers of blessings. Gadsden Row, and its youthful minister, appear strong in the Lord, happy in themselves, and enjoy prospects of a good harvest. Mr. Bax occupies Mr. Murrell's pulpit at St. Neot's, with liberty, and the cause is sustained." Watford and other places we leave until our friend can write or speak more of the things so essentially needed, unity, prosperity, and peace.

IPS WICH.—ORDINATION SERVICES! Zion Chapel, David street, St. Clement's! On Tuesday, June 2nd, the ordination of Mr. Samuel Willis to be the pastor of the Particular Baptist church at the above place, was held. A large company were present. After the preliminaries, Mr. Hoddy, of Horham, stated the nature of a Gospel church. He selected for his text, Acts, xii. 5, "Peter, therefore, was kept in prison, but prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him." After a few introductory remarks, Mr. Hoddy said that the church of Jesus Christ was not parochial; a person being a member of a certain Christian Church was not obliged to live in the limits of that Church parish. The Church of Jesus Christ was not national; it was not supported, not endowed, and not governed by the State. The Church signified an assembly of persons gathered together for a certain object, whether it was civil or religious; the Church of Christ also signified all believers, all Christians, all who had been brought out of darkness into the marvellous light of God's truth, and who had been taught to embrace Jesus Christ as the one and only Saviour. The Church also signified any recognized body of believers met together in fellowship to edify one another, to hallow God's ordinances, and to further God's ends. The materials of a Christian Church consisted also of regenerated persons, and baptised believers. With regard to the latter, Mr. Hoddy condemned the practice of sprinkling infants,

of the ministers of the Baptist Churches, by supplying the pulpit for them in this their time of need."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

"Gravesend, July 21st, 1868.

"DEAR SIR,—This morning on leaving my home I heard a report that our pastor, Mr. Wall, that servant of Christ, had gone to his rest. For some time he has suffered from disease of the heart; and we have sometimes been afraid that he would be taken while preaching. But the Lord sustained him in this troublesome world until Tuesday morning, July 21st. On that morning he was rising about half-past six, having an engagement in London, when he was suddenly seized with pain. He sat down in the chair, but did not speak, and expired immediately. We must say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." O that the prayer of his Church may be raised, that this solemn lesson may make a deep impression on all who hear it. Yours in sorrow,

"A MEMBER."

Death of Mr. Elijah Packer,

OF HORSELYDOWN.

In the Editor's absence from town, it is our sorrowing duty to announce the departure to a brighter world of his old, sincere, tried, and devoted friend, Mr. ELIJAH PACKER. This solemn event occurred at his residence on Friday morning, July 24th, 1868, after a few days' illness. During the editor's pastorate at Crosby Row and Unicorn Yard, the deceased occupied the double position of deacon and clerk, and his impressive and cheerful manner of conducting this part of the worship of God, with the beautiful and suitable reading of the hymns, his devotion to the cause, his sympathy for the poor, his "cheering word" for the cast-down, and his general characteristic for kindness to all, has endeared him to thousands of the children of God, and his name is embalmed in their memory associated with feelings of love and gratitude. To us it is a great bereavement. We have lost a good, kind, affectionate, and constant friend; but we know our loss is his everlasting gain.

We expect the Editor will next month, if spared, refer to this solemn event.

A LETTER BY THE LATE ARTHUR TRIGGS TO MISS LOUISA FRANCE.

I AGAIN hail and greet you, because you belong to Christ; peace be unto you, and love with faith, from God the Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who is our hope, the author and finisher of faith, and the author of eternal salvation; and they killed the Prince or author of life; yet He laid down His life of Himself, and He took it up again. He is the resurrection and the life, living in the presence of God for us; and saith, "Because I live, ye shall live also;" and we being raised up together with Him, live, dead to sin, and our life is hid with Christ in God, and

cannot die any more, are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection. And thus we are partakers of the first resurrection, are passed from death unto life, and cannot come into condemnation. What a miserable life professors are living, judging after the flesh, and its constant changes in feeling; and thus they do despite to the Spirit of grace, and set aside Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. But to the believers in Him He is precious, in life or death, sickness or health, sorrow or joy; and He is made of God unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption. The person, fulness and salvation of Christ appears to be but little known, consequently, contending for the faith once delivered to the saints is almost obsolete, the differing parties striving for the mastery; thus the potsherds are striving with the potsherds of the earth, and confusion and evil works are manifest and my once Bethel hath been made an hole of the asp and like the cockatrice den; fair words and plausible speech were plentifully propelled from the tongue, but deceit and hypocrisy were nursed until a convenient time when it was developed by lies, and now the propagators of the same are caught in their own craftiness, and are dethroned and gone into exile. Nor will the crafty words published in the newspaper prove them to be what they desire; they, the late so-called deacons, the church, and congregation, have no more right to Trinity chapel than I have. This is enough on the subject of the doings of men who keep back the wages of the labourer which they engaged to him; but it was great mercy from the Lord that I was delivered from the mouth of the lion and the paw of bear and the uncircumcised Philistine, and I sing unto the Lord, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted." I live in and by and for the Lord, kept in perfect peace, with the mind stayed upon the Lord, looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom we say, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none on earth I desire beside thee," Jehovah, our everlasting light, our God and our glory, hallelujah. Love, blood, and salvation abound in your heart, and all those with you that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth, and it is good at all times to consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself lest we be wearied and faint in our minds. And it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom, this is the Lord's love way, and I love it, because by living and walking in it, we learn to say, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God," and are the called according to His purpose; and the purpose of God according to election must stand, each of your moving and movements makes one less, and with me the last will soon came out of the lower house into the upper to see Him as He is, &c. Cheer up, beloved, "For if God be for us, who can be against us?" and we may say continually, "The Lord is my portion," saith my soul, "therefore will I hope in Him." And we are the Lord's portion, His inheritance and His possession, joined to Him and one spirit, and it is written, "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye." O sacred mystery, glorious truth, and precious, precious, precious Lord Jesus. In the unity of the Spirit and bond of peace, my Mary, with me, salutes you and your sisters, married or virgins, all one in Christ Jesus, and of Him

is said unto us, "Thy maker is thy husband, the Lord of Hosts is His name, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel, the God of all the earth shall He be called." Our love also to our sisters, you mention, Mrs. C—, and D—, the widow, her daughter, and her son. Be a thank you for your kind remembrance; the daughters send love to you. One verse to sing:—

O sweet employ to sing and trace,
The amazing heights and depths of grace;
And spend from sin and sorrow free,
A blissful vast eternity.

I thank you for the stamps, all is well.—Yours in Your precious Lord Jesus,

A. FRIGGS

3, Argyll Road, Brixton Road, London, S.
Jan. 6. 1858.

THE EDITOR OF "THE GOSPEL STANDARD'S" ANSWER TO "A WEAKLING."

REALLY one is accustomed to hear so much of the editor of the *Gospel Standard*, of his great mind, and sound judgment, that we were fairly astonished when we read his answer in the last number of that magazine to a correspondent signing himself "A Weakling." It appears, this person had upon his mind some doubts as to the possibility of falling finally from grace, which doubts were caused by some friend relating to him the circumstances of a celebrated hymn writer having committed suicide. This poor "weakling" goes with his burdened conscience to the editor and lays before him a letter. The great and learned man instead of proving the invalidness of the agreement, by remarking that very frequently, in fact almost all suicides are committed when the mind is in an unsound state, and consequently could have had nothing to do with a man's spiritual standing, he attacks the person, who put the problem to the "weakling," and disposes of him thus: "You can tell him that if he likes to fall, he is quite free to do so, but that the children of God have a firmer standing, and a better warrant for their full and final safety than he is acquainted with." What a dreadful thing to tell a man, note the almost blasphemous language, "Tell him if he likes to fall, he is free to do so." If Mr. Wells had made use of such a remark, how this editor would have thundered, how he would have been shocked; it would have been worse than the Rahab business, but though I know nothing of Mr. Wells, and have never seen or heard him, I venture to say he would not have used such an expression. It really is not only shocking when viewed with regard to one person as a thing as a man falling, but it is so senseless when viewed in the light of the doctrine of election and predestination, of which doctrines Mr. Philpott is such a firm advocate, and would have us believe he is such a strong believer in, if we may trust his writings, which is all I know of him, as I have only seen him once which was at Gower Street. "Tell him if he likes to fall," fall from what I ask? If a man fall from a house top, common sense would say he must have been on the house top or he could not have fallen from it; so then it follows that before a

man can fall from grace, he must have been a subject of grace, or he could not have fallen from it; but Mr. Philpot cannot believe that a subject of grace can fall from it, neither do I, neither did Huntington, Toplady, Calvin, Gill, and a noble host beside, who are the favourite authors of Mr. P.; "Once in Christ in Christ for ever," is an oft quoted line with him, and with all who hold the doctrine of grace. Then what could he have intended to convey by such an answer? Does he mean that he was at liberty to commit suicide? Oh, dreadful thought! No. I cannot believe the learned editor intended his correspondent "Weakling" to tell his friend such a thing as that. The meaning then is obscure, I cannot see it, but surely then, there must be a meaning, but too infinite for any ordinary understanding; we all know the editor of the publication in question lays claim to great erudition, though I do not remember to have seen any insignia of it, such as, "D.D.," "M.A.," or even "B.A.," after his name, am aware that he has written some sort of pamphlet, as to his reasons for leaving one of the universities, but as I have not been so fortunate as to have read it, I am ignorant as to his position there, whether he was first prizeman, senior wrangler, or what, perhaps some of his admirers will kindly inform me, not that I should regard him any the more for any amount of scholarship, as I am well convinced some of the most illiterate have been wonderfully taught from above, but when you find a man so wonderfully dogmatic, and described as so immeasurably superior to his fellows, you naturally ask what claims he has to such a position.

In conclusion, I ask what effect could that answer have had upon the mind of "A Weakling." St. Paul enjoined upon the ministers of Christ to "support the weak," and I have often thought that one of the chief duties of a minister is to try to do so. No doubt "A Weakling" felt the matter pressing heavily upon his mind, and he naturally laid the matter before a minister of the Gospel, but what comfort could he have obtained from such an answer? I should say difficulty was added to difficulty, obscurity became more dense, and consequently his mind was more troubled, "Tell him if he likes to fall he is at liberty to do so;" ~~likes to fall!~~ How does he know he would be permitted to fall, I ask; I was not aware that it was "with man to direct his steps," I did not know it was in the power of man to fall, or else where would be the use of crying out with the Psalmist, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe," which is the ejaculation from the heart of every child of God many times a day, and the person to whom he was told to deliver that dreadful message must have been a child of God, or he would not have any position to have fallen from, as before proved. I have frequently noticed many remarks in the answers of the editor of that publication to correspondents which I am sure he would have never made, if he had prayerfully considered them before sending them forth. I am fearful his temper often gets the better of his judgment, and that he has too much esteem for his own opinion, and too little regard for the opinion and feelings of other people. How great is the contrast in this respect with the editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL! Poor man, I regret to see him so much in Job's position. May better and happier days yet dawn upon him, though he is where the Lord's people always have been found,

JOHN W. HOPKINS.

among other people, and occasionally associating with, and preaching the Word of Life to other sections of the Church, tends very materially to give an elasticity to the powers of the mind—to brace up the nerves—to invigorate the spirits, and to increase the physical powers of the man, imparting to him and to his beloved flock to whom he returns, a freshness and variety, a sweet inflowing and outflowing of soul, a gathering up of new ideas, and a promotion of an enlargement and a freedom of thought, which the good man who rigidly confines himself always to one narrow sphere of action will not so richly enjoy. We were travelling early one morning in a carriage with the late Dr. Lever. We had been to fetch him to the bed-side of one whose life was fast departing. In the course of the journey, Dr. Lever spoke of the then approaching illness of the late Mr. Joseph Irons. In his rough way, the Doctor said, "Mr. Irons is killing himself. He ought to go away for a time; but he will not stir from the Grove, and so he must die." And shortly after that, indeed, he did die. Not before his time—not until his work was done; but we believe as firmly in the careful use of all necessary means for promoting health and strength as we believe in the secret purposes of the Almighty. We say, if competent advisers direct the sick and ailing and over-wrought minister to take a journey, to seek rest, to run out and inhale the fresh and life-inspiring breezes of other parts; he should obey such directions, and thereby become better fitted to serve his flock, than he can be by dragging on in a weak and frail condition. We saw the late John Stenson some few times before he died. Never did man study harder, never could any man more constantly and closely keep to his own pulpit than did the late beloved pastor of Carmel Chapel, Pimlico, Mr. John Stenson; but if he did not so overtax his mind thereby, as to bring on a fatal disease in what is considered the prime of man's life, then many were mistaken concerning the cause of his death. One thing is certain—that ministers who study incessantly, and preach to one people constantly, require change of scene, exercise of body, and a frequent intercourse with the different members of the Christian family, in order to any continuance in their most important work.

Of ten million times more value than all we have now referred to, is the fact that Mr. Parks, the late Rector of Openshaw, was a man truly converted to God—a man honestly and unflinchingly devoted to the study and proclamation of the Gospel of the Son of God, and a man whose ministry was wonderfully useful to thousands of the people of God: in a word, he was a man who experimentally and zealously "bought the truth, and never, in any case or measure, sold or sacrificed it. These facts are so amply confirmed, so clearly developed, and so beautifully illustrated, that none of the enlightened and unprejudiced living in Jerusalem, can deny them. He was not of our denomination; he was not what we call a Baptist; he was a clergyman of the Church of England; but he was in that Church such a burning and shining light, that we wish there were thousands like him; then, would she be, instrumentally, an iron pillar, a brazen wall, and a defenced city—before which the craft and counsel of Rome must soon come to nought. Alas! such men as Mr. Parks and Mr. Doudney are few and far between. But seeing that even in the Church of England God has not left Himself without faithful witnesses, we ought to be thankful; and for such revelations as the book now before us, gives of the power and exceeding greatness of the grace of

God, many souls will render praise to the great Author and Giver of them all. But to particulars.

First, we have said, Mr. Parks was a man truly converted to God. This is the most vital, the most valuable, the most durable blessing of all blessings. It concludes the whole of that immense rich cluster of mercies which the Saviour describes (in St. John v. 24). He says, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation ; but is passed from death unto life."

A true and genuine conversion to God by the inwrought power of the Holy Spirit, is the grand keystone and the essential corner-stone of a man's existence both for time and for eternity. Without this true and genuine conversion to God here, no man can be a real Christian, no one can have any right to, or happy connection with the Church of Christ on earth, much less can he enter the kingdom of God in Heaven. Oh ! what vast and mighty antecedents and consequences are connected with a saving conversion to God. It connects the soul with all the glorious persons in the adorable Trinity—the Lord Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The converted soul is thereby made a partaker of the infinitely holy love of the Father, of the mediatorial grace of the Son, and of the illuminating and sanctifying powers of the Eternal Spirit. By this conversion to God, the soul is joined to all the living in Jerusalem, to all the principal doctrines of the Gospel, to all the holy and heaven-ordained services of the true sanctuary on earth, and to all the worship of the redeemed in heaven. The conversion of the soul unto God identifies it at once and for ever with the smiling and approving approbation of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, in the great day of final decision ; for in that notable Psalm (the 87th) there stands a testimony implying both a proclamation and a register : "Of Zion it shall be said, This and that man were born in her ; and the highest shall establish her." Then comes the implied register, as though a register was kept in heaven of the truly converted, "The Lord shall count, when He writeth up the people, that this man was born there." This new birth in Zion by the Spirit of God is a fruit of predestination unto life eternal by our Heavenly Father. "BECAUSE ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your heart, crying, Abba Father :—" there is the root of a Divine conversion. The same Spirit which implanted the holy life within, doth to that new-born soul reveal the Saviour ; faith, and hope, and love flow out of that revelation ; hence a spiritual union is formed. This was the faith of Paul : "I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor death, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. "Amen !" to this, said Martin Luther. "Amen !" to this, said Owen, Godwin, Charnock, Bunyan, and Gill ; and "Amen !" to this said the late noble William Parks, of Openshaw, whose sermons on the new birth contain some questions which we never saw raised or suggested, or answered in any volume until we saw them in the one now before us.

When a good, honest, saved man tells the tale of his own conversion to God, there is sure to be a novelty and an interest connected therewith, powerfully attracting to the humble and happy saints of God.

God's workmanship in making men "new creatures in Christ Jesus" is most singular and excellent—yet marvellously mysterious workmanship ever men or angels saw, and when perfected in heaven, will bring more glory unto God than all His other workmanship beside (the making, the martyrdom, and the manifestation of His well-beloved Son only excepted). Let us, then, carefully listen to the story of Mr. Paris's conversion as given by himself.

A M E D I T A T I O N

BY W. LEACH.

"But now, thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee O Israel. Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine."—Isaiah xliii. 1.

FAITH receives God's testimonies, finds a sweetness in them, derives a support and comfort from them, and pleads them in prayer. It is by the word of the Lord, the spiritual life is maintained, cherished invigorated and cheered. Jeremiah said, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." And as the Lord presented a little book to Ezekiel and John, saying "Take this book and eat it, and it was as honey for sweetness," so God imparts a portion, a promise to His people now and then, having an experience of that word they can and do exclaim, "How sweet are Thy words unto my taste, yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth." May the blessed Spirit grant that we may feel that the Lord is speaking to us, then shall we receive pleasure and profit from it. A few remarks concerning *the Persons, the Notification, and the Assurance*.

I. THE PERSONS,—Jacob and Israel, names given to the people of God, and the titles are instructive and suggestive. Jacob was an object of Jehovah's special favour; Paul, for the purpose of illustrating and confirming the doctrine of God's peculiar love, a truth denied by some who speak of God's universal love, utters the following clear and remarkable words, "For the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God according to to election, might stand, not of works, but of Him that calleth, as it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." Rom. ix. 11, 13, from which we gather three things: first, the freeness of divine love. Jacob had not done anything to merit it; Jehovah's love is spontaneous; it ariseth not from anything in, nor is it caused by anything done by the creature. A fact which all godly persons are fully persuaded of, and which excludes all boasting, and leads to the acknowledgment, "We love Him because He first loved us." The teaching of Scripture is so plain and so positive upon this point, as to leave no room for a doubt respecting it. The thought inspires the soul with gratitude, and with thankful hearts we praise the Lord who hath loved us so freely. Secondly, the antiquity of that love. Its date is prior to actual existence, before we were born; yea, before the foundation of the world. There is something inexpressibly delightful in this consideration, when the Holy Ghost leads up the mind to a contemplation of it. Notice the words of

the dear Redeemer in the 17th of John, "And hast loved them, as thou hast loved me," and, "Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." Is not such language calculated to awaken the deepest interest in the subject? Is not this a secret worth knowing, that before the Eternal went forth in acts of creative skill and power, we were the objects of divine affection, that His love was fixed upon us in vast eternity? Thirdly, the peculiarity of the love, "Jacob have I loved; but Esau have I hated." Believers in Jesus, this applies equally as much to you as it did to the patriarch; you stand forth in distinction from the ungodly, who are living without Christ and without hope in the world; as an object of distinguishing favour, what a debtor you are? While the proud reject this truth, the humble receive it; while the carnal mind which is enmity against God rebels against it, the spiritual mind which is reconciled to God, approves it and can sing,

On such love my soul still ponder,
Love so great, so rich and free,
Say whilst lost in holy wonder,
Why, O why such love to me?
Hallelujah!
Grace shall reign eternally.

Wonder! yes, we do; and well we may. Yes! nor will it cease to be a matter of astonishment that God hath made the choice he has through the ages to come. Dear Lord, shed this precious, precious love abroad in our hearts. In the conduct of God in meeting with Jacob, revealing Himself to him, and giving him the promises He did, we have a figure of the course of God with His people. Has the Lord met with us, made Himself known to us, and spoke cheering words to our hearts? If so, this demonstrates His love. Israel, a people taken into covenant relation with Jehovah; we never meet with the titles God of Egypt, God of Canaan, God of Moab, &c., and why? because the Lord did not stand in that relation to them which He did to Israel. Being the descendants of Abraham, they were included in the agreement made with their progenitor. So all Christ's seed were taken into covenant with Him their head; covenant interest was made known, "I am the Lord your God," and realized, they shall say, "The Lord is my God." It was by this covenant they possessed the privileges they had, so God's covenant is the magna charta which secures all spiritual blessings to the elect in time and the heavenly inheritance after time. By the relation Israel were honoured above others, "who is like unto thee," and by Jehovah becoming our God we are advanced to the highest dignity. This covenant David spake of in his last moments, "He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure. This is all my salvation and all my desire." May it be thus with us when heart and flesh fail. "The Lord that hath created thee, and formed thee?" a word or two must suffice here. The greatness of the work; creation work is beyond the power of all whose existence is derived. A Christian is a divine and not a human production; we owe our new creatureship to God and to Him alone. The excellency of the work may be regarded by the words that formed thee, and a Christian is the most glorious of all His works, a people formed for Himself to show forth His praise.

II. THE NOTIFICATION.—But now, "fear not," if ye look at the close of the preceding chapter, you will perceive that Jacob and Israel ha?

sinned against the Lord, for which they had been under correction; and now God speaks to them in mercy, whence note, "There are sinful inclinations in the Lord's people, by which they are led astray."

"Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love."

Do you not feel it so, dear reader? Paul, that eminent saint, declared "I know that in me, that is in my flesh, there dwelleth no good thing." Now if there be not the good there is the evil; and though preserved from gross open sins what discoveries we have of sin that dwelleth in us, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, who can know it?" None of God's people know the worst of themselves; what cause there is for deep and daily self-abasement!

2. That the saints come under the reproofs and chastening of their Father on account of their sins. "If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments: if they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments; then will I visit their iniquities with stripes and their transgressions with the rod." Shall we add a New Testament passage? "As many as love, I rebuke and chasten;" mark the conclusion of the apostle, "If ye are without chastisement, then are ye bastards and not sons."

3. That a sense of guilt and an apprehension of Divine displeasure excites fear, and how distressing such fears are, is well-known by godly persons, who have the fear of God in their hearts, and whose consciences are tender; we cannot peruse the secret page without seeing the inward disquietude of those who were oppressed with guilt, and filled with distressing fears.

4. That the Lord will give such fearful ones encouragement, and herein we see His tender compassion, "He will not always chide, neither will He keep His anger for ever," for though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His tender mercies. Never does He exercise undue severity, nor doth He continue the painful discipline one moment longer than is needful. His unalterable kindness. Still he loves, "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer." Of Jesus it is written, "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them, notwithstanding all their ignorance, weakness, and sins, unto the end." What a solace this to the mind! The stability of His covenant, "The mountains may depart, but my covenant of peace shall not be removed, saith the Lord." In covenant, Jesus, whose legs are as pillars of marble, stood up under the solemn responsibilities of suretyship engagements, "And in the fulness of time, He stood forth to meet all, which He did fully and honourably." It is a firm compact, and cannot be broken; sweet are these words of grace, but now "fear not."

III. THE ASSURANCE, "For I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine." What more could he say to calm the mind, to comfort the heart, and to renew confidence?

1. "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee," this redemption is a real and not a mere nominal one. It seems nonsense to talk or write of a redemption which leaves man unredeemed, and yet this pleases many! Redemption is a blessed reality, this the countless throng of ransomed

spirits before the throne demonstrates ; and this thousands on earth can attest. It is a divine one, "I have done it," saith the Lord ; no mere man could do it ; Jehovah Jesus is the Redeemer, the Son of God and our near kinsman. It is personal then, this knowledge qualifies us to sing that song which none but the redeemed from among men can sing ; it is complete, for He is a rock, and His work is perfect, a deliverance from the curse, from all iniquity, from death and the grave. We are redeemed unto God.

2. "Fear not, I have called thee by thy name." This calling is both gracious and particular ; ye see your calling, not only what it is, but what are its antecedents and consequents, Rom. viii. 29, 30.

3. "Thou art mine now and for ever," mine by the closest, most sacred and durable ties.

What from Christ that soul shall sever,
Bound by everlasting bands ;
Once in Him, in him for ever,
Thus the eternal covenant stands.
None shall pluck thee
From the Strength of Israel's hands.

Swavesey, Cambs.

W. LEACH.

LETTER FROM MR. FANCOURT TO MR. STRINGER.

MY DEAR FRIEND STRINGER,—My letter to you of 22nd April last, was, when written, only intended for your own private perusal. It may, however, be true, that to your mind some portions relating to the aggressions of Popery in this country, are adapted to the perilous times in which we live ; when the great whore of Babylon drunk with the blood of the saints and the martyrs of Jesus is invading our rights, and would if they could, rob us of life, light, and liberty ; and that in the event of publication, some good might be the result, therefore you ask my permission to allow the letter under the above date to be forwarded to the editor of the "EARTHEN VESSEL" for inspection and consideration. Not anything save the desire to promote the honour and glory of our Triune God, and to benefit my fellow-Christians, would induce me to say yes to your request. Friend Banks the editor, with his pair of eagle's eyes, and capacious mind, will very soon discover in my letter to you many weak points, and perhaps condemn the whole, as unsuited, and not of sufficient merit to justify its publication in the pages of that excellent and standard work the EARTHEN VESSEL.

I am solicitous in my humble way to fan the dying embers of Protestantism into a vehement flame, resist the common enemy whom the devil is urging on with all his Satanic influence to blight our rightful heritage, degrade our race as Englishmen, and enslave both soul and body.

Protestant England, since the Reformation, has been as it were, a beacon upon a hill, the admiration, and, perchance, the envy of other countries ; such may mainly be attributed to the divine blessing in the promulgation of pure Protestant principles, founded on the Word of God, in the free circulation of the Scriptures of eternal truth. Such has raised this country in the estimation of all good men: Notwith-

standing this are we now become a bye word, and reproach, we have sadly fallen from our original righteousness, and are rapidly relapsing into the lying principles, and practices of Popery. Can it be true, can it be possible, that England, our beloved country is to fall (as some say) into the infernal grasp of Rome; be spoiled of her fair fame, and name, and reduced to the degraded condition of Spain and Rome, where the horrid beast, his Satanic majesty, and co-partner his holiness the Pope, hold their court, rule the people with a rod of iron, and ride rough shod over the land? I answer to this, no! certainly not! The British lion, who has for some time indulged in sloth and inactivity, must be aroused to action, resume his wonted energy, lash his tail, open his great eyes, look east, west, north, and south, after the daring foe, who is lying in ambush to enslave, degrade and destroy if possible all heretics in the land.

That excellent publication *The Constitution*, says with reference to Popery, "It is one of the principles of the Romish church, it never changes, ever the same is its stereotyped motto, and we believe it. Of Satan from the first, it will be of Satan to the last. He was a liar and murderer from the beginning, so was the Papal church, which is truly described in Holy Scripture, as drunk with the blood of the saints, and the martyrs of Jesus."

Could I have my will and way, I would see the founting flag of liberty floating in the breeze over every Protestant Christian church and chapel in the three kingdoms, England, Scotland, and Ireland, with the inscribed motto, Protestantism for ever, and no surrender to Pagan Rome.

That noble publication *The Constitution* has given in the March number, a comparative statement between the position of Popery in Great Britain 1860 to 1868, as follows:—

Priests, chapels, &c., 1860 to 1868.		Increase in eight years.
Priests	1236 1639	403
Chapels	956 1283	327
Monasteries	37 67	30
Nunneries	123 227	104

The above statement will serve to convince any thoughtful and considerate mind, as to the rapid increase of Popery in this country, and will, I hope, be a conclusive argument to prove that the time has arrived when every Christian man, woman, and child should buckle on the armour, enlist under the banner of the cross, raise their Protestant colours, and thus successfully resist the encroachments of Rome. Popery must not, shall not have the ascendancy in this country, enough of that in by-gone days.

Most people are aware from historical statements, that the fraternity of monks were proverbially careful to have a goodly heritage, comprising good productive land, security of situation, not far from a clear running stream of pure water, fine, healthy, and commanding prospect, and other advantages which few besides could obtain. Here the monkery was set up, shut in and duly secured by gates, bolts, and bars, to keep out intruders. Here the monks regaled themselves upon good and plentiful English fare, roast beef, &c., and on high days and holi-

days on something more, and something better. Is it right, I ask, that strong robust men should thus live in luxury and idleness, under the assumed garb of sanctity, which is in reality sheer hypocrisy, and an abomination in the eyes of a holy God; whilst others are required to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow? Ye children of toil, think of these things, bestir yourselves, and protest against this species of iniquity in this our Protestant land.

It is a grave and important question for consideration, whether freehold land in this Protestant country, can legally be transferred into Popish emissaries' hands for the special purpose of erecting illegal conventicles, such as monasteries, nunneries, &c. This requires a wiser head than mine to determine; yet should like to have the question answered. As I have said before, so say I again, there will be no permanent security or peace in this our Protestant land, until all Jesuits, and foreign Romanists of every shade and colour are expelled. They are the pest and plague spot, in this our otherwise happy country. So much for Popery. Now my old friend Stringer, I have spoken my mind on this all absorbing subject, and will I fear, tire your patience in perusing it. If I should become the humble instrument of inducing others to come boldly forward to assist in maintaining our Protestant institutions, rights, and privileges, I shall consider myself fully compensated. With kindest regards to your good wife and family, I remain, my dear old friend, yours in Christian bonds,

R. M. FANCOURT.

Woodlands, Isleworth, Middlesex.

May 8th, 1868.

Last Days of the late Mr. J. A. Jones.

BY H. F. GRIFFIN.

DEAR SIR,—At the request of many friends, I send you a brief account of the last days of my revered predecessor, the aged JOHN ANDREWS JONES, who was for thirty-five years the esteemed pastor of Jireh Chapel, and the oldest Baptist minister in the metropolis. It is well known to those who feel interested in our denomination, that about three years ago, Mr. Jones retired from the active duties of the ministry: this he did reluctantly, for it was his constant desire to "die in harness;" to spend his last days in talking about our blessed Lord; but God's way was not his way; and he lingered many months, yet continually supported by a Divine though invisible hand. It is with much pleasure I have heard many of his hearers say, "We felt that the old saint was ripening for glory; his sermons, though short, were so mellow, so sweet." As he neared the haven, his steps became feeble, but his faith increased. In vigour his body began to bend and totter; but his soul seemed to grow larger, and his heart more and more steadfast; as his eyes grew dim and his hearing failed, the eyes of his mind seemed more piercing, and his

ears to catch the songs and anthems above. Thus, while the outward man decayed, the spiritual man was renewed day by day. From the time he gave up preaching, he began to sink, and only once or twice attempted to speak publicly. The last time was at his birthday meeting in October, 1867.

His principal occupation was to read, write, and pray. It was at this time I became acquainted with him. I shall never forget our first interview. I saw him in his study. As I entered the room with one of the family, I seemed transported into a bygone age; he was surrounded with the faces of departed saints; there, on the mantelpiece, was John Owen and many other ancient worthies; while lower down those men of God, Dr. Hawker, Samuel Byles Pearce, Dr. Gill, John Stevens, George Powell, George Murrell, John Foreman, and then my eyes rested upon the aged John Andrews Jones; he looked so fatherly, so patriarchal, that I felt I was in the presence of no ordinary man; his conversation on the occasion was very sweet, his chief theme Jesus and his finished work. After this I saw him every week. Once telling him I was cast down in my mind and much discouraged; he replied, "Well, my brother, cast thy burden upon the Lord, or if it is too heavy, roll it." A few days later, he gave me a book with the remark, "Preach the truth, my brother, preach it lovingly, but preach the truth, and leave the results with God." They were indeed words fitly spoken; it was his charge to me, short, but containing a volume of meaning, and I pray God I may be able to preach it as sweetly and faithfully as he did. Oh, that there were more like him, more thinkers and less surface preachers. He was plain and simple, yet a man of learning, and, withal an unctuous and feeling preacher. I am told that once while preaching from the words, "And they found the stone rolled away," an aged lady of some substance in this world, was so moved, that she cried out, "Oh, let me go straight to heaven *now*, for the stone is rolled away." It is true that sometimes he was cutting and severe in his ministry, which a few have tried to use to his injury; but even in this I cannot but think he was justified by the circumstances connected with it; for it is as well sometimes to correct as to console and heal. We must remember how firmly, how tenaciously he held the truth of God; how precious it was to him; his life continued in it, and can we be surprised that when he saw our chapels taken from us by unholy might and free-will supplanters, and a form of godliness take the place of the power thereof, our Churches degenerating, the Lord's table wrested from its primitive truthfulness, and the order of the Bible and the Lord set aside for creeds and forms, and orders of men, can it be wondered that with holy indignation and righteous scorn, he preached, wrote, and spoke severely? I would to God that in this age of blasphemy and rebuke, he would raise up more such mighty giants to fight the battle of the Lord.

It soon became painfully evident that his mental powers were failing, and it was with sorrowful emotions we saw the once powerful and grasping mind just passing away, but even now and then a bright gleam would overspread his face, and he would say something worth treasuring; with what earnestness would he repeat that hymn (of Dr.

Hawker's), I have wept when I have heard him in the midst of his family:

"Oft hast Thou, Lord, in tender love,
Prevented my request;
Lord, send Thy Spirit from above,
An unexpected guest," &c.

One Lord's-day I said to him, "I took for my text this morning, 'I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.'"

He replied, "There are many people not ashamed of the Gospel, but the Gospel is ashamed of them."

It was interesting to mark that even when his mind was nearly gone, how well he remembered his old and endeared ministerial brethren. At times, to rouse him, we asked—

"Did you know Mr. John Stevens?"

His face would brighten, "Know him? I should think I did, for he was a wonderful man."

The same with Dr. Hawker, he would say, "He was a good, great man."

During the last month of his life I visited him frequently, and always found him quiet and patient, waiting lovingly for his call "to come home." His son-in-law, my respected friend and brother, Mr. Hawkins, said to him,

"You have fought a good fight, nearly finished your course, and there is laid up for you a crown of life."

Not quite understanding him, he said,

"I shall not have the crown for being a good boy."

His mind was constantly upon the work of the ministry; he seemed always in thought. Upon my once asking him if he was asleep, he said,

"No, no; I am thinking, thinking, always thinking."

"Of what are you thinking," I said; and he replied,

"Of you and the Church."

He then burst forth with some sweet thought, but was too far gone to complete the idea. One incident will never be erased from the memory of those who were present. I told him I was going to baptise, and expressed a wish that he should be at the chapel. He said he would if he could; but evidently he thought it was that night, and that he thought he was there and said,

"I should like to pray."

His daughter said, "Well, father, you shall."

He began, "I know not how many are present, doubtless a goodly number; but let us pray."

He prayed for the Church, for the pastor, for his family; and as the dear old man spoke, it seemed to those favoured to listen, as if he was in heaven. Need I say they wept as they listened. He greatly delighted to talk of God's eternal love. Upon one of his grandchildren telling him she had been hearing me, and my subject was love, and that I had illustrated it by taking our island as an example, that as that was surrounded by water, so the Church was surrounded by love, and that our enemies must come through that love to get at the Church, he exclaimed, "Oh, he has taken my subject," and then,

" 'Twas love above the fountain stood
That loved to wash me clean."

He got weaker day by day, and spoke less. A little time before his removal, the doctor said he could not lie long, perhaps not many hours; and as we gathered round him we could but shed a few tears as recollections crowded upon us. I went to him and asked him to shake hands with me; and he did so with a smile. One of his daughters said, "You are weary of earth, my dear father." He gave an upward longing look, and said,

"The harbour, the harbour."

The day previous to his death, another daughter said,

"You are going to be with Jesus, dear grandpa."

He tried to speak and could not; his mouth moved, but no sound, only a loving smile. A few hours later he drew one long, deep breath, and entered his eternal rest. Thus died John Andrews Jones, one of the greatest and most truthful preachers our denomination has known, in the 89th year of his age and 60th of his ministry.

The account of his interment has been given.

Mr. Milner preached the funeral sermon to an overflowing congregation, from 2 Timothy iv. and 7; and I preached the following Lord's-day evening to an equally large congregation from those words, "He was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith; and much people were added to the Lord."

As a man, Mr. Jones was honest, upright, and gentlemanly. As a husband, faithful, loving, and affectionate. As a preacher, truthful, unctuous, instructive and attentive. As a pastor, feeding the flock of God, faithfully defending the truth, kind and devoted to his people, as a good minister of Jesus Christ. His religion entered into his life—was part of his existence; it was his support in life, his consolation in death. His time was for the most part spent in his study and his pulpit; and it does one good to see his well-used Bible and concordance, not by several the first he has worn out. He studied to shew himself a workman that needeth not be ashamed, ever-standing by his well-known motto, "Buy the truth and sell it not." He could comfortably lay down his pen and resign the conflict, confident of this, that though subject to much weakness and infirmity, he had not shunned to declare all the counsel of God. With his Master's words constantly ringing in his ears, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life," he cheerfully went on his way, and now inherits the glory prepared for him before the foundation of the world.

"In sure and certain hope, his flesh to dust

Commit, and ask, 'Where is thy victory, grave?

To wait the resurrection morn—August,

In which the upright shall dominion have.

Faithful to death, he now receives the crown,

And does the victor's palms in triumph wave;

Is now with Jesus on his throne set down:

Such honours shall the saints in glory have.

Farewell, farewell, till round the throne we meet,

To sing with thee the never-ending song,

And cast our crowns at the Redeemer's feet,

While everlasting ages roll along."

I am, dear sir, yours affectionately in Jesus,
Jireh Chapel, East road, City road.

H. F. GAIRFAX.

LINES

Written on the death of the venerable John Andrews Jones, who ascended to his rest on July 15th, 1868, in the 89th year of his age.

BY WILLIAM STOKES, MANCHESTER.

"I have kept the faith," 1 Tim. iv. 7.—"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."—Rev. xiv. 13.

And has Elijah mounted from the plain,
With his lov'd Saviour, and the saints, to reign?
Has he at last with patriarchal years,
His farewell taken of this vale of tears?
Has he another "Jirrh" found above,
Where faithful service ends in perfect love?
Where sorrows die, and tears can never flow,
And where the saints forget all earthly woe?
Yes, from above the Spirit speaks them blest,
Who die in Jesus, but with him to rest;
Who fought his fight, and to his faith stood true,
With zeal and love that hirelings never knew.
And such was Jones: With manly heart and bold,
For truth he braved the tempest and the cold,
His theme was one where'er his home and place,
And that one theme was "free and sovereign grace."
From humble Hariley, where in early prime,
He gave to saints a pastor's care and time;
To Brentford's labour, and to "Jirrh" dear,
That faith he "kept" with every rolling year.
He heeded not that fashion turned away,
From names once valued in a better day;
But firmly stood, when Moore, and Brine, and Hill,
Were slighted with a venerable Gill.
He sought no smile from men who boast of "taste,"
Yet ancient churches make an "open" waste,
Who the old "landmarks" trample with their tread,
That vain inventions may appear instead.
When early manhood budded fresh from youth,
He chose the theme of everlasting truth;
And through long years, unmoved by mortal shock,
That truth he held as solid as a rock.
Alas for Britain when such men are few!
When churches leave the faithful for the "new."
When olden truths that gave our land a name,
All "ears polite" discard as vulgar shame.
Alas! that "sovereign grace" is not the bread,
With which those masses hunger to be fed;
They crave for "mixtures," and prefer a "hash,"
And all they seek, they have in learned "trash."
Woe to the land when "babies" never grow,
When children's "milk" is all they care to know;
When at scant meal they take contented seat,
And never mourn the absence of "strong meat."

Not so the giant fathers lived of old,
 Not so they grew to stern and mighty mould;
 Not so matured an Owen, Gill, or Brine,
 Whose drink was heavenly, and whose food divina.

Not so a Jones lived out beyond the span,
 Long since allotted to degenerate man;
 The flock he fed with all a shepherd's care,
 And long will "Jireh" that rich pasture share.

But say, ye saints, who watched his chariot flight,
 And saw him enter on the realms of light;
 As he ascended, may ye "watchers" tell,
 On whom his mantle and his spirit fell?*

*. 2 Kings ii. 18—15.

Life and Death of the late Mr. Thomas Wall.

DEAR SIR,—By request of my brethren in office with me at Zoar Chapel, Gravesend, I send you a brief account of the life and death of Mr. T. Wall, the late much beloved pastor of the Church in that place.

We are but little acquainted with his early life; but according to his own statement, he was brought to know himself as a lost sinner when young, and also to enquire after those things which relate to the salvation of his immortal soul. I have often heard him say that his whole life had been spent in endeavouring to do good to his fellow creatures.

He was called when a young man to go forth and speak in the name of the Lord; and when an itinerant preacher (which he was for years) he has walked many miles on a Lord's-day; and those days he would say were among the happiest of his life. His first pastorate was at Hailsham, in Sussex; from thence he removed to Rye, where he was much blest in his Master's work for about ten years. When it was known in the town that he was about to leave, a meeting was convened, at which the Mayor and the Ministers of the town were present; and a handsome purse with more than £40 were presented to him, to which about 300 of the town contributed; and the names of each subscriber was written in a handsome album, which he prized till the day of his death. His labours at Rye were extensive, in the school as well as preaching the word. But his Master had determined he should labour in another part of his vineyard; the Church at Gravesend invited him to preach the word of life to them. After a few visits gave him an unanimous invitation to the pastorate, which he accepted, and it was manifest from time to time that this union was of the Lord: and had it been the will of our God we should have liked to have heard his voice at Zoar for years to come. Under his six years pastorate the Church gradually increased, the chapel filled, so that we have scarce a seat to let: the people were growing more than ever attached to him; he was a labourer indeed, and has travelled hundreds of miles in a week to preach the Gospel, besides attending to his duties among his own people.

For some time before his death, he had suffered much from pain at the heart, and two or three times on a Lord's-day morning has been

obliged to leave off in the sermon, and the friends have closed the service by prayer. This prepared our minds a little for what was speedily to come upon us. He preached his last sermon at Warboys, from Philippians i. 6, "Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." He returned home on the Monday, attended the prayer-meeting at the chapel. In his address, in the hymns he selected, and in prayer, the friends remarked what a blessed frame of mind he was in. After prayer-meeting, he visited one of the members of the Church who was ill, prayed and conversed with her; then returned home, happy and cheerful (his family remarked), more so than usual. His labours were ended. He retired to rest, till about half-past six in the morning, when he was seized with violent pain in the heart. He got from the bed into the chair, making a remark to Mrs. Wall that the pain was worse than ever, but in a few minutes he had a little relief. He said, "Bless the Lord!" "Oh, magnify the Lord with me!" Mrs. Wall said, "We will, my dear, we will praise the Lord," and went to call her mother, who was in the next room. Hearing him make a strange noise she returned, but HE WAS GONE; the spirit had fled; the labourer was at rest. He died on Tuesday, July 21st, 1866.

His mortal remains were interred on the following Friday. They were taken to Zoar Chapel, which was filled with friends to witness the solemn service. Mr. Neville, of Sutton-at-Hone, read and gave an address; Mr. Lingley, of Maidstone, also gave an address. One of the Deacons gave out 975th hymn, Denham's Selection. The service was solemn. Some weighty remarks were made. Prayer closed the service at the chapel. A procession was then formed, which consisted of a hearse and three mourning coaches: the first conveyed the family; the second, the deacons; the third, the ministers. There were also five private carriages; and a great number of the friends of the Church and congregation walked behind. Arriving at the cemetery, there were hundreds of people waiting to witness the interment. Mr. Neville spoke solemn words to those who were standing around; Mr. Klute (Independent minister), gave an address; Mr. Jull, of Ryarsh, engaged in prayer; the 989th hymn was sung, and the service closed.

On the following Lord's-day, Mr. Neville, of Sutton-at-Hone, preached the funeral sermon from Rev. xiv. 13, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," &c. The chapel was crowded, and profound attention paid to the seasonable discourse.

I pray the Lord of the harvest to send more labourers to supply the place of those He has taken home; and that we may be ready, knowing that in an hour when we think not, the Son of Man cometh. Yours in Christian love,

A DEACON.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF MR. THOMAS WALL.

So very old, and yet so young;
Gladness was ever on his tongue;
And holiness, and peace, and truth,
In him all wore the garb of youth.

That snow-white hair, and brow of care,
Spread looks of wonder everywhere;
As sweetly rolled through the stilled fold,
The raptured numbers which he told.

We, who now weep, remember well,
How sweet the words, how strange the spell
That bound us to him as we heard
His visions of the risen Lord.
His thoughts would seem like a fond dream,
When life in glory was his theme;
His last sleep o'er—he dreams no more,
But realizes all he saw.

And Zeal is like an orphan child,
Thrown fatherless upon the wild;
The mother-church will wed again,
And the new pastor will sustain
The names he bore who is no more;
But never to that orphan poor,
Will the church send so true a friend,
As his whose work is at an end.

Our hearts are bleeding at our loss,
But mercy weights the Christian's cross,
And we can look with sorrow sweet,
Into the cavern at our feet;
The snow-white hair is buried there;
The worn-out limbs a white shroud wear;
But our eyes scan, as Christians can,
The spirit of the dear old man.

Winging its way to Jesus' side,
Catching the smile of Him who died;
There left him in that blissful hour,
All lingering thoughts of his own power.
"The work was thine, oh! Saviour mine,
To bring me to this joy divine."
And angels hide their harps aside,
To hear him praise the Crucified.

The greenest wreath his fellows bring,
Fades in the presence of the King;
Nor song of mortal greets his ear,
Where crystal rivers gurgles near,
Yet let me crave upon his grave,
Room for the flowers I weeping weave,
Since all will own these flowers have blown
From seeds which he himself had sown.

Great Baddow, Essex.

MRS. T. CHAPLIN.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE HAPPY EXPERIENCE AND PEACEFUL END OF MRS. ANN BUNKER,

WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, APRIL 17TH, 1868.

It is not the intention of the writer to give his own thoughts on the subject; being separated by distance from his departed sister, he had not the privilege of seeing her on her bed of affliction, or hearing those precious words as they fell from her dying lips. But a few thoughts

will be gathered, relative to the dear departed one, from letters received from a dear brother in a twofold relationship.

"Why should the wonders God hath wrought,
Be lost in silence and forgot?"

It may be necessary just to state that the departed one had made a profession of religion many years since; but alas, like many more, her religion proved to be "as a morning cloud, and the early dew that goeth away." The means of grace were neglected, and she settled down careless and indifferent as to the concerns of her immortal soul. Her pathway was a rugged one indeed, trials, afflictions, and bereavements were her lot; but all, unsanctified by God, left her where she was, but being loved with an everlasting love, and redeemed by precious blood, in due time the blessed Spirit stopped her in her wanderings, and brought her to the feet of Jesus,—

A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On His kind arms to fall.

Having placed her in the furnace of affliction, Jesus, the Refiner, sat by and watched the process; removing the dross from the precious metal, He saw His own image reflected in her, and then gently whispered, "Child, come home."

Her health began to decline early in the year 1867; her complaint, (consumption) soon made rapid inroads on her constitution. August 13th, my dear brother writes:—

"I saw our dear sister last Wednesday evening; she came to our house, but oh, how altered! with difficulty she can walk at all; her long thin face, and sunken eyes, all seem to say she is not long for this world. I asked her about her soul; she said she was looking to the Lord, but when I tried to ascertain what she meant by 'looking to the Lord,' she seemed not to like it. I said, 'Do you look to the Lord Jesus Christ as a guilty, hell-deserving sinner for pardon and salvation? Do you know what it is to flee to Him for refuge,' &c. But, poor thing, there seemed to me no sign of spiritual life or spiritual concern. A truly awakened soul does not sit down and calmly say, 'I know I can do nothing,' but rather cries out with the jailor, 'What must I do,' in agony and distress; like the pilgrim, he flees, but scarce knows where, until directed to the only Refuge. Let us pray the Lord to open her eyes and prepare her for that great change that awaits her."

The dear departed one was frequently visited by my brother and other friends, but they could see nothing satisfactory as to spiritual life in her soul, but in the following letter, a portion of which I give, our hopes were raised:—

Nov. 30th, 1867.

"I know you feel anxious about poor sister Ann; she is quite confined at home now. I went to see her last Lord's day, and had some close conversation with her about her soul; she told me she felt at times happy, and constrained to sing; I asked what was the ground of her happiness? she said she felt her affliction had brought her back to her heavenly Father. 'Well,' I said, 'now you talk about being brought back, that implies once you were brought nigh to God. Do you think you did once know the Lord?' She then told me what she used to feel, and that now hymns and portions of Scripture came to her afresh, and that she felt submissive in God's hands. I asked her many close questions, which she answered in a way I little expected, and I am hoping our God is preparing her in affliction for heaven. She said she had been reading her Bible to her husband, and she felt com-

fort now therein. I read the 2nd chapter of Ephesians to her; she said, 'Ah! that was once a favourite chapter of mine.' I said, 'I hoped it would be now, for it was all of grace.' I prayed with her and left her, committing her into the hands of our gracious God and Father. I do hope there is something good at the bottom, and if there is I know it will be made manifest."

From a letter dated Dec. 28th, 1867, I give a line or two; a gleam of light is seen just breaking through the clouds of spiritual darkness.

"Poor Ann gets weaker; I think she will soon take to her bed, but my interview with her last Lord's-day was very pleasing to me. She repeated two scriptures as expressive of her uppermost feelings, viz., 'Search me, O God,' &c., and 'As the hart panteth after the brook,' &c. I said if such was the case, there was honesty and life, for no hypocrite or dishonest person wanted to be searched, and I am sure there is no panting for the living God till spiritual life is imparted."

March 7th, 1868, my brother writes:—

"I received your long letter, &c., for sister Ann. I read the letter, and think it contains some important questions, just the questions I have asked her; we forwarded the same to her. On Tuesday evening last, I went to see her, and spent more than an hour by her bedside. But what with her cough and deafness, it is very painful to converse with her; she is constantly raising phlegm and is very much reduced and altered, she is evidently sinking fast. As to the state of her mind, I can hardly make her out; she seems very calm and resigned, does not complain, or drop a murmuring word, nor does she wish to get better. Sometimes she feels so happy and tries to sing, 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' and other hymns. I asked her if she had read your letter. She said, 'Yes, and I think I can answer every question he puts.' I read the eighth chapter of Romans, and prayed; expounded the chapter, and pointed out as well as I could, what faith was, and what was the foundation of a sinner's hope, and how it was wrought and maintained in the soul. But come to close questioning, she does not seem to me to understand the real nature of sin, the claims of God's holy law, and the substitutionary work of Christ. Yet I do hope she is not resting on anything short of the finished work of Christ. But she has never sat under a sound ministry as we have, that is one thing, still I thank the Lord, the Spirit does teach these solemn realities in the soul, and makes them living realities; we must still bear her before the throne that it may be made clear she is a saved sinner."

And blessed be His holy name, He has heard and answered prayer. Having begun a good work within her, He carried it on; and as her poor tabernacle was decaying, her inner man was renewed day by day, as will be seen from the following sweet and soul-encouraging testimony which we have from her own dying lips. My dear brother, April 4th, 1868, writes:—

"My dear brother,—I have specially to write to you about our dear sister, whose spirit will shortly be among the just made perfect before the throne. I have had one or two special interviews with her since I wrote you last, which encouraged me to hope all was well with her. But, during the past week, whatever fears I had are now removed, and a more clear and satisfactory testimony I have not witnessed for some time. Being somewhat free from pain now, through mercy, and very much wasted, she lies in a peaceful, calm state of mind, waiting for her departure, and longing to go. When I came home from the city last night, I was informed she wanted to see me once more, if I could possibly come. I went at once; the house was quiet, and I went up stairs; our dear sister lay down, but as soon as I entered, she opened her eyes and smiled. I sat down by her side, and she said, 'I want to tell you of the goodness of the Lord to me,' I said, 'Well, go on;

I am very anxious to hear.' She proceeded and said, 'I feel I am the most unworthy creature that ever lived, I have been afraid to speak to you on this account, I was afraid to write or say anything I did not feel, but now I see what you have said is true, it is the finished work of Christ, the dying of Christ for me, that gives me a good hope. I am resting there alone. I have been a wandering sheep, but have never been happy in my wanderings. But what a mercy the Lord did not leave me, or cut me down as a cumberer of the ground. He has laid me on this bed of affliction, kept me here to bring me back to Himself, and He has brought me back. I can say,

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to save my soul from danger,
Interposed His precious blood."

I can say now,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

And the Holy Spirit brings so many passages of Scripture and hymns to me, that I have not thought of for years.' She continued, 'I see now Jesus died, the just for the unjust, to bring poor sinners to God, I have no fear of death, I know not what I have to go through yet, but underneath are the everlasting arms. I don't want to see any one, or hear about anything but Jesus.

"Jesus my all to heaven is gone,
On whom I fix my hopes upon."

She said, 'I have often thought the effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much, I know I have had your prayers, and brother James's prayers.' 'Yes,' I said, 'you have, but it is not our prayers, but God's eternal purpose and Christ's merits that has saved you; and because these things were laid up for you, therefore the Lord put it into our hearts and your heart to pray for them.' The expression of her countenance in everything she said, with clasped hands, assured me she spoke what she felt; not a murmur escaped her lips, not a moment's regret, but rather a strong desire to depart. She said, 'I feel within me something like a bird fluttering in a cage longing to fly away and be at rest.' She said, 'I hope this affliction and this event will be sanctified to my poor husband.' She seems anxious about nothing, so much like our dear mother. I have now not the shadow of a doubt about her safety. She has opened her mind fully to all around her; L. has been daily with her of late, also M. A. She said to them, 'Don't weep for me, I am so happy, don't shed a tear. I can sing now,

"Now I can tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found."

She said, 'My time is short here, I want to speak of His goodness to the last, I hope Satan will not be permitted to harass me.' I read the fourteenth chapter of John, and prayed with her, and on parting she kissed me and said, 'If we don't meet again here, we shall meet again on Canaan's happy shore, and the Lord will repay you.' These were her last words to me, but I hope to see her again yet, though she cannot last long, as she takes nothing now but a little wine and beef tea. My dear brother, I am sure this will be joyful news to you, because you know I cannot be satisfied without some good ground of a sinner's safety in a dying hour. But I do feel assured, let her die when she will, she will die a sinner saved by grace, and very soon her ransomed spirit will join the perfected spirits of our dear parents, and all the rest of the ransomed host before the throne. Oh! what distinguishing mercies are these, that this makes three at least out of the six of our family, who are interested in God's great salvation. I could tell you many other things but have not time. It is not the quantity but the quality, and I am sure you will rejoice with me, and give thanks to our wonder-working God. To Him be all the praise."

April 10th, my brother writes;—

"I again visited our dear sister, who is still in the body. I found her exceedingly low, could only just open her languid eyes, and scarcely raised her hand. Last a little while, and she turned her poor head round to me and said, 'Read a portion.' I read the 103rd Psalm, and prayed. I asked her if she was still resting upon Christ? She said, 'Yes, longing to go.' I said, 'You want to read your title clear.' She said, 'What I can do.' She is past converse now, and I do hope will soon be safe landed."

April 17th, I received the following:—

"My dear brother,—Our dear sister experienced that wonderful change this morning between two and three; she has long been looking for a change of worlds; that great and indescribable change set forth in those words, 'Absent from the body and present with the Lord.' Absent from all pain, and present where there are pleasures for evermore; absent from all sorrow, present where there is nought but holy and everlasting joy; absent from a world of sin and strife, and immediately immersed into a sea of endless peace and perfection."

Absent from flesh, O blissful thought!

What unknown joys that moment brings;

Freed from the mischief sin has brought,

From pains and fears with all their springs."

L. and M. A. were with her yesterday afternoon, when she was perfectly sensible, and expressed herself like one on the borders of heaven, for the strongest assurance of her interest in Christ. She has been for several days and nights heard to say, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly." What has she left behind, and what has she gained, we can form no adequate idea; like Christ and with Christ, this appears to be the summit of all the saints' wishes, and that is reached, therefore she is perfectly satisfied. How good and faithful is our God. To His grace I commend you, and remain your affectionate brother,

GEORGE.

Islington.

Thus died our dear sister, in her forty-sixth year her mortal remains were laid in Finchley Cemetery, April 26th, 1868. Her end was peace."

May both writer and reader, like her, find peace, when we come into the swellings of Jordan; may each ask himself this all important question, "Have I peace, and on what is it founded?" Be assured nothing less than the precious blood of Christ applied by God the Holy Ghost to the truth, can produce a solid peace that will do to die by."

"On Christ the solid rock I stand,

All other ground is sinking sand."

The Lord bless this humble testimony for Christ's sake, Amen.

A wanderer here for many a year,

Our sister continued to roam; but light all divine, upon her did shine,

And brought back the wandering one.

'Twas sovereign grace her footsteps did trace,

When far off from God she did stray;

But chosen of God, and purchased by blood,

The spirit He brought in the way.

He brought her at first to hunger and thirst,

And pant for that life-giving stream;

And tasting of this, she long'd for the bliss,

In the ocean of love for to swim.

Sept. 1, 1868.

AND CHRISTIAN RECORD.

He opened her eyes the Saviour to prize,
Who washed her and made her all fair;
Brought high by His blood, she commun'd with God,
And on Him cast every care.
Twas all of His grace, in the furnace to place,
His child that her faith might be tried,
And when He saw there His own image fair,
He took her with Him to abide.
With Jesus shut in, where sorrow nor sin
Can enter no more to annoy;
Her joys are complete, she casts at His feet,
Her crown with all rapture and joy.
There no more to roam, with Jesus at home,
She sings of His wondrous grace;
With the ransomed throng, she joins in the song,
His love and His blood for to praise.
When we come to die, dear Jesus, be nigh,
And bid all our mourning to cease;
When crossing the flood, apply thy own blood,
That like her we too may have peace.

Bristol.

J. BURRELL.

Sects and Heresies of the Christian Church.

NO. 3.—PELAGIANISM.

BY WILLIAM STOKES, OF MANCHESTER.

Author of "The History of Baptists," "Imputed Righteousness," &c.

(Continued from page 242.)

"This (freewill, without any antecedent bias) has been so generally received, and so much insisted on by PELAGIANS, JESUITS, SOCINIANS, ARMINIANS, and others; it may deserve a more full consideration."—*President Edwards.*

In the two former papers on Sabellianism and Arianism, heresies respecting the nature of God were amply exposed; but in this paper the errors to be condemned are of a lower order, having to do chiefly with man. The Sabellian and the Arian alike dishonour God, but the Pelagian falsely honours man by contending on his behalf for a power that sin has utterly destroyed. This great error strikes at the very root of Gospel grace, by claiming for man an ability which, practically, renders him independent of Gospel assistance. If man is already free, he stands in no need of a deliverer, and if not "dead in trespasses and sins," which free-will always implies, then he requires no one to come as "the way, the truth, and the life." As Pelagianism asserts all this and more, every one who loves the pure truth of God, should study to understand its character, in order to oppose its spread.

Pelagius, the founder of this sect, was a native of Wales, and it is credibly stated that his real name was Morgan. He was a man of considerable learning, and so far as known, of blameless life. The venerable Bede says of him, that in the reign of Arcadius, about the year 400, he "spread far and near the infection of his pernicious doctrine against the assistance of divine grace." It appears that he was at Rome in A.D.

405, and there, in conjunction with one Caelestius, who, probably, was an Irishman, propagated the errors that have given him notoriety, for above fourteen hundred years. They went from Rome to Africa, among whose credulous people they disseminated their rationalism with considerable apparent success. Pelagius then proceeded to Palestine leaving Caelestius at Carthage, seeking church preferment in that city. But his pernicious doctrines were now too well known, and being condemned in a council in A.D. 412, he soon followed his friend as a religious adventurer, taking care, however, to spread his poison wherever he went. It was at this period that the celebrated Augustine appeared as the champion of the doctrines of free grace, and though he could not extirpate the errors of Pelagius, he did much to hold them in check. These errors were condemned by various councils called together for the purpose of examining their nature; but at a general synod that met at Ephesus, A.D. 431, they received a blow from which they never fully recovered.

The precise tenets of Pelagius, it is difficult to discover, but the following, as given from Walch in the *Faiths of the World*, are among the chief.

That men come into the world, in the same state as to power and ability, that Adam did,—that the sin of Adam hurt himself only,—that human nature is not changed by the fall,—that Adam would have died even if he had not sinned,—that Adam's sin is not imputed to his posterity,—that human nature is not depraved in consequence of Adam's sin,—that man is free to sin or not, as he pleases,—that salvation depends on the right use of our own powers,—that perfect obedience to the law is possible by men,—that grace changes only the understanding and not the will,—and that salvation consists in leaving off sinning and embracing the doctrines of Christ, and this, with much more, man can do if he will.

It is evident that doctrines such as these must have, originated with man alone. They are of "the earth, earthy," and flatly contradict such a heavenly truth as this: "*Of His own will begat He us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of firstfruits of his creatures.*" Here, the whole work is of God; but with the proud Pelagius the whole work is of man. Among all the heresies that ever cursed the professing church of God, none have been more fatal, because none more specious, than those of Pelagius.

To support this mass of confusion, holy Scripture was rendered as obscure as possible. Hence Pelagius attached no fewer than six interpretations to the word "grace." With him it was, our whole nature, the love of God, pardon, the *example* of Christ, a change in the understanding, and even baptism and everlasting happiness. It was all these, but never an act of electing love, "According as God hath chosen us in Christ before the foundation of the world," Eph. i. 4. The narrow system found no room for that grand truth, but it was everywhere creature activity set in motion by an almighty freewill. Omnipotent man did the work, and the great God only looked on and approved.

Closely examined Pelagianism resolves itself into these leading particulars.

1st. A denial of the total depravity of man. 2nd. A belief in the absolute freedom of the human will. 3rd. A dependence on works as the ground of salvation. And 4th. A practical rejection of divine grace as unnecessary.

It would be a waste of valuable time to attempt a confutation of statements so utterly at variance with the Word of God, as these sentiments evidently are; we shall therefore content ourselves with a few general remarks upon the system as a whole.

All Scripture, observation, and experience, unite to prove that man's depravity is total and universal. It is everywhere, and everywhere at all times. We cannot escape it in city, town, or country, at home or abroad; and no proposition is more demonstrable than this, that wherever humanity exists it is *depraved* humanity. Equally evident too is the doctrine of imputation, both that of the sin of Adam, and the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. On what other ground do infants suffer? Is their sin personal, or by imputation? Romans v. 14. And by what possibility can sinful man ever become righteous but by imputation? Romans v. 19; 2 Cor. v. 21. To deny the doctrine of imputation is to deny the evidence of our own senses, and the clearest testimony of the word of God.

Besides this, it is plain, in the light of mere philosophy, that if there be depravity at all, it can be no other than total depravity. A partial depravity is an absurdity, since man must be either saint or sinner, holy or corrupt. The unity and simplicity of his moral nature reject the idea of anything partial in his spiritual being. He is in himself a totality, and can never be divided into separate parts; whatever, therefore, affects his spiritual character affects him wholly and throughout. Hence human depravity becomes, from inevitable law, total and complete; and the evidence of Holy Scripture but confirms this inevitable law by declaring that "there is none righteous, no, not one."[†]

As a direct consequence of this, free-will, as taught by Pelagius and all Arminians, is an impossibility, and a contradiction. An impossibility, because if the depravity be total it must of necessity include the will as an element in the general corruption. And it is a contradiction by assuming that though the man be evil, yet his will is good. According to this shallow system the man may go one way, but the will another; the one tending towards sin, but the other aspiring after holiness. And this obvious absurdity, moreover, is contended for as necessary to human responsibility, as though responsibility had to do with the will alone and not with the *whole man*. Responsibility belongs to man, of whom the will is but a part; and the sinfulness of man, including that of the will, can by no possibility release him from moral obligation. Whether upright or fallen, whether saint or sinner, man is evermore amenable to his Maker;

* This weighty point is fully argued in the tract entitled "Imputed Righteousness," to which the reader is referred.

† The above reasoning is perfectly consistent with the doctrine of that wonderful chapter, the seventh of the Romans. There the apostle describes the two natures that exist in believers, and not one alone. The one is totally evil, and the other is totally good, (18th verse); the one the law of sin, but the other the law of holiness. And while there is a perpetual warfare between these opposite natures, so much so that at times the better nature will be "brought into captivity to the law of sin;" yet will it remain unchangeably true that, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin." The old nature in the believer is the sinner; but the new nature in himself is the saint.

and the fact of his depravity, which never was and never can be the work of God, leaves wholly untouched his moral accountability. That man is a free agent, so far as one totally depraved can ever be considered free, is beyond dispute; but this free agency, or "free will," in whatever else it may be called, in depraved man, is but a "free-will for evil and never for good by any known possibility." It is a firebrand in the universe, and but for the restraints put upon it by Almighty power and mercy, it would set on fire the whole course of nature, until it was itself set on fire of hell." Hence the very first operation of sovereign grace towards the saved is to "make them willing in the day of his power," and the necessity for this special interposition in the great work of salvation, underlies the solemn assurance of the Redeemer himself; that, "no man can come to me except the Father which hath sent me, draw him."

Hence it follows as an unquestionable truth, that salvation can never be of works, as Pelagius daringly asserted, but must be of pure, free-grace. Consequently, Pelagianism is a dangerous delusion and a treacherous snare. Indulging in contradictions, opposing holy Scripture in the spirit of a proud self-sufficiency, and discarding the aid of that "free-grace" which gives the believer all his hope and the ever-blessed God all his glory, Pelagianism stands before the world as one of the unclean spirits like frogs that come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet." Seductive in its look, and speech, and power, and studious to feed the flattery in which proud man, though fallen, evermore loves to indulge; it resembles that dangerous character in the book of Proverbs vii. 26, 27, against whom this fearful warning is given, that "she hath cast down many wounded, yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death."

(No 4, on Semi-Pelagianism, will be given in our next.)

THOUGH I MAY CHANGE, GOD IS THE SAME.

[GIVEN US BY A FRIEND].

Lord, when dejected I appear,
And love is half absorbed in fear;
E'en then I know I'm not forgot,
Thou'rt present though I see thee not.
Thy boundless mercy's still the same,
Though I am cold nor feel the flame,
Though dull and hard my sluggish sense,
Faith still maintains her evidence.
O would thy cheering beams so shine
That I might always feel thee mine;
Yet though a cloud may sometimes rise,
And dim the brightness of the skies.
By faith thy goodness I will bless,
I shall be safe though comfortless;
Still, still my grateful heart shall melt,

At what in brighter days I felt.
O wayward heart! thine is the blame!
Though I may change, God is the same;
Not feebler faith, nor colder prayer,
My state and sentence shall declare,
Nor nerves and feelings shall decide;
By safer signs I shall be tried,
Is the fixed tenor of my mind
To thirst and righteousness inclined?
For sin is my contrition deep?
For past offences do I weep?
Do I submit my stubborn will
To Him who guides and guards me still?
This shall my peaceful bosom prove
That God, not loving is, but Love.

Our Churches, Our Pastors, and Our People.

AS BAPTISTS, BE CONSISTENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE VESSEL.

DEAR SIR,—At the meeting of the Norfolk Association of Baptist churches, recently held in Norwich, an address was delivered by the secretary of the Association on "The duty of Nonconformists in relation to the present times."

Being in Norwich that day, I went to hear the address, which upon the whole was a good one. In one part of this address allusion was very properly made to the devotedness of the early Baptists to the fundamental truths of the gospel of the grace of God; their rejection of doctrinal errors, the sprinkling of infants, and everything else having a Romanward tendency. The Baptist brethren present were urged to copy the example of their forefathers, and closely adhere to our distinctive principles. On hearing these remarks of the talented speaker, I thought, how important it is that we should practise what we preach. Our forefathers did—they did not preach one thing and practise another, neither did they give countenance to the practices of other denominations any further than they followed Christ and his word. Their doctrines and their ordinances were both in accordance with the teaching of the New Testament.

They held the truth sternly, yet they held it in love; and were never ashamed to avow their distinctive principles, both in the preaching of the word, and the administration of the ordinances. Can it be said now that there is a uniform consistency in the denomination?

Are there not very many departures from the truth in ministerial teaching?

The ministry of the sturdy Nonconformists of past generations, even from the apostolic days, was strictly Calvinistic, or in other words they delighted in preaching the doctrines of sovereign, full and free salvation, the gift of a God of infinite love, imparted, not according to our works, but according to his infinite mercy.

Our forefathers preached after the manner of the Apostles, that "God is our salvation" in the gift of Christ, in the work of the Spirit, from first to last, in the application of his word, providences, and gracious dealings with his people in all things. The doctrines of man's holiness,

freewill, power to save himself, preached now in many Baptist pulpits, they boldly and fearlessly denied. They gave no countenance to them and neither did they bid Godspeed to those who held them. They were consistent Baptists—is it so now?

Are not many of our chapels, built by those who held and suffered for the truth, occupied by Arminian and freewill preachers? Yes, chapels, the deeds of which strictly specify that the minister must preach the doctrines of God's grace alone—is this consistent? No. Whenever the pulpit of a Calvinistic Baptist Chapel is occupied by a Freewill, Arminian, semi-Unitarian minister, it is a misappropriation of property, and the churches will do well to take this matter into consideration, lest God for their indifference and dishonesty remove their candlestick out of its place.

It is becoming quite the fashion now, for many of the Churches to invite Wesleyan local preachers and others to occupy their pulpits. Let the churches see to it that these men are not only converts to adult believer's baptism by immersion, but also converts to the truth as it is in Jesus. Let them see to it that these men are believers in God's eternal electing love, providing salvation in Christ for all who are by the Holy Spirit brought to believe in Him; and that he will preserve them unto eternal life.

Let them see to it, that those selected, are thoroughly tested by the most pointed questions put to them when publicly recognized, and let our elder brethren be careful, that they "lay hands suddenly on no man."

It is becoming notorious that many of our pulpits are rigging with Arminian sentiments, and some of the ministers openly declare their hostility to the doctrines of God's sovereign, eternal, electing grace. Again. The Baptists of the olden time acted consistently in giving no sanction to infant sprinkling. In this respect they adhered closely to the word of God. Do the advocates of open communion amongst us act consistently on this point? In the admission of pædobaptists to the table of the Lord in our churches is there not a recognition of their principles with regard to baptism? I cannot understand how the two things

can be recognized; one or the other must be wrong. Moreover, is not such a practice injurious to our children? Can Baptist parents blame their children when they go and sit under pædo-Baptist Arminian ministers? While they themselves have been teaching a recognition of the Popish doctrine of infant sprinkling, need they be surprised should their children go all the way to Rome? They may be surprised if they do not, unless God by His saving love prevent. I would not advocate bigotry—I would not have the Baptists manifest anything like narrowmindedness—but I would have them, while they hold the truth in love, make a bold stand against everything contrary to truth.

Infant sprinkling is not to be found in the New Testament. The New Testament was not written for infants at all, unconscious infants do not need it,—follow the Master, brethren,—follow no man further than he follows the Master. The open communion Baptists are inconsistent. By advocating open communion with the unbaptized, or the merely sprinkled, they recognized that which is the very key-stone of Popery.

Let ministers cease to be like milestones in this respect, pointing the way, not walking therein. The language of the New Testament is, "Believe and be baptized," "Faith" first; "Believers with Christ in baptism," second.

There is not a word which sanctions the approach to the Lord's table of any except such as are called by grace to the faith of Christ, and have put Him on by baptism.

Yours in Jesus,

Lowestoft, Suffolk. HENRY KIDDLÉ,

TO THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION WORSHIPPING IN THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY, AND TO ALL THE FRIENDS OF CHRIST AND TRUTH, SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE COLONIES OF AUSTRALASIA.

I AM truly thankful, that I have now collected £800, and have no doubt, but that I shall obtain the balance that I now require by the beginning of October.

For what his goodness undertakes, Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

On the 20th of October I hope to leave England for Sydney, the Lord having accomplished that that my heart was set upon, viz., the freedom of the Lord's house from debt, and the deliverance of the people of my charge from the money influence that has for a long while been upon

them, and which has hindered me in my work. When I return again to your midst, I must have your hearty co-operation, that we may gather the scattered ones, and build up the church of Christ, my motto shall still be "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," that you may know that the Lord is with me, and many doors have been, and are opened for me, to speak of the glorious honour of the Lord's majesty, and of his wondrous works.

Lord's-day, 10th.—I was favoured once more by my good and evergracious Master to preach in Trinity chapel, Bradford, which is a specimen of beautiful architecture, having cost £7,000. The Lord was of a truth in the midst of his people; some very pleasing instances I meet with of the Lord blessing the word; the deacons and others assured me that my visit will never be forgotten; there was one person who had been in a low state of soul, and could not so much as lift up herself; the Lord did through the ministry of the Gospel, speak deliverance unto his handmaiden, "Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmities." Poor dear soul, she did rejoice, and blest me in the name of the Lord.

Monday, 20th.—I went to Lockwood, and lectured in the Baptist chapel, where brother Crowther has for many years preached the Gospel of Christ unto the people. I was well received both by pastor, deacons, and people, spoke to them for two hours; the collection was £14 5s. 3d. Very thankful I am that I have thus been favoured to make the acquaintance of my good brother Crowther, and his warm-hearted deacon, brother Wilson, at whose house I lodged that night, or rather talked, for we did not go to bed until morning.

Wednesday, 22nd.—I once more returned to Bradford, saw brother Bloomfield, who was glad to see me, and gave me 10s. 6d., for our cause. He showed me over his chapel, which will seat about 1,200 persons, and was altogether very kind to me. In the evening, I lectured for the second time in brother Anderson's large school-room, connected with Trinity chapel, and then took my leave of those very kind friends who were not only kind to me in word but in deed. The amount received in connection with brother Anderson's friends was, £28 11s., total for Bradford, £29 1s. 6d.

Thursday, 23rd.—I left Bradford by the half-past six o'clock train, arrived in Sutton, Isle of Ely, by two o'clock, was received by the pastor brother Edwards, and his very kind and loving friends with true Christian welcome to a very much needed dinner. Then preached at three o'clock, and seven o'clock in the evening; there would have been a large gathering, but for the harvest commencing earlier than usual.

On Friday, 24th, I lectured, was quite at home while speaking of his love in times past, of his wondrous faithfulness, and the unchanging God. The collections, £3, was more than I expected considering that the

day before the collection was for their own chapel fund, and very many could not attend who would have done so but for the harvest. My visit to Sutton has created a union of soul that will outlive all the changing scenes of time and death at last.

Saturday, 25th.—I arrived at Warboys tired and weary, at the house of my very kind friends, brother and sister Child. I found rest, and felt truly thankful that I was once more with those very hospitable people. But I was indeed cast down in soul when I heard what I did. Brother Wall, pastor of the church at Gravesend, whom I have known and loved for more than eighteen years, last Lord's-day, 19th, he preached in the Baptist chapel, Warboys, was quite as well as usual and appeared to be very much at home while preaching morning and afternoon from Psalm cxvi. 7, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." And in the evening from Phil. i. 6, "Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." Three times while preaching morning, afternoon and evening, he recited the following lines:

"Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where in all the bright for ever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul.
Shall we meet? shall we meet?
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?"

Several times to friends, during his brief stay at Warboys, he recited the lines, and once while doing so, he placed his hand on the arm of Brother Child, and said looking him full in the face, and with a sweet smile, "Shall we meet beyond the river?"

Just as he was leaving on Monday morning, Mrs. Child asked him to write something in her album, when he wrote the same lines, "Shall we meet beyond the river," &c., and added, "God even our God grant for his name's sake, Amen."

July 20th, 1868. THOMAS WALL.
Just before I arrived in Warboys brother Child received a letter from my old and loved friend, brother Nevell, the following is a copy,

Sutton at Hone,
July 23rd, 1868.

Dear Brother, — I know not if you have heard from Gravesend, but thought it likely that you have not in consequence of the consternation occasioned by the solemn event, viz., the death of brother Wall, which took Tuesday morning, at 7 o'clock. He arrived home safe from Warboys, was unusually well and cheerful on Monday evening; went to bed, but on waking in the morning, immediately was seized with his pains which soon took a new direction from chest to back; when he said to his wife, "If that continues, I cannot live," but soon felt relief; his wife left to go into the adjoining room to get him something, returned in

time to see him breathe his last. He was going to buckle on his harness to go forth to the work he loved, when an invincible voice called "Lay thy harness aside, thou needest it no longer, come home to thy reward." Happy change for him, but what a chasm it has made! He was not a loiterer, but a labourer, and his worth will be known by his loss. Only six weeks last Monday I married him, and to-morrow, Friday, I am to bury him, and on Lord's-day, 26th, I am to improve his death unto a weeping widow, and a sorrowing church which will doubtless be a "Bochim." Between my departed brother and myself for more than twenty years, there has been a reciprocity of feeling and good will, which I heartily wish existed among all good men. What a change for him preaching to you last Lord's-day, and in two days after in heaven. My dear brother, what would have been your feelings if you had known of this last Lord's-day, that you were hearing his last sermon. Will you favour me with his last text by return of post, as I should like to know what it was. We must take that key to all mysteries, "Even so Father, because it seemed good in thy sight," but how hard to say, "They will be done." My Christian love to you and your dear spouse, please give my love to all friends, yours fraternally,

J. NEVELL.

"As for God his way is perfect," but we need faith of God the Almighty Spirit's inspiring always to believe that the ways of God are right, in suffering double-minded men who are unstable in all their ways to prosper and increase in our churches, while men qualified of God to feed the people with Gospel truth in all faithfulness, are taken away at a time when the churches of Christ never required them more than now, and but few are raised up in their places to preach the Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

"Send help, O Lord, we pray,
And thine own Gospel bless,
For godly men decay
And faithful pastors cease.
The righteous are removed home,
O send more labourers in their room."

Lord's-day, 26th.—I preached morning and evening and attended to the Lord's Supper in the afternoon; there was a good attendance. On Monday, 27th, I lectured in the chapel, but in consequence of the harvest, the attendance was but small; a second collection was given to me, which amounted to £7 10s. In Warboys there appears to be a large and important field for a faithful Gospel labourer, and indeed there are many other such fields, but no labourers in many places, in this land of churches. The enemy is sowing tares, and evil men are waxing worse and worse, and some of whom we hoped better things, have not only gone on to the "broad gauge," but have gone off the line altogether, and others are going. One, a Particular and Strict Baptist minister, who received me on my

arrival in England, and proposed the first resolution at a public meeting, with high sounding words of welcome, has resigned his pastorate of the Baptist church, Leighton, and has accepted the pastorate of an Independent church. On the cover of the EARTHEN VESSEL, for July, the following refers to the double-minded man, "Who is unstable in all his ways."

"The falling and rising of an idol" is a narrative so unfinished, that we must not insert it; stay until the carte-de-visite comes up, with the black gowns and white bands, the baby in the arms, and sprinkling over, then the climax will be near at hand, the Church of England next, then the Church of Rome, "and after that the judgment."

August 1st.—I arrived in Leicester; the "watchman on the walls," brother Garrard, was waiting at the station for the arrival of the train, and took me to his house. I was most warmly received by my good brother, and his faithful wife and felt truly thankful unto the Lord who has so mercifully kept me by his mighty power. Twenty-three years have passed away since I preached in Leicester. During those years brother Garrard has been a faithful watchman in that part of the city of Zion, for more than twenty years.

Lord's-day, 2nd.—I preached in Providence chapel, Newark street, Leicester, morning and afternoon, brother Garrard in the evening; the congregations were good, and the Word of God had free course. It being the anniversary of the church, the collections were in aid of their chapel debt.

On Monday 3rd.—Mr. D. Challis most kindly drove brother Garrard wife and self to Bruntingthorpe. It being the anniversary of Providence Baptist chapel, Mr. Garrard was to have preached, but arranged for me to do so, which I did in the afternoon, afterwards we assembled in a barn for tea in true primitive still. In the evening brother DeFrance, of Lutterworth, preached a good Gospel sermon; altogether, I spent a very comfortable day.

Tuesday, 4th.—It was arranged for me to lecture in brother Garrard's chapel, which was quite full; the bishop took the chair, and begged well on behalf of my mission.

Wednesday, 5th.—I was invited to preach in Mr. Preston's room, was favoured with my Master's presence, while speaking unto the people of "The glorious honour of his majesty and of his wondrous works." I am greatly encouraged to know that my visit to Leicester the Lord has blest to many. The amount I have received is £13 17s., which is very good considering that the collection £14 on Lord's-day, was for their own cause. Several friends have most kindly engaged the Temperance Hall, Leicester, for me to lecture Sept. 30th, and will pay all expenses of bills and hall, and give me the proceeds of collection after lecture, and likewise to preach in Mr. Garrard's chapel on the 29th.

In Leicester there is a new Baptist chapel

erected; and many such are now to be seen in some of the towns and cities of England. You would not know the time in Leicester, from a Roman Catholic chapel. It has a very high ceiling, on different parts of the building, there are not less than fifty crosses, the mark of the beast; at the door on each side there are images of two angels, not idly, but to guard the entrance.

See how benign the cherubs look, that grace our temple door, and smilingly beckon. Come in, you'll see in a wide nook, something to please your mortal eye. Look straight ahead, a picture seen in subdued and soft light, to greet your eye. And columns which are from classic free, must your eyes delight.

But understand us, this far see; we do not worship such, as you would think. Your senses we would please, lest minds be strained too much, and weary grow. Our senses are refreshed by these, our memories are also, as if we were so. So think the Papists we suppose, and we would think so, too, if you were so. We've no direct command, 'tis true for usness of pictures; but in our church, of round our back, they give some silent lectures, and Christ Jesus gave us no command, still something does persuade us.

That crosses and pictures show, the face of him that made us, and gave us life. We sit and gaze upon them, here with solemn admiration, till our devotions seem so clear, almost like inspiration.

At least we feel it our delight, and pleasure quite delectable. And others too, the most polite, yea, the most respectable, lift up your heads, lift up your hearts, ye wealthy people come, and chant away all gloom. Hear! hear the organ's solemn sound the chanting and intoning, you'll think yourself on holy ground, if here you hear no groaning.

Responses you must say aloud, and not in inward whispers; and mating chant through all the crowd, of evensong, your vespers.

To other ritual we must stick, in this our institution.

In visitations of the sick, why not give absolution?

'Tis fixed that you, before the crowd confess your vile transgressions.

And in response speak aloud, and there make your confessions.

No secret sins may be left out, however great or small.

If so, come then to the priest, and there confess them all.

If Romish priests, and English priests, now stand up as confessors.

We ought to have power at least, and of such power possessors.

But don't suppose we're wrangling, or that we are alarmist,

We're not of Rome nor Anglicans; we still
are "Nonconformists!"
This "Nonconformist church!" we've
raised; with steeple and tall spire,
And by ourselves it has been praised, 'tis
fit for any square,
Our preacher is by most allowed a diamond
of first water,
And we expect a gemmed crowd almost from
every quarter.

Still we would not the poor despise, of
humbler plebeian race,
But if they can't our seat-rents raise, must
seek some humbler place.

On Saturday 8th, I left Leicester, and
arrived once more at the house of my very
kind friends, brother and sister Brown,
Higham Ferrers. On Lord's-day 9th,
I preached three times in the Baptist chapel,
Rushden; there was a large attendance
each time, and the hearts and hands of the
people were opened to help me for the
second time; and the collections amounted
to £10 6s. 5d. If all people were to give
to collections as the Rushden people have
done, the amounts would be much larger
than they generally are. Having to count
out the money in order to get it changed, I
have made a note of the number of the
different coins, that you may see that it is
not the collection of the rich, but of the
poor: 586 pennies, 260 half-pennies, 1 half-
sovereign, 2 half-crowns, 96 three-penny
pieces, 38 four-penny pieces, 87 shillings,
117 sixpences, 7 farthings, total 1134. Feb.
16th, I had a collection in the same chapel
which amounted to £15 7s.

Tuesday 11th.—I delivered an anti-Popery
lecture in the Tabernacle, Wellingborough,
which was well attended. Exposing, which
I have done, while travelling thousands of
miles and lecturing from day to day
throughout England, that demon monster,
the Jesuit, the wolf in sheep's clothing,
the black devil as an angel of light. The
assassin at the midnight hour, the worm
that crawls on beauty's cheek, a coward in
a coat of mail, that wages war against the
brave and wins; and like the long-leaved
lizard, that will wait the lion's sleep, it
wounds the noblest breast. The Jesuit's sim-
plements of seductions are now to be seen
throughout the land, of all kinds, viz., such
as embossed cards with pictures of saints
and hymns to their honour, copy-books for
schools, covered with popish devices, and
sold so cheap as to be bought up in large
numbers. Popish tracts stitched into the
covers of Gospel tracts, and sent forth
amongst the lovers of our cities and towns
under the mask of deception. Hymn-books
for children, history of England for children,
edited by priest and jesuit, made to teach
the rising generations Popery. Popish
ornaments and crosses, they comprise beads
in various style of make; many of our Pro-
testant ladies may now be seen with the
mark of the beast, and are by this means
teaching their children Popery, gold and
silver, and black and white crosses, and
crucifixes, and faith, hope, and charity

charms!!! Statues, from two inches, of
Jesus, medals, lace, pictures, books with
with crosses, without and within, and fas-
cinating tales about holy nuns and holy
nunneries, tens of thousands of which are
circulated throughout the land, and read by
many of our young people with the deepest
interest until they could almost say "I will
be a nun." These works of the Jesuit's
must be exposed for the sake of our child-
ren, and our children's children, this is a
work my hands have found to do, and I
will do it with all my might. The collec-
tions at the close of the lecture was
£6 7s. 6d.

Wednesday 12th.—Brother Bull with
myself visited poor Drawbridge, who, I
am sorry to say is no better. We then went
to Olney, it being the anniversary of the
Particular and Strict Baptist church there
where brother Hipwell is preaching the
word of life; while there a friend gave me
2s. 6d. With the ministers and friends
present I spent a very comfortable day.

Lord's-day, 16th.—I preached in Regent
street chapel, City road, where the late Mr.
G. Abrahams preached the Gospel of Christ
for more than thirty years. The chapel was
full, and the Lord was indeed in our midst;
the word was blessed to the people and
found its way into their hearts, the conse-
quence was their hands were opened to
give, and help me, which they did most
liberally, for the collection was £28 1s. 10d.
There I met with many old friends whom
I had not seen for many years. Brother
Wyard, of Shrewsbury, most kindly col-
lected of a few friends, after I had lectured
in his chapel the sum of £2 0s. 11d., making
a total for Shrewsbury £11.

Mrs. Green, and Mr. Figh, members of
Soho Baptist chapel have collected of a
few friends, the sum of £4 14s. 6d. Mrs.
Green I have known as a sister in the Lord
for many years. Brother W. Stephens, of
Melbourne, my old and dear friend, is her
brother in the flesh and likewise in Christ
Jesus. An unknown friend, A. S. E., for-
warded to me per post, a five pound note,
which I have received with heartfelt thanks
for this very expressive act of sympathy.
How true it is many may help one, while
one cannot help many. I have some long
journeys yet before me, the particulars of
which I will give you in the next month's
Vessel, which I expect will be my last,
when I hope through the liberality of the
saints to be able to record the completion
of my work, which will indeed give the
Lord glory, and again repeat his praise and
say amen. "For the Lord will perfect that
which concerneth me, thy mercy, O Lord,
endureth for ever, forsake not the works of
thine own hands." "Finally, brethren,
farewell, be perfect, be of good comfort, be
of one mind, live in peace, and the God of
peace shall be with you," is the prayer of
your willing servant for Christ's sake,

JOHN BUNYAN M'CURE.

Buccleuch Terrace, Cold Harbour Lane,
Camberwell.

TO OUR READERS.

John Bunyan McCure is desirous of leaving England for Australia, by the vessel advertised to sail on the 20th of October next. It is now twelve months since he left Sydney for England, and he has been labouring here acceptably and successfully, travelling thousands of miles, lecturing and preaching the Gospel of Christ since the 4th of November 1867, on behalf of his new chapel in Sydney.

The amount already raised is far beyond the expectations of most of his friends, having collected £800.

Mr. McCure has various places yet to preach and lecture in during the month of September, but in order to raise the £200 to complete the £1000, which is the amount required, it is desirable that every exertion should be made. Several subscriptions of one guinea each have been promised; will the kind readers of this magazine aid by their donations without delay? If £100 could thus be raised it would only leave him £100 to collect, which we trust he will be able to accomplish by the services he now stands engaged for, but I fear that the sum of £200 cannot reasonably be expected to be raised by him alone in so short a time. I therefore earnestly appeal to you to enable him to complete his Gospel mission by the time named, it being very important that he should return as soon as possible to his church and family.

Surely there are fifty or one hundred persons who really love the Lord, and who sympathize with the cause of God, in Australia, who could without any difficulty remit a P. O. O. for one pound. Try. "Whatsoever thine hand find to do, do it with all thy might."

Post Office Orders, or stamps to Mr. McCure, 1, Buccleuch terrace, Cold Harbour lane, Camberwell; or to myself, will be thankfully received and duly acknowledged.

Yours truly,

EDWARD BUTT.

4, Denmark terrace, Cold Harbour lane, Camberwell.

N.B.—Notice of farewell meeting will be given in next month's magazine.

FUNERAL OF MR. ELIJAH PACKER.

[As it is proposed to publish a brief memorial of our much esteemed friend and brother, Elijah Packer, we only here take a few sentences from the *Southwark News*. The memorial will be printed in the EARTHEN VESSEL; and can be bound up with the present volume. It will be published at sixpence. Persons desirous of having it, should send their orders to Mr. Robert Banks, 30, Ludgate hill, at once, as only a limited number of copies will be printed.—Ed.]

THE funeral of the late Mr. Elijah Packer, whose death we recorded in our last, took place on Wednesday, 29th July, at Nunhead Cemetery. The deceased was well known in the south of London for his kindness to

those in affliction. He was for many years the leading man at Unicorn Yard Chapel, Tooley street, during the late D. Denham's ministry. The funeral was attended by a very large number of persons—friends and neighbours—while the neighbourhood in which the deceased had laboured and lived shewed the highest mark of respect, the shops being partially closed during the day, and the private houses drawing down their blinds. On the arrival of the funeral cortege at the cemetery, it was conducted to the chapel. Charles Waters Banks occupied the pulpit. The mourners and the company having been seated, with much emotion he read the second chapter of the second Book of Kings, "And it came to pass, when the Lord would take up Elijah into heaven by a whirlwind, that Elijah went with Elisha from Gilgal," &c. during the reading very suitable comments were made. C. W. Banks said, when the coffin was laid in the grave:

"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of his great goodness to take unto himself the soul of our dearly-beloved brother, we now commit his body to the ground in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life. And, surely, we have not cause to mourn as those that have no hope. All who knew our departed friend are persuaded by his walk and conversation that he was a man of God. The things of God were his meat and his drink. I can remember the last time I saw our dearly beloved brother—and it was on a similar occasion to this—when we came here six weeks ago to inter his own sister—Uretta—that he told me he had been thinking of what good Joseph Irons once said. Mr. Irons, when preaching, remarked that he had been to the city to have an interview, with a merchant. When he arrived, he was informed by the chief clerk that the master was not in, 'But his son is in, sir, will he not do?' Yes! And so said Mr. Irons, 'If we get access to the Son—we get access to the Father.' There was no theme like a precious Christ to our dear friend, Elijah Packer. He was looking for the Son—the Son of God. The battle is fought, the victory won, and here—as we commit our departed friend to the tomb, does it not cheer us to think that he is delivered from sorrow—and yonder, amid the souls of just men made perfect he now for ever dwells—

'O'er all those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.'

And could we wish our friends back? Nay! We here shed the tear of affection—but the knowledge that they are in heaven mitigates the grief. We have often gone to the house of God together. Our dear friend loved the house of God. But, earthly temples he has done with. He has winged away from them all, and

far away now he looks in the sunlight of everlasting bliss. Nearly the last words our Elijah uttered when he came to this judgment of death, were—

‘Rock of Ages,
Rock of Ages.’

This was his theme, and with these words scarcely gone from his lips, he passed from life to life. Do you ask what our friend was? I will tell you. He was a Barnabas—‘a son of consolation.’ Wherever and whenever a saint of God was afflicted, there was our friend. He went about like his great Master—doing good. I know of no man more entirely devoted to the Church of Christ, and especially the afflicted portion of that Church—than he whom we now lay to rest. He was a son of consolation and yet again there is a portraiture of him drawn by St. James—‘Pure religion, and undefiled before God, and the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.’ Without being the least fulsome, such was the character of the late Mr. Elijah Packer.

‘And such was he,
And he was yours,
And you were blest.’”

The address was concluded by speaking to the family, and the sons in particular.

The family grave of the deceased is nearly opposite the chapel. The coffin bore the following inscription:

ELIJAH PACKER,

IN HIS 68TH YEAR,

DIED JULY 24TH, 1868.

IRTHLINGBOROUGH—BAPTIST CHAPEL. On Thursday, July 9th, Mr. George Cook, the young pastor, of the above named church, who was ably assisted by his loving, thoughtful, zealous, and kind co-workers, the teachers of the school, conveyed the children, and many friends (numbering about 300) by train to Castle Ashby, where they were supplied during the day with suitable provisions; and after spending several hours in the beautiful and extensive castle grounds, (the seat of the Marquis of Northampton) all were to their homes brought safely, smiling, happy and satisfied. During Mr. Cook's ministry at Irthlingborough the school has been growing fast. In less than a year the enormous sum of £40 has passed through Mr. Cook's hands for the good of the school. Mr. C. Featherstonehaugh, the superintendent, and the rest of the teachers, are most assiduous in their endeavours to promote the good of the school. Mr. Cook, feeling that he cannot (through ill health) discharge the duties of the pastoral office with satisfaction to himself has sent in his resignation, which has been, by the church (though reluctantly) accepted. So kind has the church and congregation been to Mr. Cook that they have given him four

months' rest, hoping and praying that the Lord would restore him to his wonted health. They are still willing to wait, but Mr. C. being anxious not to try their patience has insisted upon resigning.

PLYMOUTH. — A correspondent says “The Lord was pleased to favour us at Howe street with his presence at a good time on July 30th. Seven of his children made an open profession of their faith in, and love to the Lord Jesus Christ, by being baptized in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, according to the New Testament authority and command. After a hymn for the occasion was sung, brother Ponsford, from London, read the chapter, and engaged in prayer brother Collins, the pastor of the church, then delivered an earnest address from Acts viii. 38. From this interesting case of the baptism of the Eunuch by Philip he proceeded to show (1) The respect in which believer's baptism is a figure of Christ's redeeming work. (2) To adduce proofs that believer's baptism is of divine appointment. The address was listened to by a large congregation with great attention; during the service a solemn and sweet feeling pervaded the meeting, tears flowed from many eyes, while there were those who inwardly exclaimed, “Of a truth the Lord is here.”

WORCESTER.—This city has a large number of Dissenters, as well as a fine cathedral, and several parish or district churches; but I could not find, when there, that the Strict Baptists have any zealous friends located there. THE EARTHEN VESSEL, and “The Gospel Standard,” are both known by some few; but no room, chapel, or church, of the friends of either is there to be found. A new Baptist chapel, with steeple, spire, &c., has been erected; and the minister well supported; he is considered a most excellent man; so is the rector of St. Nicholas; and some others in others in other connection; but, to be in a large city, and not to be able to find one sympathising friend makes one feel desolate and sad. An old divinity bookseller in Worcester told me that a wonderful change had come over the people during the last ten years. Any high-church production, any artificial, and modern works, they would read, or rather purchase, but sound divinity was looked upon with contempt. Sensational and superstitious papers and books, are the only things desired. This is a sign of the times. Bad as London may be, it is only there, and in its adjoining counties where the old-fashioned Gospel finds many friends, and even in those favoured districts, the living power, the Christ-exalting, and truth-andeasing power, is at low-water mark.

WOOLWICH. — Carmel chapel, under Mr. Maycock's pastorate, is reviving; bap-

tisms, and additions to the church and congregation are encouraging. While so many divide and depart, it is cheering to get a kind note, and a cheering word from any one. Mr. Maycock's health has not been very good, but we hope he is built for a long voyage yet.

PECKHAM RYE.—Mr. John Foreman was enabled to preach one more anniversary sermon in Mr. Moyle's chapel, on Wednesday, August 12th. His discourse was well received, his strength appeared better than could have been expected. Mr. Alderson, and Mr. Wale preached in the subsequent part of the day.

NOTTINGHAM.—It is now said that this large town is at length to be favoured by having a Strict Baptist church in its centre. Many good men have visited Nottingham in Lady Lucy Smith's time; but the Strict Baptists have had no permanent standing there. It is expected Mr. Silverton will be settled there; and be the instrument of raising a cause. If so, we wish him prosperity.

POPLAR.—The happy church originating in little Jireh, under the ministry of those good brethren, H. Stanley, and W. Tooke, has been driven out of its meeting-place by Puseyitish influence. But the same church has now removed to the Assembly Rooms, Kerby street, Poplar, near the watch-house, where larger numbers meet; and, under the spiritual and decided ministry of brother Charles Kemp, of Stratford, it is believed a permanent and prosperous cause of truth of truth, will be established. The Lord grant it, amen.

GORTON, NEAR MANCHESTER.—On Lord's-day, August 16th, two sermons were preached in the Baptist chapel, by Mr. William Stokes, of Manchester, on behalf of the chapel fund. A few earnest devoted people carry on this cause with faith and prayer. The present building is too small and inconvenient for the growing population around, and the friends are raising funds for a larger place, which will cost, it is expected, £1,000. Of this sum they purpose to have in hand £750 before they begin to build. This is wise, and will save them from many future sorrows. The above services were very encouraging.

HOMERTON.—The forty-eighth anniversary has been holden. Good sermons, good meetings, and interesting addresses, with steady success attending Mr. Palmer's ministry, gladden the hearts of all who are rejoicing in the truth.

GRAVESEND.—The anniversary of Zoar chapel, was held August 19th. Mr. Alderson preached in the morning; Mr. Wilkins in the afternoon; and Mr. Wale in the evening. All were heard well. Considering the recent loss of our pastor, we had a good day.

Notes of the Month.

MR. CHARLES DRAWBRIDGE continues too ill to preach. He is in a low state. We understand Mr. A. Baker, late of Tunstall, is invited to supply the Rushden pulpit for twelve months.

"HOPE."—The note of "Broken-heart" is sad, too dark to be of any benefit. Poor Thomas Smart's death just at the time his "club" died is woeful; and the tempestuous overthrow of the green bay-tree is bitter, and full of mystery. But, since the fall of our first parents, these things have continued to distress the church. True goodly fear, pure genuine faith, and a vital union to Christ, are the only things which can keep men in the narrow way. We have long seen that the churches of Christ are troubled with two great evils. First, they have little spiritual discernment; gifted appearances produce grievous disappointments. Secondly, where the river of truth flows freely there Satan dashes in to foul the stream. More an angel of light, than as a roaring lion, doth the enemy still pursue his course, "seeking whom he may devour." John x. 10 and 27 is as true as ever.

PLYMOUTH.—Mr. Editor, in your VESSEL of August a statement from Plymouth in reference to a baptizing service held at Howe street appears (the writer of which though anonymous seems to be connected with our church or congregation), the latter part of which statement refers to the condition of the church at Trinity, which (whether implied or not) carries with it far from a Christian spirit, I hope, sir, in future, those who are not ashamed of their communications, will not be afraid to affix their signature at the bottom. Praying we may be kept in the fear of the Lord, which is to depart from evil, is the desire of thine in the Lord, **JOSIAH WESTLAKE.**

25, Clarence street, Plymouth.

We have received a note from Mr. John Morris on Mr. Philpot. We equally regret the letter referred to, but we cannot this month insert Mr. Morris's note or explanation.

DEATHS.

July 25th, at 28, New street, Brompton, Eliza, the beloved wife of Edward Linforth, one of the deacons of Silver street chapel, Nottingham.

Died at Medina, Ohio, North America, early in May, Esther, the beloved wife of George F. Shaldrick, of that place. Her end was calm and peaceful.

BIRTH.

On Wednesday, August 19th, the wife of Mr. B. B. Wale, of Blackheath, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

Married at Cave Adullam Chapel, Stepney, by Mr. Thomas Stead, Mr. George Reynolds, to Mrs. Martin, August 18th, 1868.

The Churchyard at Abergele.

"In the midst of life we are in death!
The arrow flies—we lose our breath,
Unless with Christ are souls are one,
We shall for ever be undone,
When thus we are called away."

We cannot allow the great railway calamity of Abergele to pass away without some special notice. Such of our readers as seldom stir further from their home to chapel and back again, may think little of railway calamities, although they are in their frequent recurrence, and 'dreadful in their results.' We have travelled many thousands of miles in these steam-dragged bundle boxes; and although, hitherto, most wonderfully preserved, still we are never happy in these excursions, and if necessity was not laid upon us, we should thankfully prefer a quieter life; but "Aaron held his peace," and in silent sorrow we sometimes will try to say—

"Father! thy will be done,
Whatever that will may be."

It is not our intention to write any lengthened details of the frightful calamity to which we have already referred. Our desire is simply to give a few sentences from one or two sources, which may be interesting to our readers; and none of us can tell how soon we may be called to the same affliction, although our prayer to the Lord is to preserve us, and all his servants, who through the land are flying to publish the glad news of salvation by the grace of a Triune Jehovah—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

We know it is not in the power of man to prepare himself for the great change; still, there was a meaning and use, in the words of the great Master, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

Mr. Edward Nangle, the great Irish missionary, says, it seldom falls to our lot to chronicle such an awful catastrophe as has occurred close to the peaceful watering village of Abergele, North Wales. It was an accident unparalleled in the annals of railway calamities in the United Kingdom. The uncertainty of life has never received a more signal and solemn illustration than in this melancholy instance. Thursday, the 20th of August, was as lovely a day as it is possible to conceive. The bright sun shone above in the blue sky, the peaceful sea was spread out as a mirror, studded with the white sails of many a vessel all along the Welsh coast, and the Irish Limited Mail train was speeding along at the rate of forty miles an hour, bearing its light-hearted passengers onward. They were a distinguished company of titled nobility and gentry: some returning home to the bosom of their loved families, others going to visit the lovely lakes of Killarney—all filled with bright anticipations of future joy and happiness—when, suddenly in a moment, at a steep incline, and in rounding a sharpe curve, a collision took place, with some loose trucks on the line; the barrels of petroleum which they carried were instantly smashed, and the highly inflammable oil set on fire;

the volumes of dense black smoke and deadly gases filled the three foremost carriages, and immediately suffocated the ill-fated occupants. There was no cry nor shriek for assistance, no scream of frightened women and children, no struggles of able-bodied men. In an instant all the light-hearted conversation was hushed in the stillness and silence of death, and the devouring element, with its fiery tongues, proceeded rapidly with its work of consumption. As they sat in their carriages, the poor victims were stifled by the deadly vapour, and thus presented no resistance or attempt to escape from the flames which rapidly followed.

Their charred, and blackened, and mutilated remains presented a hideous spectacle of mangled and undistinguishable mortality. It was indescribably awful! No words can adequately paint the scene. To be realized it must have been witnessed.

This calamity is truly no ordinary one, whether we have regard to the magnitude of the disaster, the suddenness and completeness of the catastrophe, or the social position of many of the unhappy victims. Lord and Lady Farnham, Judge Berwick and his sister, Sir Nicholas and Lady Chinnery, and Captain Edwards were among those who perished. The Duchess of Abercorn and the Marquis of Hamilton were in the train, but being in a carriage farther from the engine, happily escaped without injury.

Few, if any, who witnessed the Churchyard of Abergyle on Tuesday, the 28th of August, at 10 o'clock, a.m., can ever forget the solemn scene, as *thirty-three black coffins* were carried one after the other, in solemn procession, and laid side-by-side in a common grave; numbered, not named, for the names of those whose remains were within could not be identified. The utmost efforts of medical skill or devoted affection were baffled here. In the one huge grave, therefore, all that remains of the noble and the commoner, the strong man and the gentle woman, the hoary head and the infant of days, peacefully sleeps together till the morning of the resurrection. No heart was unmoved, no eye was dry at the sad sight, as the crowd of mourners, led by the present Lord Farnham—better known as the Hon. Somerset Maxwell—crowded around that grave, and let fall the bitter tear for the dead.

Surely this solemn event is God's voice to the thoughtless and frivolous. In His hand our breath is, and his are all our ways. How seldom do we realize this in our going out and coming in! And yet, we know not what shall be on the morrow, for what is our life? It is even as a vapour which appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away. What a call is this to readiness and preparation for eternity! Only in Christ is there safety. And what an unspeakable comfort it is for the survivors of those who had sought the Lord to know that their dear ones were ready, and that to them sudden death was sudden glory. And we rejoice to know that such was the case with many of those who perished.

We can but pray that God may bless this solemn event to the awakening and salvation of souls, and that he would pour down his choicest consolations on the bereaved, and lead them for comfort to Him who can be touched—*can sympathize* (Greek)—with his people in their deepest trials. "In all their afflictions he was afflicted: and the angel of His presence saved them. In His love and in His pity He redeemed them, and he bare them and carried them all the days of old."

Huntington on Executorship.

THERE have been some warm debates lately among the wise and the learned, which is the greatest enthusiast, Mr. Brothers, for styling himself God Almighty's nephew, or William Huntington, for making Christ his executor; and many shillings have been expended to hear this great point discussed. Now that my reader may be at no more expense upon this most important matter, I will endeavour to show my opinion, and set him down contented at once with the truth of God on his side.

First, then, let it be observed that there are two distinct natures in Christ, divine and human; "I am the root and offspring of David," saith the Lord. Now the Godhead of Christ was the root that gave David his existence, his life, and being; as a man and as a saint; the humanity of Christ was David's offspring; for want of knowing this mystery the Jews could not answer the Saviour's question, "What think ye of Christ, whose son is he?" They answer, "The son of David;" He replies, "Why then doth David call him Lord, and if David in the spirit call him Lord, how is he his son?"

Thus as God he is David's root and David's Lord, but as man, or respecting his humanity, He is David's seed, David's son, or offspring, and thus He is Emmanuel, God with us, or God in human nature, by incarnation. Now as the Spirit makes a difference between the two natures of Christ in one person, calling the human nature man, the Son of man flesh, seed of David, child born, David's offspring, &c., in this sense, doubtless, Christ had many relations; and in covenant relationship, also, any one that hears his word, and keeps it, is, saith the Saviour, my mother, my sister, and my brother; yet as God Almighty, (which glorious name can be applicable to nothing but to the Godhead, and as God is one and there is no more) and as infinite divinity can have no brother, we may safely conclude that the Omnipotent Jehovah, or the Almighty God hath no nephews.

Now to the other momentous point in hand. Christ as man and mediator, is appointed heir of all things; and all power in heaven and earth is given unto Him, and it is clear that He is an executor in a twofold sense. 1st, a covenant of peace was between them both. This is called the will of God in Jesus Christ, concerning us; this covenant was to be confirmed and ratified by Sacrifice. "Sin-offering thou wouldest not, but a body hast thou prepared me; then said I, Lo, I come, to do Thy will, O God." And at the death of Christ the will of God was confirmed, and turned into a testament. "This is the cup of the New Testament in my blood," for where a testament is, there must also of necessity be the death of the testator, says Paul. Whatever God gave us, He gave it us in Christ Jesus, and when Christ died, He being the testator, after His death the Testament was of force; and when Christ rose from the dead, the executor of that Testament (He died for sin, but rose again for our justification (Rom. iv. 25,) to see the legacies distributed to all heirs of promise. And what are the legacies? why life, peace, the Holy Spirit, grace and glory, and these he gives, "I give my sheep eternal life," "My peace I give unto you," "I will send you a comforter,

that he may abide with you for ever." The Lord will give grace, and He will give glory, and thus He will fulfil, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom," &c. And thus the blessed executor sees all the heirs of promise in possession of the promised legacies and inheritance. But then it may be objected, this is God's good will in Christ to us. And now since the death of Christ, this covenant of grace is the New Testament in his blood, and hands, who will, as judge of quick and dead, open the book of life, and introduce every heir of promise to the happy enjoyment of God's blessing, and of God's kingdom in the great day. But what has this to do with man's will and testament? how can man appoint Christ to execute his will? I answer, who was Abraham's executor? he gave gifts to his sons by Keturah, and sent them away; but he left his blessing and all that he had to Isaac. This was Abraham's will and his gift, but who executed it? I answer the Saviour did, "Then Isaac sowed in that land, and received in the same year an hundredfold, and the Lord blessed him," the Lord was the whole and sole executor of Abraham's will. Isaac also makes his will in favour of Jacob, and appoints the Lord to execute it, "And he smelled the smell of his raiment, and blessed him, and said, God give thee of the dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine." And thus he says to Esau; "Behold, I have made him thy lord, and all his brethren have I given to him for servants, and with corn and wine have I sustained him." But who is to execute this, seeing that Jacob was driven from home with nothing but a staff? Why, we are informed that the Lord blessed him in Bethel, and sent him home no less than two lands. But who was this Lord? I answer, the Saviour Jesus Christ; and the faithfulness of his executor Jacob acknowledges on his death-bed; "And he blessed Joseph, and said, God, before whom my fathers Abraham and Isaac did walk, the God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads, and let my name be named on them, and the names of my fathers, Abraham and Isaac." Jacob blesses his twelve sons, tells them what shall befall them all in the latter days, he promises the sceptre to Judah, and gives Joseph a portion of land above all his brethren, which he was not to inherit till four hundred and fifty years after, and leaves no executor to his will but the Lord, who is ever faithful to them that trust in him, so that I have been the only enthusiast in this business of executorship; all the antediluvian saints and patriarchs have set me the example. It is true, the fool in the parable did not act this enthusiastical part; he had goods laid up for many years, and intended to take his ease, to eat, drink, and be merry. At the end of the term of many years, no doubt, he intended to make his will, but that night his soul was required; and though the Lord was not consulted about the lease of his life, not intrusted with his personal effects, yet he interferes in the business and therefore asks "Whose shall these things be which thou hast provided?" No doubt, but he intended them for his heir-at-law; but we are told, that the wealth of the sinner is laid up for the just, not by the donation of the sinner, for sinners love sinners; not saints, for they are hated of all men; but this comes about by the sovereign disposal of Jehovah, who was so offended with Nabal for denying David a morsel of bread that he killed him, and gave David

his house, his wife, and all that he had, and he destroyed the house of Saul, and he gave him that also, so that the Lord will be an executor whether we appoint Him to that office or not. To be short, what is an executor? Why, a person or persons that a testator appoints as guardian or guardians over his wife and family, and whom he intrusts with his effects to see his will executed, and the heirs-at-law, or legatees by will properly righted. Well, and will the Lord undertake this office, if He be in faith intrusted with it? Yes, he will, for so He hath declared, and so He hath commanded and promised to be faithful to the charge, "Leave thy fatherless children I will preserve them alive and let thy widows trust in me." And He doth execute this office of an executor with faithfulness truth and mercy, and never failed in it, and so it is written, "A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widow is God in his holy habitation." The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for the oppressed, which giveth food for the hungry, the Lord looseth the prisoners." The Lord did all this for the poor widow, who came to the prophet Elisha, her husband being dead; but he had in his life feared the Lord, and being over head and ears in debt, we may readily suppose that he made no will, and if he did, no earthly executor would have administered, where there is no property to leave, nor anything left to pay the guardian for his trouble. But this poor woman pleads her husband's faith with the Lord's prophet, and the Lord undertakes the office of an executor, he works a miracle, blesses and increases the pot of oil, pays the creditor his demand, preserves the widow and the fatherless from bond slavery, and tells her and her sons to live upon what he hath provided, and she need not fear coming to want, "For the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof."

And now having set aside as I think Mr. Brother's relationship to God Almighty, and proved that Omnipotence hath no nephew, I would now ask who acts the most agreeably to the Christian character and who are the greatest enthusiasts? Those that make the Lord their trust, or those that prostitute sacred things to vile purposes. I do not believe I shall ever repent of making choice of so faithful and affectionate an executor, and should I be compelled to choose an earthly executor in compliance with national law, my faith and will would still be, that he might act only under the first executor, yea, I would put him in among my effects, and leave him as well as the rest with the first guardian, for good men are not their own, they are brought with a price, and bad men are not their own, "The deceiver and the deceived are the Lord's."

W. H.

A SERMON on the travail of a redeemed soul here, and the state of the soul after it has left the body, was delivered at Bethel chapel, Old Ford, September 20th, 1868, by C. W. Banks, when reference was made to the deaths of the brethren John Foulser and Elijah Packer, both of whom had stood as members and deacons of the churches over whom the preacher had been pastor. Reference was also specially made to the sisters, Mrs. Moss, of Peckham, Mrs. Cox, of Bermondsey, Mrs. Yarrow, of Bethnal Green, and Mrs. Protheroe, of Victoria Park. We regret the omission of the memoir of the late Mr. John Foulser, this month; it was prepared and in the printer's hands, but previous engagements have delayed its insertion until November. The review of the life and death of the late beloved Elijah Packer is also in the press.

"God Manifest in the Flesh."

AMONG the several mysteries that are opened by God the Holy Ghost, and made known to saving, precious faith, the great incarnate mystery is one of the most sublime and precious. The constitution of the wonderful person of our adorable Christ; his complex character as mediator and Saviour, God and man in one glorious person, two distinct natures divine and human, yet one for ever and eternally one great and glorious person. This is a mystery hid from the worldly wise, concealed from the mere professor and revealed only to the faith of God's elect, His name shall be called Emmanuel, God with us. O precious mystery! How faith delights as drawn out into living exercise by the Holy Ghost, to soar into, to meditate, and feed upon this reality, this substantiality, for so it is to faith, not a matter to be argued and contended about so much as to be received and enjoyed, "My flesh is meat *indeed*, and my blood is drink *indeed*," says our dear Redeemer. This fact faith knows and realizes, though it is impossible ever to explain or fully know the properties of the meat and drink she partakes of; but there is divinity and humanity in it, and that in all their blended perfection, "My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely," the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and the word was God, God with us, not against us. God in our nature possessing essentially and eternally all the attributes and perfections of deity, and at the same time bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, Jehovah's equal and fellow, and our fellow; inhabiting eternity, yet bounded by time, filling all space, yet contracted to a span; the ancient of days, and the infant of days; sitting unmoved on the highest throne in glory, as the maker, governor, and sustainer of all things and at the same time sitting on Mary's knee upheld by her, whom he upheld, suckled by a creature, and at the same moment giving sustenance to all things in heaven and earth. The creator yet a creature, the only great independent, yet the most dependent being that ever existed, the maker of the world, and yet without a place to lay his blessed head; ministering to millions, yet ministered to by a few poor women; the source of all riches, yet poverty itself; adored in heaven, and at the same moment blasphemed on earth; worshipped by veiled angels and holy happy perfected spirits, and spit upon at the same time by filthy sinners; praised by all the heavenly host, and at the same moment roared upon by all the infernal host of hell. The only wise God, the source and spring of all wisdom, yet growing in wisdom: He that can never sleep nor slumber, yet asleep; He that can never be weary, yet sitting wearied with His journey on Samaria's well; He who hung the earth upon nothing, prostrate upon the earth He made; leading the host of morning stars, yet being led Himself to slaughter; giving to all life, yet resigning life; spotless, yet made sin; God over all for ever blessed, yet made a curse. Here, ye blessed partakers of like precious faith, is a mystery, unfathomable, yet delightful; ever unfolding, yet unfolded; the wisdom of God in a mystery, the hidden wisdom, hid in God, and

yet revealed in faith. O precious mystery, how sweet with a melted heart to sing while gazing on this delightful object with Watts,—

“ While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast ;
I love the incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.”

But this mystery cannot be loved unless known, therefore “ unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven.” If these secrets have been disclosed to our hearts and hid from others, instead of finding fault with those to whom the Gospel is hid, is it not better to live in the admiration of that distinguishing grace that has made us to differ ? While many are contending about Christ be it ours to feed upon Christ. Here is sea room for faith’s mightiest stretch, here all the grace sanctified and elevated faculties of the redeemed soul find precious food for contemplation. All the graces of the Spirit cluster around, and have much to do with this blessed mystery, faith apprehends it, hope anchors in it, love is inflamed by it, patience is strengthened, meekness is produced, humility increased by it. Here in this mystery the whole of God appears, His name is written out in full, all His attributes and perfections are harmonized, God and man is brought together, is as one. In this sacred mystery we have the bread of heaven brought down to earth ; the wine that cheers both God and man ; our precious Christ is God to satisfy God, man to reach poor fellow man ; He is the glorious day’s-man, that can lay his hand on both parties, His glorious person fills up all the space, He can lay at once His hand on Jehovah’s high throne, and reach His fallen bride at the very gates of hell, and by this precious mysterious union they are eternally one, experimentally one, He can satisfy and has satisfied all Jehovah’s righteous claims, and all the poor sinners necessities ; His precious blood, impregnated with all the glories of Deity, flows up to God’s high throne, to satisfy His justice, and down to the gates of hell, to waft His church to heaven ; by His precious blood the church is washed clean, and her sin annihilated, the sinner eternally embraced, and his sin for ever put away ; heaven opened, and hell for ever closed, sin condemned, and the sinner justified ; hell defeated and God glorified. Are not these pleasing themes to dwell upon, delightful subjects to contemplate, and is it not to be feared that thousands of the present day professors of religion are out of the secret ? Yet how solemn and plain the language of our Lord himself, “ Except ye eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of Man, ye have no life in you.” Faith as really eats and masticates this substance as the natural mouth receives natural food and lives and thrives thereby. This is an hard saying to all the nominal followers of Christ, who follow Him from a variety of different and fleshly motives, but to those who have fled for refuge to Him as their only hope ; those who have embraced this rock for want of a shelter, they delight in this sacred mystery, they lie down in this green and fat pasture, their souls are satiated with it, it is marrow and fatness to them, it is faith’s most precious cordial, it is hope’s only anchorage ground, it is love’s element, all the love of God centres in it, all the greatness of God appears in it, all the wisdom of God is unfolded in it and all the power of God is displayed in it. The complex person of Christ is the wonder of heaven, the concentration of all the believer’s

hopes on earth, and the confusion and dismay of hell beneath, it is the wonder of wonders, the mystery of mysteries, the beauty of beauties, the refulgence of all the glory of God,

"He is the Father's chief delight,
His beauties angels view,
He is all fair in Zion's sight,
And my beloved too."

GEORGE BURRELL.

Peter's Pentecostal Sermon.

BY MR. GEO. PUNG, BAPTIST MINISTER COTTENHAM.

"Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do?"

"Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."—Acts ii. 37, 38.

PETER describes the character of Christ; 1. He was approved of God; 2. God attested His approbation of Christ, by the miracles he wrought among the Jews, 3. Peter opens up the prophecies concerning Christ, v. 25, and so shews the Jews that although they professed to believe in the prophets, and have great reverence with respect to them; yet they paid no attention withal to him of whom the prophets spoke, such conduct was a flat and palpable denial of their cherished theory. 4. Peter was a personal preacher; for he charges home to the consciences of the Jews, the murder of Jesus. 5. Peter proves by Scripture the resurrection of Christ, a doctrine which some of the Jews abhorred. 6. Peter was equally powerful to prove what some of the sceptical Jews were slow to admit; namely, the life or ascension of the Saviour, v. 33, then in progress. Peter comes on to the words which we have selected as a text which words powerfully prove that notwithstanding the obduracy of Jewish heart, yet the Holy Spirit made Peter a very successful preacher; for, as the result of that sermon there was added to the church three thousand souls. This will lead us to notice—

I. The proclamation of the Word of God, and its blessed effects. 1. The whole chapter teaches us the necessity of a faithful, clear, and lucid declaration of God's word. 2. We learn from the text the advantage of an attentive audience, "When they heard of this," that is what the apostle had said unto them. 3. You have the effects of the Spirit's application of the Gospel "they were pricked in their hearts," a wound in the heart always proves mortal, they were mortally wounded by the law, that they might be quickened by the Gospel. 4. The address, "Men and brethren," not Scribes and Pharisees, they no longer appealed to the law, either moral or ceremonial, they now became strict dissenters, and at once recognized the ascendancy of the Christian dispensation. 5. The enquiry, "What shall we do?" Man by nature tenaciously adheres to the covenant of works, God's ministers should therefore under this consideration be wise counsellors and skilful physicians.

II. The Apostle's direction. 1. They are directed to repentance. Now is there any thing that countenances the doctrine of free will here?

O no! for they were already alive spiritually, and therefore under the agency of the Holy Ghost, at which time only a man really enjoys the sensation of a freed will. 2. Peter further directs them to submit to the government of Christ, "be baptized," which goes to prove that after the command is given, and a man is the subject of eternal life, then the present is the right time to submit to the institutions of the church of Christ. 3. The direction was to be obeyed without an exception. "Every one of you," that is every one of you who are "pricked in your hearts." The apostle did not leave it optional with them to be what they pleased. No! they were to become Baptists. 4. The art of obedience was to be in compliance with the command of Christ, "in the name of Jesus Christ," or by His authority. 5. Baptism, an outward symbol of an inward possession, "for the remission of sins." 6. Conformity to these directions is attended with a divine promise "and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

The gift of the Holy Ghost is 1, to bear testimony, "This is my beloved Son," &c., 2, as a pledge or seal; 3, as an escort, as a sanctifier.

The Preacher and his Preaching.

A BRIEF REVIEW OF

THE LIFE, FAITH, & MINISTRY OF THE LATE RECTOR
OF OPENSHAW,

WILLIAM PARKS, B.A.

SECOND NOTICE.

HAVING travelled many hundreds of miles lately, we have carried this volume * with us, and have never hesitated to recommend it, wherever opportunity has occurred. It is not so much like a bunch of grapes from Eshcol, as it is like a little garden of nuts. Sound Divinity; sacred truth; genuine unfolding of the mysteries of godliness; "things hard to be understood," even by the babes in grace; and by the young men in Israel, are here plainly and faithfully ventilated, and sometimes demonstrated beyond all doubt.

Neither wire-drawing nor wild enthusiasm will, in these pages, be found. In the accomplishment of that triple definition of the Gospel—"The Truth, the WHOLE TRUTH, and NOTHING BUT TRUTH"—the Preacher of these discourses certainly excelled. For years to come, this book will be read in the study of the Minister—in the chamber of the invalid—in the parlour of the intelligent Christian—and in the cottage of the privileged peasant, with no small degree of spiritual advantage.

Well do we remember, the late venerable John Waterman, the great hop-grower in Kent, who was the Lord's instrument in building

* *Notes of Sermons, hitherto Unpublished*—By the late Rev. Wm. Parks, B.A. Rector of Openshaw, near Manchester; with a brief Memoir of the Author and Preface, by David A. Doudney, D.D., incumbent of St. Luke's, Westminster, Editor of the "Gospel Magazine," &c. London: W. H. Collingridge, Aldersgate Street.

that commodious sanctuary which stands on Matfield Green. Being engaged by the pastor (Mr. Powell,) to preach the Gospel there one evening, we were requested, first, to go and see the honored veteran referred to. Being seated in a private room with Mr. Waterman, he said, "I built that Chapel. Since I built it, many hypocrites have gone into that pulpit. No more shall go in if I can help it. Before you go to preach this evening, will you tell me, HOW GOD MADE YOU A CHRISTIAN, and HOW HE CALLED YOU TO PREACH THE GOSPEL?" Astonishment, mingled with satisfaction, seized our breast. We were comparatively young. We sat before a father in Israel, with his black cap on his white and honored head. He either knew nothing of us, or he was determined to receive from us our credentials for the ministry. And truly thankful have we many times felt for the earnest and honest appeal which that dear saint then made to our conscience: for, WHEN favoured with the light and freedom of the Holy Spirit, and, WHEN opportunity offers, there is nothing more confirming and comforting to our soul, than minutely to testify of the special call by grace with which our Christian career commenced, and of the method and means whereby we were THRUST OUT INTO THE MINISTRY, for we were compelled to go at the first; and although the darkest and deepest sorrows have attended our path, compelled we have been up to the present moment. We complied with the request of Mr. Waterman, and beginning with the earliest convictions, long dark struggles, the revelations of the Lord, the application of certain special portions of the word, and all the subsequent workings of grace, providence, and of trials by the way, we related the whole. We can see the old gentleman now, in our mind's eye, rising from his seat, wiping away tears from his eyes, putting his hand into his pocket, and, coming towards us, he said, "That will do; you may go and preach; but—(putting a sovereign into our hand, he said) now you must hear how the Lord God dealt with me in bringing my soul unto himself." And that savoury and solemn account he then gave us has never been forgotten. We desire to rejoice in the fact, that so clearly was the Saviour's call, and so special and significant his commission to go and preach His Gospel, that we know not how to doubt it, and whenever we are favoured to relate the circumstances and the power attending them, in connection with our being brought to know the Lord, we always realize a fresh confirmation of our interest in that great mercy which is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him.

All this is in harmony with the volume before us. Mr. Parks's conversion to God, his experience of the work of grace, his saving knowledge of the Truth as it is in Jesus, and his exercise of mind, his conflicts and trials in connection with the ministry, and with his standing as a Christian—all are beautifully traced out, and in almost every saved shaped soul, a Scripture echo will be found as he reads this valuable compilation of doctrine, experience, precept, and practice, in the kingdom of grace.

After a descriptive introduction, Mr. Doudney gives the following descriptive memoir of his friend, the rector of Openshaw:—

We are indebted to the bereaved and sorrowing widow for the annexed particulars of the early days and after-career of our departed friend.

The author of the accompanying "Notes of Sermons," the Rev. William Parks, was born in Dublin, October 20, 1809.

He was the son of Mr. William Parks of that city, and was the sixth of eleven children.

His parents left Dublin when he was young, and went to reside on the Continent; living first at Boulogne and afterwards at Brussels, where they both died, and are interred in the Protestant cemetery there.

His early years were spent in frivolity and gaiety, living entirely to the world, without God and without hope—sometimes in his native city, and other parts of Ireland, sometimes in London, and much on the Continent.

It was the intention of his parents from early life that he should be educated for the Church, which was selected, as in the case of too many others, alas! merely as a profession; *he* never having experienced and knowing nothing at that time of the necessity of a call from God to the work of the ministry. Had he followed the bent of his own inclination he would have chosen the army in preference to all other pursuits, but *that* desire was overruled by a sovereign God. He designed him, unknown to himself, for a soldier of the cross, to fight under Christ's banner.

He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1828, and took his B.A. degree in 1832. He was ordained to the curacy of Rainow Church, near Macclesfield, in February, 1840. The incumbent of Rainow resigning, the living was given to him, in March, 1841, which he held until his appointment to St. Barnabas', Openshaw, in October, 1843, which living he held until his death.

His call and change of heart were only discoverable (and that subsequent to his college career) by the marvellous change in his desires and pursuits; those things which before had been his delight were now his abhorrence—those things which, like Paul, had been "gain to him," he now "counted refuse," that he might win Christ.

He was not the subject of that agonizing soul-distress which many of the children of God pass through in the new birth; but, like as God mercifully dealt with him in his last long sickness, taking the fleshly tabernacle down so gently, sparing him the excruciating pain which his distressing malady might have led his friends to fear he would have to undergo, so gently did He convince him of his lost estate, and manifest Himself to him, when He called him "to leave all and follow Him."

He could truly say the glorious Gospel, which he was the honored instrument of proclaiming, was not "after man;" he neither received it nor was he taught it of man, never having had the advantage of hearing the doctrines of sovereign grace preached, until (as he often remarked) he heard the echo of his own voice.

His preaching was much blessed to the wakening and building up of many souls, both in his own congregation and at other places where he occasionally proclaimed the word of life. Many of his hearers came a long distance in order that they might enjoy the privilege of attending his ministry. His great and earnest desire was to arrive at the mind of the Spirit in his opening up of the sacred Scriptures, and his great concern was rightly to divide the word of truth. In preparing for the

public services of the sanctuary, and other labours in his Master's cause, he spent much time in his study, both in meditation and prayer, the value of which was very evident in his pulpit labours.

As a writer, he was much appreciated; his tracts, of which he wrote many, had a wide-spread circulation. He also wrote a treatise upon the five cardinal points of the doctrines of sovereign grace, and other works, which will be valued as long as sound literature exists. The liveliness of his disposition rendered him a most agreeable companion. He had a great flow of animal spirits, and a great amount of natural wit, which in his latter years was a source of much sorrow to him; often leading him into folly, and causing him to exclaim in bitterness, "God forgive me!"

About seven months before his death he was struck down by sickness, in, what appeared to mortal eyes, the midst of his days of strength and usefulness. In the early part of his illness he was very desirous to be restored, to be enabled again to preach "the unsearchable riches of Christ;" but he soon began to discover that his "sickness was unto death," that his work was done, and his Father had no longer need of his services. It was, however, his earnest wish that he might be permitted once more to occupy his pulpit, if, as he said, he had to be carried into it. The energies of his mind and the strength of his voice were so unimpaired by his long sickness, that had not the extreme weakness of his body prevented this, his almost dying wish being complied with, he would no doubt, with the Spirit's help, have been enabled to address his dear people with almost his accustomed vigour, and have taken a personal though painful farewell of those over whom he had been for so long the under-shepherd.

The lovers of truth amongst his congregation deeply deplore their loss, to many of whom he was the spiritual father.

LETTER FROM MR. FANCOURT TO MR. STRINGER.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am in the receipt of your favour of the 20th inst., and have read your letter with much interest. I rejoice to hear that yourself, wife, and family, are in the enjoyment of that rich blessing health. That you are happy and prosperous in the work of the Lord; that peace and harmony prevails, and the Lord Jesus is exalted in the midst of the people.

As you are aware, I have a very great antipathy to Popery! The very mention of Romanism fans my dormant passions generally with a burning heat, and I cannot ruminate upon the treachery, cruelty, and baseness of the system, which is diabolical, without feelings of disgust. I can truly say, that I harbour no ill-feeling towards the poor dupes who are enslaved and led captive by the crafty ploddings and lying pretensions of the priests, after the fashion of those people who in Scripture language, "are led captive by the devil, at his will." I sincerely pity all such, and would rescue them if within my power, and show unto them a more excellent way. History proves that wherever Popery stamps its cloven foot, the very soil becomes contaminated for evil; a baneful influence is spread over city, town, and village; the

inhabitants become degraded, plunged in ignorance, minds subverted and brutalized, and hence rendered capable of any offence however criminal. Recent events prove this.

I have been reading a work, entitled, "A Popular History of Priestcraft in all Ages and Nations," by William Howitt. Here I find that the Jesuits were mostly at the head and front of the inquisitions, cruel and blood-thirsty, ever and anon plotting treason against the various governments of the earth: several kings were dethroned by their craft and hellish spite, and others assassinated. The work to which I have referred states a list of all the victims who have perished by Papal cruelty would amount to some millions.

On one occasion, even in England, in the reign of Queen Mary, (that monster of iniquity) 270 persons were brought to the stake; amongst those were five bishops, twenty-one clergymen, eight lay gentlemen, eighty-four tradesmen, one hundred husbandmen, servants, and labourers, fifty-five women, and four children. Here is a specimen of the tender mercies of the wicked Romish priests and others, and a slight glance of Popery, when possessing political power.

Is there any one feature in the attitude of Popery in the present day to recommend it to the fond embrace of any of my Protestant fellow-countrymen and sisters in the true faith of the Gospel of Christ? I trow not. Popery ever was of a persecuting spirit, intolerant, grasping, overbearing, and like the horse leech, never satisfied, but always give, give, nor ever will be, until it casts its baneful influence over, and brings into galling subjection all the kingdoms of the world. Have we not by far too many Jesuits in this our Protestant country, in the Church, and in the state?

The Jesuits, those crafty, cunning knaves, are busily engaged in disseminating their pernicious doctrines, that is to say, the doctrine of devils, throughout the land, preparing the way, and awaiting the events of time, by the establishment of cathedrals, churches, chapels, convents, nunneries, schools, sisterhoods, and I know not what besides, with an array of archbishops, bishops, cardinals, priests, &c., a rare catalogue of the devil's knaves, and cunning, crafty men and women. Thus a complete net work of Romish intrigue and rapacity is broadcast over this our beloved Protestant country. We are not, however, ignorant of Satan's devices, of the cunning craftiness of those who lie in wait to deceive. Might not all this be aptly compared to one of the plagues of Egypt? "A cloud of locusts covering the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened," Exodus x. It is therefore quite evident, "that the mystery of iniquity doth already work; even him, whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power, and signs, and lying wonders, but whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming."

Doubtless, when certain arranged plans are matured, an attack will be made by the Romish party, and a desperate strife for the mastery will ensue, and more than likely, in the event of a revolution in Rome, an attempt would be made to introduce His Holiness the old Pope into this country. What a rich idea! to see His Holiness seated upon our dear Queen's throne of state, with Peter's keys at his girdle, and Her Majesty's royal crown upon his pate!

Protestant Englishmen, both Churchmen and Dissenters, must bestir themselves to keep down this monster of iniquity, and devise means to banish all Jesuits and foreign Romanists, male and female, out of the country, (they have no right here) before it be too late.

Rome shall perish, write that word,
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless, and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

I have written you rather a long letter upon Popery, with which you may possibly be amused. It remains for you and other ministers on the part of the Baptist denomination to sound the war cry, no compromise with Rome, and also endeavour to urge the dire necessity of the case, and immediate action, upon the attention and co-operation of the great body of Protestant dissenters. I consider that friend Banks might do much good, in bringing the subject of Romish aggression before the public in the pages of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

My captain sounds the alarm of war,
Awake! the powers of hell are near;
To arms, to arms! I hear him cry;
'Tis yours to conquer, or to die.
Roused by the animating sound,
I cast my eager eyes around;
Make haste to gird my armour on,
And bid each trembling fear be gone.
Hope is my helmet, Christ my shield;
Thy word my God, the sword I wield,
With sacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inspires my heart,
Thus arm'd I venture on the fight,
Resolved to put my foes to flight,
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conquering banner o'er my head.

Now with kind and Christian regards, in which my daughter unites, to your good wife and family, I remain as ever, yours truly, in the bonds of the Gospel,

R. M. FANCOURT.

Sects and Heresies of the Christian Church.

NO. 4.—SEMI-PELAGIANISM.

BY WILLIAM STOKES, OF MANCHESTER.

Author of "The History of Baptists," "Imputed Righteousness," &c.

(Continued from page 284.)

"AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."

TRUTH is the life and happiness of the universe. To abandon or neglect this precious principle, is to become the slave of all that is false, corrupt, and destructive; and to wander along the way that leads to the bottomless abyss of death. To find out truth, to "seek her as silver, and search for her as for hid treasures," is, consequently, the chief business of life; the one primary end of reading, study, and fervent prayer. Compared with this, the possession of wealth, the pride of the noble, and the honours of royalty, are but an idle dream, or as the chaff "which the wind driveth away."

But divine truth, or the truth of God, constitutes the true glory of man, without which all the other forms of truth are trivial and useless; and wherever this is unknown there "darkness covers the earth, and

gross darkness the minds of the people." Without this, creation is a blank, knowledge a delusion, and life itself a curse. And this truth centres exclusively in CHRIST, who standing at the head of all the dispensations of God, is most emphatically, "the way, THE TRUTH, and the life." Hence, all holy Scripture is intended to reveal him, to illustrate his character and government, and to exhibit to the believing mind "THE TRUTH as it is in Jesus." The Bible can have no other mission, scope, or purpose; but in fulfilling this high and noble mission, "the testimony of Jesus" becomes of necessity, the very "spirit of prophecy."

As an immediate consequence of this "the testimony of Jesus" is the infallible judge of all tenets, doctrines, creeds, and sects; and they stand or fall just as they agree or disagree with this all-perfect criterion. The Sabellian, the Arian, the Pelagian, and the compromising semi-Pelagian, with all their heresies, and pride, must alike bow to "the law and the testimony." No favour must be shown them, no partiality, and no reserve. This has been the spirit of these papers, and will be their guiding rule in exposing *the Sects and Heresies of the Christian Church*.

Cassian, an oriental, who belonged to a monastery at Marseilles, was was the founder of the Semi-Pelagians. He laboured chiefly in the south of France, about A.D. 428, and afterwards, he taught his doctrines with very considerable success. His system was a compromise between the low sentiments of Pelagius on the one side, and the higher ones of Augustine on the other. It was a "go-between," a compound, that assumed to prove that salvation was partly of man and partly of God, but that it was not the work exclusively of one or the other, since each helped the other to do what neither of them could do alone. He differed from Pelagius in admitting the total depravity of man, and he equally differed from Augustine by denying the scriptural doctrine of free and sovereign grace. He aimed in this compromising way to unite free-will and free-grace in the work of human redemption; but the mixture only served to show how ridiculous a man becomes when he volunteers a service to which human powers are evidently unequal. Compromises in divinity can never succeed. Baxterianism in a past age, and "Hintonianism" in the present one, have miserably failed, yet these are about the best modern successors of the ancient Semi-Pelagianism of Cassian. The truth is, there can be no midway station between free-grace and free-will; it must be "yea" or "nay;" and any attempt to unite principles so directly the reverse of each other, can but prove the absurdity and utter folly of pretending to explain what God has not taught. Man's true place is *submission*; but when he assumes to measure the government of the free-grace of God by his own narrow logic, he but proclaims himself to be, in apostolic language, "a fool." 1 Cor. iii. 18.

In supporting his feeble system, Cassian propounded the following as its more prominent doctrines:—

1st. That God did not dispense His grace to one more than another in consequence of an absolute decree, but was willing to save all men, if they complied with the terms of His Gospel.—2nd. That Christ died for all men. 3rd. That the grace purchased by Christ, and necessary to salvation, was offered to all men.—4th. That man, before he received grace, was capable of faith and holy desires.—5th. That man born free, was consequently capable of resisting the influences of grace, or of complying with its suggestions.

This singular creed cannot be allowed to pass without one or two direct strictures. First, that having avowed his belief in the total depravity of our race, Cassian contradicted himself in the fourth of the above points by asserting that man, *before he received grace*, was capable of gracious acts. According to his own showing the state "before he received grace," was one of utter depravity; but how could such a poisoned soil produce spontaneously the plants of heavenly grace? "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" Or, "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Yet, according to this semi-Pelagian, all this must follow even *before* depraved man has received grace; and without aid from above he is found "capable of faith and holy desires!" Language can scarcely be too strong in condemnation of a system so utterly absurd! Second. That in the exact proportion that the above creed awards power to man, it equally deprives divine grace of all that is *special* in the great work of salvation. In the same degree that it honours man, it dishonours God. For in this scheme, there can be no settled purpose or design, and almighty grace is reduced to a mere contingency that may be frustrated, foiled, and defeated, it is not allowed to have a *definite object*, or anything approaching to a positive result, such as would become the blessed God in every undertaking to which He applies His power. Of this He is deprived by the semi-Pelagian spoiler, and His most precious work in the redemption of His church, for which He formed the eternal council, and gave His only begotten Son is thus degraded to a miserable uncertainty, that may possibly issue in permitting Satan himself to gloat over the spoils of a defeated salvation! But shall this ever be, shall the word of the Lord ever *return to Him void*, and proclaim to an alarmed universe that it has failed to *prosper in the thing whereto he sent it*? All that is sacred, true, and faithful in the Gospel of our God, combine to say, no! never! The decree of the great Redeemer has already gone forth, "*Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away!*"

This vagrant system was condemned by a Synod held at Orange, in A.D. 520, and afterwards by another held at Rome. It wandered about Europe for a considerable period, but failed to secure any general support; and it finally withdrew into obscure corners where ignorance of more scriptural principles afforded it a secret shelter. In some such retreats it may yet be discovered, but its practical extinction proves decisively that it is wholly futile to attempt a compromise between free-will and free-grace. All such compounds are vain, and only show how much poor, feeble man is given to "meddling" in things above his reach. Far better and safer would it be to him and to the church, were he to admit that the all-wise, all-merciful God has a sacred claim to "a remnant, according to the election of grace." Far more to his honour would it be to believe that men are elected "according to the fore-knowledge of God the Father," and by His special grace "given unto us in Christ Jesus before the world began," than foolishly to contend that *men elect themselves*! Of all the empty schemes of man's devising, this semi-Pelagianism supplies the most sorrowful proof, that, "*vain man would be wise, though man be born like a wild ass's colt.*"

(No 5, on Episcopacy) in our next.

Our Churches, Our Pastors, and Our People.

NOTTINGHAM AND MR. E. J. SILVERTON.

Your short notice of us in the "Earthen Vessel," for September, seems to call for more minute details. In giving these, for the sake of brevity, it may be needful to use the terms Baptist, Huntingtonian, Independent, &c. You allude to the ministerial supplies chiefly of the "Standard" type long connected, with the late esteemed lady, Lucy Smith, who for a series of years have preached to us the word of life under her patronage and Huntingtonian arrangements. The subject of believers' baptism, dear to these ministers at home, was always known to be unpalatable in their ministry here, and we rarely heard it touched upon in the pulpit. Comments have been frequently made, and causes assigned by the Baptist portion of hearers, and on the part of the opponents of Christ's ordinance, there has before now been unmistakable signs of displeasure towards some who have ventured on the tender ground. The ministers themselves have been fully employed by their patrons while here, which may partly account for the lack of any attempt on their part to fraternize with the baptized, or to attempt at gathering a Baptist church in Nottingham. Since the present movement has commenced, we have heard (even here) one speaking in such a way in reference to the precepts as we fear would be termed "legal," nevertheless needed earlier as now, and doubtless apostolical, though not quite Huntingtonian. We know not that the above arrangements under patronage have resulted in much, certainly not in the present movement. There is in Nottingham an Independent church of the old doctrinal type, which contained several baptized members, these in consequence were somewhat inferior in position to their Independent brethren. Here, too, the late pastor took his own pen, and other writers' matter, and rushed into print to his own detriment and no one else's profit, against baptism by immersion, this production died soon after birth, and will never rise again. The church became again low, and finally its champion fled. Since the church has been without a pastor, lacking acceptable Independent supplies, it has had recourse to the Baptists, several of whose ministers have supplied the pulpit. Amongst these, Mr. E. J. Silvertton, one

Lord's-day in the spring. His preaching proved eminently acceptable to all the brethren, and they were warmly drawn towards his ministry; a second visit was urged and arranged for two Lord's-days in June, and many expressions of attachment were manifested. Meantime a rather talented and doctrinal young student from the Independent College supplied the pulpit, and negotiations were commenced resulting in an invitation to him and his acceptance of the pastorate. Mr. Silvertton's second visit was more warmly appreciated than before, and so soon as it became known that he was likely to leave Trinity chapel, London, several became anxious to secure his services and co-operation in an attempt to form a long needed Baptist interest here, and especially as the trust deeds of the Independent chapel predestinated that no Baptist should become pastor at Sion. These Baptists and others clung to him, and the prospect of success only urged them the more, and considering the contracting tendency of patronage, funds for a commencement were forthcoming beyond expectation spontaneously. The large chapel in Park row being unoccupied, it was forthwith engaged, and the rent paid for three months as a trial. This done, after much prayer, and as it now seems in answer to many former prayers, the work was commenced, and Mr. Silvertton threw himself into it, and upon the Lord for support. For the time the congregations have been numerous, and the means beyond what were expected. The liberality of friends at once surprised and encouraged us to proceed. Various circumstances have arisen and continue to arise to further the cause; of course we have the old hackneyed cries, such as "Don't be in a hurry," "Wait a little longer," "Mind what you are doing," "It's not the right time nor yet the right persons," "Not even the right spirit," &c., &c.; as if a quarter of a century under patronage without church ordinances was either right or apostolical. The Independents, too, were not suited by many leaving them in hopes of finding a more scriptural home with us. Some of these yet remained as teachers in the school; these have been expelled by the new minister without leave of remonstrance—others followed these, and now we are urged to form a Sunday school, which we are about to do

as a necessity, earlier than we could have done but for this unexpected ebullition of Independent cholera. We hope and believe Mr. E. J. Silvertown will be quietly and permanently sustained amongst us, as well as over us in the Lord. If others quarrel, oh! Lord, let peace and truth reign amongst us; and our wish is that others also may aim at, and attain prosperity, rather than seek to impede us in our attempt to supply a manifest lack in Nottingham. Mr. Silvertown having taken a house in Castle Gate, will shortly reside amongst us, and our prayer is for his soul's fruitfulness in the things and truths of God, and our spiritual fruitfulness and establishment under his ministry. And the Lord himself work in the midst of us, even the Holy Spirit the regenerator and comforter of Israel. The weight will lie heavily on us, many are poor, yet willing; we crave help of the Lord's people, and it may be some at a distance will gladly help us, if so, our friend Mr. Samuel Peach, Collin street, or Mr. E. J. Silvertown, Castle Gate, will gladly receive and thankfully acknowledge such timely aid for the furthering of the only Baptist cause in this large town and locality, holding the truths of God's sovereignty in election, and eternal salvation of all the subjects of the grace of God, afore ordained to eternal life through faith in Christ Jesus, to final perseverance and glorification. We are of no party, we used to hear the term "*Vessel man*" applied in contempt to some of the excellent of the earth, latterly we have heard less of that, and it may be some who do nothing themselves, are more unwilling than heretofore to stand in the way of, or hinder others in a work which may be of God, if not Huntingtonian or Independent. We have before now heard it candidly admitted by some of the former, that "If Mr. Huntington or Mr. Chamberlain had said we were to be baptized by immersion in water, we should have certainly been so baptized," that is their idea of obedience. We hope they and we may be led simply to obey the Master Christ in this and other matters, rather than the servants William and Joseph. Obedience to the latter has long "gendered to bondage," whilst obedience to the former with a knowledge of the truth maketh "free indeed." God verily seemeth to have a controversy here with those who choose to abide more by man's trust deeds and maxims, than the oft contemned but never refuted command of Christ Jesus, who still saith, "If ye love me keep my commandments."

N.B.—Mr. E. J. Silvertown's family now reside at No. 38, Castle Gate, Nottingham.

THE AGED PILGRIMS' NEW ASYLUM.

THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF THE SURREY TABERNACLE.

THE third anniversary of the opening of the Surrey Tabernacle, was commemorated on Monday, Sep. 21st, 1868. In the afternoon, a very masterly discourse was delivered by the pastor of the church, to a numerous and attentive congregation. Tea was afterward served to a large number of friends, who appeared to appreciate the good things thus provided for them.

In the evening, a public meeting was held. Mr. William Beach (of Chelmsford) presided. After singing, and prayer being offered by Mr. Thomas Stringer, the Chairman, in opening the proceedings, pointed out the object the meeting had in view, to assist the fund now being raised to erect a New Asylum for aged pilgrims. The object had his hearty sympathy. He was glad to meet such a large company, and as he knew their hearts were in the work, the result of the meeting would be all that could be desired by its most earnest friends. Their previous labours on behalf of the society were worthy of all praise, and were a guarantee for future efforts. Mr. Edward Butt followed the Chairman, and gave the meeting some explanation as to the working of the society; and also some pleasing remarks as to their position as a Church and people. As to the Society and its work. Perhaps for distinction we had better say there are three societies: there is the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, the object of which is to give pensions to poor Christians at their own dwellings; these pensions commence at 4s. per month; the next step higher is 8s. 9d. per month (five guineas per year); and the highest pension is double that amount; and Mr. Butt assured the meeting from personal experience, he knew many who considered when they had been placed on the ten guineas list, they looked upon it as a little fortune. The second branch was the Asylum at Camberwell, where forty persons were comfortably housed, and taken care of. The third branch,—and now an important one, and needing energetic and prompt aid—was the proposed new asylum at Hornsey, not yet commenced. This new "House for the Pilgrims" was proposed to accommodate from eighty to one hundred persons. The ground was purchased, some portion of the purchase money having been borrowed by the committee, who needed about £1000 before the founda-

tion stone could be laid; and Mr. Butt made a strong appeal to the churches "up and down London," at once to throw off the lethargy that had existed towards this Society, and gather the amount required. For fifteen years the Surrey Tabernacle Auxiliary had existed, and during that period they had paid to the parent society £2,630. Last year they contributed £214 17s. Turning to the subject of their position as a Church, Mr. Butt, in becoming terms, acknowledged the Lord's continued goodness to them. In the early part of the year, the pastor's health was impaired, and caused considerable anxiety, but that anxiety was removed, he was thankful to say, by the establishment of Mr. Wells' health. The word preached was still working in their midst: sinners were converted; saints were comforted, and established, and were rejoicing; and many proofs of a great work going on in their midst were manifest. The Lord had done great things for them, whereof they were glad.

At the conclusion of Mr. Butt's address (which was well received), John Bunyan McCure read, and the people sang,

"Now let the feeble all be strong," &c.

Mr. Thomas Jones then gave a pleasing address on "The Aged Pilgrim and a review of his Life." They were "strangers and pilgrims;" not strangers to the plague of their own heart; nor strangers to the One who alone could remove that plague: but strangers to the world—they were not attached to it, but longed to leave it. They were "pilgrims," that is those who are on a journey; moving slowly onwards. "Aged pilgrims," intimating they were a good while on their journey. It is often asked, Why are they kept so long on their journey? And one reason assigned by the speaker was, to give an opportunity to those who were able to shew their kindness and Christian sympathy toward their poorer brethren. Mr. Jones closed by remarking that he hoped the example set by this Church would be followed by other churches of truth.

Mr. Wale, of Blackheath, spoke of the "Aged Pilgrim and his Unchanging Friend," in a well arranged address, full of thought and Christian experience. We had a description of the pilgrim starting on his journey; the company he kept; his entering the valley, and his being presented faultless before his Father's throne by his Unchanging Friend!

The pastor, Mr. Wells, said he was to say a word in favour of the new asylum, and about the collection. He hoped when they built the new Asylum, they would build it respectably; he trusted such a noble object would be well and efficiently

carried out. At the Camberwell Asylum the place was more like a prison—dark, dull, and gloomy. Let the new building be arranged in rows, with good light, and open space, so that the inmates might enjoy the fresh air, and also the light of heaven. In a cheerful and agreeable manner, with a somewhat happy illustration drawn from his connection with the Ladies' Dorcas Society, Mr. Wells showed how important it was to do whatever we undertake in a respectable manner, so as to create in the recipients of our bounty a measure of self-respect. He had always felt the deepest interest in the institution, and he hoped soon now to see the new asylum proceeded with. The matter appeared to him to stand something like this. The late Mr. Box (whose name he sometimes thought began with an "F" instead of "B"), a warm and hearty supporter of the Aged Pilgrims, left them £10,000 towards the new building, but it was with certain restrictions: such as the ground must be purchased, and the foundation got in, before one farthing of this money could be touched. Doubtless, it was a wise provision, for it was a condition that compelled others to give as well as our friend Box; and he really should now like to see the Churches of truth generally take up the matter with energy and spirit, so that the building might be speedily raised.

Mr. McCure's subject was "The Aged Pilgrim Anticipating Home;" a subject that appeared somewhat appropriate to Mr. McCure's position who is now anticipating his return home to his Church and family.

The collection having been made, it was announced that the total proceeds, including the collections on Sunday, and a handsome donation from the Chairman, amount to £121. 12s. The statement was warmly received by the friends.

Mr. Thomas Stringer moved, and Mr. Carr seconded a vote of thanks to the Chairman, which was acknowledged in a few appropriate words. A few verses were sung, the Pastor pronounced the benediction, and the meeting, which, for good feeling and spirit, never flagged for a moment, was then brought to a close.

Mr. Butt announced that McCure's farewell meeting would be held there on the 17th of November.

Mr. McCure will deliver his Lecture on Australia, on behalf of the Aged Pilgrims' Society, in Camberwell Hall, Grove lane, Camberwell, on Tuesday evening, October 27th, at 7 o'clock.

Mr. McCure will also lecture in aid of the Protestant Blind Society, in Borough road chapel, on Monday evening, Nov. 2.

TO THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION WORSHIPPING IN THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY, AND TO ALL THE FRIENDS OF CHRIST AND TRUTH, SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE COLONIES OF AUSTRALASIA.

"GRACE unto you, and peace be multiplied. Ebenezer: hitherto hath the Lord helped me." I will therefore mention the loving-kindness of the Lord, and the praises of the Lord, according to all that the Lord hath bestowed on me, and shall continue my report of work and labour done in the cause in which I am engaged, and the success granted unto me of God.

Brother Comfort, pastor of the Church worshipping in Rehoboth chapel, Tunbridge Wells, with his faithful deacons, most kindly engaged the Town Hall for me to deliver my lecture a second time in that town.

On Wednesday, August 19th.—Through the tender mercies of my ever gracious Master, I arrived once more in that very beautiful Tunbridge Wells, and was received most kindly and lovingly at the house of brother and sister Ashby. In the evening, to a hall nearly filled, I lectured for near two hours; the people listened with attention, and I am informed with profit.

Thursday, 20th.—I preached in the chapel, and through the power of the Holy Ghost, the word had free course, and many heard the word with joy, and received it as the word of God. The collection amounted to £6. One dear old saint I saw while at the Wells. She said to me, "Do you remember preaching in Mr. H. Carr's drawing room twenty years ago, from the words, 'I have laid help upon one that is mighty,' God blest that sermon to my soul, and it has been a blessing to me ever since; the Lord be praised that I am favoured to see you once more, and that we can say that through the help laid upon our mighty Jesus, we continue to this present."

Saturday, 22nd.—I arrived once more in Brighton, and was received with hearty welcome by my old friends, brother and sister H. Carr.

Lord's-day, 23rd.—It was arranged for me to preach in the Town Hall, Brighton, which I did morning and evening to a large congregation. I was happy and quite at home while speaking of my "well-beloved;" very many were the testimonies I received that the Lord blest the word. In the afternoon, I was requested to give an address to the Sunday school in connection with Bond street

chapel, there was a large attendance of scholars and teachers. After the address, I was presented with 16s. 4½d., subscribed by the scholars, not for our chapel debt, but for our Sunday school in Sydney, as a token of their sympathy and earnest desire for its prosperity, and with a request that I am to present it to our school myself in their name.

Tuesday, 25th.—In the Town Hall, Brighton, I was once more favoured to lecture upon Australian Reminiscences; the hall was full. Brother Glaskin took the chair, and spoke kindly. During the address I exposed the Cross mania which is raging throughout this country, not only in the Popish Protestant Church, but among Nonconformists; many Protestant ladies and gentlemen, and their children are wearing that Popish relic, the mark of the beast. I am thankful for the opportunity I have of exposing these things. Popery in all phases, Rome Protestant, as well as Rome Papal; yes, and alas! Rome Nonconformist! I am thankful to God that my effort has been crowned with success, many eyes have been opened, and very many ladies have taken off the Popish cross, and some have given them to me, thanking me for opening their eyes in relation to those works of the Jesuits, introduced in order to influence the minds of the rising generation in favour of Popery. I have now EIGHT CROSSES given to me by ladies who have come to my lectures, and who were not aware until then, that they were under the influence of Jesuits who are more treacherous than a serpent in the grass. I have no doubt that I shall obtain more Cross trophies before my work is done here, for I am determined to expose it wherever I go. The proceeds of the collection in the Town Hall amounted to £18 5s. 3d.

Wednesday evening, 26th.—In Bond street Baptist chapel I preached my farewell sermon for Brighton. The attendance was large, and the Lord was with us. The sympathy of the pastor and friends of that church I shall ever remember, praying that the Lord may bless them indeed.

Thursday, 27th.—By the afternoon train I proceeded to Hastings, and preached in the Baptist chapel, once named the Tabernacle, but now the Salem chapel. As a consequence of the word preached finding its way into the hearts of the people, their hands were opened to give, and they did give a good collection, which amounted to £8 1s. 7½d. The pastor of the church, brother Adams, was very pleased to see and to hear me once more, and how delighted I was to know

that the Lord had blessed my ministry to him nearly eighteen years ago. The following extracts from his letter to me will speak for itself:—"I have now another matter I wish to say a word about, which indeed is at the bottom of the interest I am taking in your affair. You will be surprised to learn that you were the first minister that I ever became really attached to for the Gospel's sake. You were not instrumental in my conversion nor my full deliverance, but your ministry was instrumental in discovering the life he first gave. This was at New Mill, Tring, which is my native town. About the time when you commenced your engagements there, one Lord's-day afternoon, just at the time I was thinking about 'giving it all up,' you were led to preach a sermon, taking these words for your text, 'What will ye do in the day of visitation?' That was the first sermon I had ever heard with divine power. Your prayers, also, especially in the evening in the Tabernacle were blessed to me; I believe no one grieved over your leaving Tring as I did, and when you went to Australia I gave up all hope of ever seeing you in this world. How surprising and strange that we should meet after so many years and under the circumstances that we anticipate. I feel very anxious that your testimony may be acceptable to my people. May the Lord give you a portion of his word, and enable you to preach with an unction from the Holy One."

Friday, 28th.—From Hastings I proceeded to Winchelsea, and lectured in the Town Hall. Capt. Stileman took the chair, and spoke well and kindly on my behalf. Dr. Skinner, Mayor of Winchelsea and brother Gill, pastor of the Baptist church, Rye, proposed and seconded a vote of thanks, which I did not desire, but it spoke the kindly feeling of sympathy and interest that was felt for me in Winchelsea. The collection was £3 10s.

Saturday, 29th.—I called upon the Rev. J. J. West, the free grace rector of Winchelsea, who received me most brotherly, gave me 5s. and his carte de visite. I likewise visited his church. The following brief description of the town and church may be interesting; the ancient Winchelsea was destroyed by storm and inundation described in the following terms:—"In the month of October, in the year 1250, the moon being in her prime, the sea passed her accustomed boundaries, flowing twice without ebb, and made a noise that it was heard a great way inland, not without the astonishment of the oldest man who heard it. Besides this, at dark of night, the sea seemed to be a

light-fire, and to burn, insomuch that it was past the mariner's skill to save the ships; and to omit others, at a place called Huckleburn (probably Eastbourne), three noble ships were swallowed up by the violent rising of the waves, and were lost; and at Winchelsea, a certain haven eastward, beside cottages for salt, fishermens' huts, bridges and mills, above 300 houses, by the violent rising of the waves, were drowned. It is probable that at this inundation Bromhill church was lost, and did other greater damage by land, and still greater by sea; and especially at the port of Winchelsea, which is of such use to England, and above all, to the inhabitants of London." The present town of Winchelsea is beautifully situated on the top of a steep hill, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country and sea. In the midst of a large grave yard stands the church of St. Thomas, wherein the Rev. J. J. West has preached the Gospel of Christ for more than forty years. On the outside of the churchyard stands a large tree, under the shade of which John Wesley preached his last sermon in the open air. The church of St. Thomas was built between 1288 and 1292. It was originally dedicated to St. Thomas a'Becket, the choir and chancel with some portion of the transept alone remain; the choir is in length from east to west 58 by 28 feet. The south aisle, formed the chapel of St. Nicholas, and wherein was situated the Alard Chantry, is 20 feet wide, and the north aisle formed the chapel of the blessed Mary is 18 feet 6 inches wide. In the choir is a slab formerly inlaid with a cross, which has long disappeared; the stone has the indent of a fleurd de cross; the following marginal inscription remain, each letter being indented separately. The following is a copy:—"Reynaud Alard, who died the 15th day of April, A.D. 1354, God on his soul have mercy. Whoever shall pray for his soul shall have 50 days of pardon." On another stone I copied the following:—"Here lyeth ye body of Margeret Iorden, late wife of Iermy Iorden, of Winchelsea, who had iave by him 3 daughters, Margret, Alse, and Mathra. Shee departed this life the 2nd of April, 1636, ætatis suæ 63."

"'Tis not (deare saint) a stone can deek thy heare,
Or can thy worth lodge in a narrow verse.
No (pious matron), this engraver's breath,
Is not to speak thy life, but weeps thy death,
And is here laid by the ingenious trust
Of a sad husband, in honour of thy dust."

By the afternoon's train I proceeded to Ashford, from thence to Canterbury. I then walked four miles; arrived in Sturry,

and was kindly received and entertained by brother Baker and his good wife.

Lord's-day, 30th.—I preached three times in the Baptist chapel, and lectured in the same place on Monday, 31st. The chapel each time was full of truth-loving admirers of Christ. The doctrines of our covenant God did indeed drop as the rain upon the souls of his dear children, who were made joyful in the house of prayer. I am told by many that those days will never be forgotten, because the Lord blessed the word and caused it to be in power unto many. I was astonished when brother Baker handed to me a purse containing the proceeds of the collection, £14 1s. 1d. We were all constrained to say, "What hath God wrought." I was very very much at home with the dear people, and delighted to see the faces of so many whom I had known eighteen or twenty years ago. One whom I had known when at Hadlow was present, and informed me that a sermon I preached eighteen years ago, from the words, "The great day of his wrath is come, and who will be able to stand?" was the means of her conversion. I was delighted to know of it, and to see my dear sister walking in the truth, rejoicing in Christ Jesus, having no confidence in the flesh.

While at Sturry I saw brother Forster, who has been afflicted for 18 years, lying on his back, but resting upon the arm of his beloved, while afflicted in body he is well in soul, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. If you want to see a dear saint joyful in tribulation, go to brother Forster, and then you will see the grace of God in its sustaining and God glorifying power. When you go to see him, do not only look sympathy and talk sympathy, but practise sympathy, remembering the words of the Lord, "Forasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

On Tuesday, September 1st.—I arrived once more at the residence of my very dear friends, brother and sister E. Carr, in *Warm* Harbour lane, Camberwell, who have been a great help and comfort to me; "I was sick and they visited me, I was a stranger and they took me in." I pray that the Lord will reward them; I am sure that he will, for he hath said, "Ye have done it unto me, in doing it unto my brethren," and I do believe that I am one of Christ's brethren, and they have done it unto me as such, and while engaged on the King's business. Having a few days to spare, I have revised for the press an Auto-biographical history of my life, or the Lord's most gracious deal-

ing with me, which will be published after the farewell meeting.

Saturday, 5th, I arrived in Chatham. On Lord's-day, 6th, I preached morning and evening and administered the Lord's supper in Enon Baptist chapel. On Monday 7th, I lectured to a chapel full of people, for two hours and a half, and met with many instances that my visit was blest of God. The collection was £51s. 0^{qd}. While in Chatham I saw an afflicted child of God, who had been confined to her bed for some time. She told me that twenty-two years ago she heard me preach in Gravesend from the words, "Oh my dove that art in the clefts of the rocks," &c., which sermon God blest to her; it is wonderful the number of souls I am reaping in, which I should never have heard of but for my visit to this honored land.

Tuesday, 8th.—I arrived in Sheerness by steamer, and lectured in the Baptist chapel, was most kindly received by the friends. The cause is low, the people did what they could, and I was thankful for the amount, £1 10s. 5^{qd}., because it was an expression of their sympathy. After the lecture a military officer came to me and gave me 10s., and said that he was present and heard me preach on board the *White Star* ship in Sydney, and was likewise present when I preached in the Theatre, and that God had blessed those sermons to his soul.

Wednesday, 9th.—Up at six o'clock, left Sheerness for London, thence to Wimbledon, arrived in time, and preached the anniversary sermon afternoon and evening. Zoar chapel was crowded; the pastor, brother Snow, most kindly arranged that the proceeds of collection be divided, half to the Sydney cause, and half to theirs. Although I arrived at Wimbledon more fit to go to bed than into a pulpit, yet was I strengthened above all that I could ask or think, and was greatly blessed by the Lord in my soul. I arrived home in Cold Harbour lane by twelve o'clock, not half so tired as I was in the morning. "As thy day thy strength shall be." The amount collected was £10 2s., leaving for each cause £5 1s.

Thursday, 10th.—I was favoured to lecture in the Independent chapel, Commercial road, where the late Mr. G. Bayfield preached for many years. The present pastor of the church, brother Franks (a free grace man), most kindly took the chair. The chapel was full, and I felt to be full of the goodness of the Lord. I was well received, and was truly thankful to the Lord for favouring me. The collection was £5.

Saturday, 12th.—I arrived in Snodland, in Kent; most kindly received by brother Rayner, and his kind wife, who obtained the use of the Independent chapel for me to preach in.

Lord's-day, 13th.—In the Independent chapel I was helped by my ever gracious Lord to preach in the morning to a chapel full, but in the evening it was crowded in every part. It was delightful to behold in Snodland, where the truth is not fully preached, such a gathering of people who listened with profound attention while the whole counsel of God was proclaimed in their midst. In the afternoon I went to Byarshe, and spoke from the words, "The Lord their God shall save them." Brother Jull, the pastor of the church, administered the Lord's supper; the chapel was full, and the people appeared to me to be happy and at home in the Lord's house. We had tea in the vestry, after which brother Jull and fifteen friends then accompanied me to Snodland in a van, for the evening service, having closed their own place of worship. I am very thankful to the Lord for this day, the opportunity I have had of preaching the truth in that place. At the close of the evening service a man came up to me and said, do you remember preaching in Meopham Baptist chapel seventeen years ago, from the words, "Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling"—that was the first sermon I ever heard with power, it was the means of delivering my soul from death. I am thankful in having this opportunity of seeing and hearing you once more.

Monday, 14th.—The large school room was crowded. For over two hours I spoke to a most attentive congregation. While I exposed the Crosses there were several ladies present who were wearing the mark of the beast, but took them off while I was speaking. The amount collected was £7 12s. 3½d.

After the lecture a soldier came to me, and shook hands very warmly and said, "I am glad to see you once more; I heard you preach when you were at Warboys, and that sermon you preached from, 'What think ye of Christ?' I have never forgotten, it has followed me ever since. I felt constrained to come over from Chatham to hear you once more." I was obliged to hurry off to the Railway station; arrived at Camberwell at half-past twelve o'clock.

Tuesday, 15th.—Left London by the nine o'clock train, arrived in Cheltenham, 14 miles, by one o'clock. At three o'clock I preached in the Town Hall to about 100 people; at seven o'clock com-

menced my lecture; there were about 1,000 persons present, who received me with demonstrations of applause. Although the collection was but small, £3 6s., I am thankful for the opportunity I have had of exposing that monster Popery in Cheltenham, which was well received by the people, many thanking me as they passed out of the hall. Three ladies came up to me and said, "You have no idea the amount of good that you will be the means of doing by lecturing as you have done to-night, upon the wonders of divine providence, and the awful exposure of the Jesuits; we thank you for exposing those Popish relics—the crosses—surely Protestant ladies who have heard you, will never again be seen with those Popish emblems."

Wednesday, 16th.—Brother Palmer, who is preaching in Bethel chapel, most kindly arranged for me to preach in the evening, and did all that he could to help me in relation to my mission in the town hall and in his own chapel. There was a good attendance in the chapel, I felt that the Lord was in our midst, and although the collections have only covered my expenses, yet I am thankful I have lectured and preached in Cheltenham, the Lord having blessed the word. I do believe that the seed sown will yet spring up; the amount I received, after paying for the hall, &c., was £3 10s., to pay for bills and railway fares.

Thursday, 17th, left Cheltenham by 7 o'clock train for London. Lectured in the evening in brother Dickerson's chapel, who, I am sorry to say, has been very ill, but, through the mercy of the Lord is now being restored; he, therefore, was not able to take the chair. Samuel Harris, Esq., was voted to the chair, and spoke very kindly on our behalf. It was a good meeting; although very tired, having travelled over three hundred miles, and preached and lectured eight times since Lord's-day morning, I was helped and strengthened according to my day, and spoke for two hours of the things I have seen the wonder-working hand of God do. The collection was £7. I have just received a letter from my old friend and brother Felton, forwarding me 5s., with Christian sympathy and prayer to God on our behalf, that he will bless us indeed. He is now seventy-six years old, has been blest and upheld as a faithful servant for many years: the Lord still bless him, according to that great promise, "And even to your old age I am He, and even to hoar hairs will I carry you, I have made, and I will bear, even I will carry, and will deliver you."

It is arranged for me to leave England sometime at the latter end of November; I shall therefore be able to fulfil all my engagements that I have made for Oct. but shall not be able to accept of others than those I now stand engaged for. In the November number of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* I shall continue and finish the history of the Lord's goodness to me in relation to my work and mission to England. Up to date, I have paid into the hands of brother Butt, £880. What hath God wrought! The same as He has ever done and ever will do—divine faithfulness. Therefore trust in him at all times, ye people, pour out your hearts before him. God is a refuge for us. Grace and peace be with you, has ever been the prayer of yours, for Christ's sake,

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

1, Buccleuch terrace, Cold Harbour lane, Camberwell.

THE NEW PASTOR AND THE NEW PLATFORM IN THE LATE MR. JOHN STEVENS'S CHAPEL.

[A kind and zealous correspondent has sent us the following report, from which it appears Salem is now arising, and hopes are entertained of her enjoying great prosperity. Good old John Stevens, and his friends, would hardly know Salem now.]

SALEM CHAPEL, MEARD'S COURT, SOHO.—This place of worship has been closed for alterations, &c., and was, re-opened on the 6th of Sept. The cause is aroused by the zeal of its new minister; he is resolved to keep pace with the progress of the times. It appears about £200 have been expended in alterations and improvements. The ventilation has been remedied. Several new windows have been added; the chapel presents a cheerful appearance. The old fashioned pulpit is gone, to make way for the more modern platform; the preacher is hereby brought down more among the people. Everything seems to have been done to make the place comfortable, and the newly chosen minister, under the divine blessing, can hardly fail to attract. Mr. W. H. Ibberson is a young man of great promise. With a mind well stored, a heart full of love for souls, and a ready utterance, he arouses while he astonishes his spell-bound hearers. Much has been written of late as to the tediousness and unprofitableness of sermons. Neither of these charges can be laid to Mr. Ibberson. He preaches as if he were thoroughly in earnest, as if he believed in the power of the Gospel he declares. Those who hear him must be convinced of his earnestness; he seems to impress his audience with his own spirit of holy zeal, to inspire the breasts of the godly with a growing desire to be partakers with the saints in bliss, and to kindle in the hearts of sinners a dread of the wrath to

come. In his appeals to the unconverted, he is particularly solemn, and contends most decidedly for a practical godliness. Mr. Ibberson must not be measured by the standard which has been too rigidly set up in our Strict Baptist pulpits; his line of thought and mode of expression are his own; he follows no model but that of his divine Master, and if strength be given him to continue to preach the Gospel with that range of intelligence, commanding eloquence, and loving spirit, (which he has hitherto) he must have a crowded chapel of sympathising listeners. The forty-fourth anniversary sermons of Salem were preached on Sunday the 20th, and the ordination services were held on the following Tuesday. Mr. Charles Hill, of Stoke Ash, Suffolk, Mr. Palmer, of Homerton, Mr. Alderson, of Walworth, Mr. Wilkins, of Soho, and Mr. Dawson, of Bury, took part in the proceedings.

KNOWL HILL—Anniversary and thanksgiving meeting, held July 29th, 1868. Sermon in the afternoon by our dear brother Perrett, of Reading, and minister of Yatley, from Acts xi. 23, speaking in a very animated manner of the dear disciple Barnabas, "Who when he saw the grace of God was glad," which our dear brother Paul planted in the church of Christ at Antioch, growing so that it caused many to believe, and turn to the Lord. We were enabled to take down our harps from the willows, and tune them to the praise and glory of our God. After which about fifty sat down to tea, served by the kindness of the good friends, who have been highly favoured to do so for many years. It gave us great pleasure to have the company of our dear brother H. F. Griffin, pastor of Jireh chapel, City road, London, who opened the evening service with reading and prayer, and a few sublime, but solemn remarks on having been privileged to meet at a throne of grace with our dear brothers Webb and Mason, in bye-gone days, and truly we would say for him and with him, "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad." Our dear brother Pearce, pastor of Providence chapel, Reading, preached from Nahum i. 7, giving us a sound experimental discourse of the faithful dealings of our God to his chosen people in all ages, dwelling very forcibly and pathetically on the very great deliverances the Lord has wrought out, for his people here under the most trying circumstances, in enabling them by disposing the hearts of very kind Christian friends to pay the debt of £31, which includes new trust deeds, adding nine trustees, making it a Strict Baptist cause, which our brethren earnestly prayed might be kept so for ever. So that as the benefits are ours, all the praise, honour, and glory may redound to our Triune Jehovah.—Yours in the love of Jesus Christ,

W. BROWN.

HAPPY MOMENTS—HAPPIER PROSPECTS AT TRING, HERTS.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you. Knowing the interest you take in our cause at Tring, I send a few lines. One year has passed away since first I blew the Gospel trumpet to this people, and it does us no harm at any time to look back upon the way the Lord has brought us; it is when we calmly and meditatively look at our trodden pathway, that we praise and admire the love and favour of our heavenly Father. Our work during the year may appear to be a slow one, but we hope it is sure; three souls, under the preaching of the word, have felt the burden of sin, and cast themselves by precious faith, into the arms of a risen and exalted Saviour; they have found life in a look at him, which led them to keep his commandments. Thanks be to God for what he has done, and is doing. A spirit of prayer pervades us; and souls are inquiring their way to Zion; the field is white already to harvest, and we earnestly pray God to do for all what he has done for some; so that none who listen to our voice may have to cry out in agony at the judgment seat of Christ, "the harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

On Monday, July 20th, the annual treat was held in connexion with the Sabbath school; at 2 o'clock, the scholars met at the chapel, the hymn,

"Joyfully joyfully, onward we move,"

was sung, and the divine blessing implored. A procession was made and the children accompanied by the superintendent, and teachers, marched to West Leath, to enjoy themselves for the day. The hymn

"Children of Jerusalem,"

was sung, and under a delightful, shady tree, an address was delivered by the pastor, from Zechariah viii. 5; several pieces were sung by the choir, the senior scholars displaying musical taste and ability above mediocrity. Tea was provided, innocent games indulged in; nature's provision for human pleasure appreciated; and while we saw the happiness that even now this sin-cursed world can produce, we could not keep ourselves from thinking of that time when purified and free from sin, it shall become the dwelling place of the saints of the most high God, when the new heavens, and the new earth shall burst forth with all their teeming glory. Oh! the happy day is coming; yea, its dawn is approaching hourly, when he shall reign from the rivers even unto the ends of the earth, and those who have been faithful inherit the promised blessing. Men, by spiritualising the Word of God, where they have no business to, thereby altering its meaning, and tarnishing its lustre and beauty, may try to oppose truth, but let us draw a line of demarcation between the

spiritual and literal, and by reading the word thus under the Spirit's teaching we shall arrive at the truth. The word of Jehovah, must stand, he has said, "The knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea." Can ye not discern the signs of the times? as speeds the world in its predestined orbit, so surely do events roll on towards a fulfilment of prophecy. I love the poet's words:

'Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter;
We may not see its dawn sublime,
But high hopes make one's heart throb lighter.

We may be mouldering in the dust,
When it awakes the world to wonder;
But we have seen its brilliant signs
And heard its tones like distant thunder.

And although sin and Satan seem to reign supreme, and priestcraft, error, and superstition abound, while the martyr'd souls of the witnesses of Jesus may cry out yet more fervently, "How long, O Lord, how long?" yet in an unexpected moment will he come; bind his enemies with chains and their nobles with fetters of iron, raise up his despised people, and in unparalleled splendour and glory reign over Jew and Gentile, and conquer, bind, and overthrow the enemy of God's chosen and redeemed people. Let us listen to the words of Jesus whom we love; "WATCH AND PRAY." When he comes, he will have a people prepared by the Spirit of God, made willing in the day of his power to receive him, these shall rise in the air to meet him while those who have gone before shall leave their graves to share the sacred bliss. I must close, more about Tring another time. We spent a happy day closed as we begun and all went well. Yours in Christian love,

WILLIAM FREW EDGERTON.

Ebenezer Baptist chapel,
Western road, Tring.

August 14th, 1868.

Dear Brother Banks,—I have been confined to my sick chamber with an attack of pleurisy; secular and ministerial labours suspended; I have had to lie passive, and wait the Master's will. Times of affliction are seasons of self-examination; "He doth not willingly afflict, or grieve the children of men;" when that hand that deals out our mercies seems to be turned against us, we say, "Why is this? why cometh this trouble? for what reason am I thus tried?" and cannot we hear a voice that reminds us of heart backsliding, if not of open crime; a voice that bids us look at slighted means of grace, a forsaken mercy-seat, a coldness in the service of God, or a clinging to the world and its busy concerns? But yet what hard and stubborn creatures are we! how often do we try to excuse ourselves, and murmur against our Father's dealing

until repeated stripes effectually bring us to see and mourn like Ephraim over our base and painful ingratitude. Oh, what a mercy thus to be placed in the furnace to have our dross consumed, and our gold refined! In my absence from my people at Tring, Mr. Kempston, who stood a member with you at Old Ford, has been supplying the vacancy. The people heard him to profit; all pronounce him a sound preacher. I hope to return to that holy and blessed work again as soon as I regain my strength.

W. F. EDGERTON.

182, Devonshire street,
Globe road, Mile End.

THE BRIDEGROOM REJOICING.

"I love to meet among them now,
Before thy sacred feet to bow;
Though vilest of them all."

THE rain poured down fast, on Saturday morning, August 22nd, when I left home for the Forest of Dean, and nearly all the way, in a G. W. car, we journeyed on through wet and wind into Gloucestershire. At Newnham station, I saw my sincere friend, Richard Snaith as wet as he could wish to be; and in an open cart, up the hills, and down the valleys, we ran on to Cinderford. To a wet, weary, and sorrowful traveller, how sweet it is to be met, at the end of a long journey, with a smiling face, a warm hand, and a hearty "Come in;" "glad to see you;" and withal, a bed to lie upon, and provisions by the way. The Baptist rectory at Cinderford is a snug box, the rector's wife determines to make all who visit the rectory very comfortable. The rector himself is a heart-of-oak sort of man. No nonsense, no ceremony; he talks, and walks, and prays, and preaches as one who lives in the calm and holy fellowship of the Father, and of His Son Jesus Christ. It is safe to dwell among such homely saints. You feel that "God is there," and beneath his shadow, a blessed defence is realized. The brethren William Harris, and Bowery, joined our circle on this Saturday eve; and gladly did we wish each other God-speed in the name of the Lord. It was my mercy not to be sent away empty-handed to the forest. One night, previously, the words instructingly, came to my mind, and lodged there for a time, "If thou return, then will I bring thee again; and thou shalt stand in my sight, and if thou shalt take forth the precious from the vile, then thou shalt be as my mouth," &c. This word of the Lord to Jeremiah was my morning's text; and from it, there came some solemn words.

The work of the ministry is a dispensation of God's mercy in Christ, to poor sinners; but it is in the hands of the Spirit a searching and a separating mission. So that as Watts says:

"While he divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice."

Every species of error is vile; it must be separated from the truth. Every particle of the old Adam nature is vile; it must be distinguished from the work of grace in the heart. Every unregenerated man is vile in God's sight, while he is in his fallen and sinful condition; but when, as brands from the fire, we, instrumentally pluck some of them out, and they become truly and spiritually one in Christ, then are they precious vessels of mercy, and over them the Lord rejoiceth; their truthful association with the church makes Zion to shout aloud again for joy.

In the afternoon, I walked out on the Forest; and in the midst of woods, and pits, and quarries, and mines, I thought upon those heavenly words in Isaiah, "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." The church in her fallen and forsaken state, her recovery, and the means employed for her preservation and prosperity in the kingdom were the lines of thought, a numerous company came together: but I did not realize the fullness and freeness of the truth, nor of the Lord's presence, as sometimes.

The next day, a party of kind friends came from Whitestone, to cheer the little church in the forest. We all thanked God and took courage, when we saw Father Richard Tyler, his son Edward, and his daughter Alice; brother John Godsall, his youngest daughter, and "Samuel;" John Thomas came from Bream; a minister and friend from Ross; sister Hood, from Hereford; and a chapel full besides; a large and pleasant company took tea, and then another public service. The next evening we held a parting meeting, and so in thankfulness we finished up another anniversary on the Forest of Dean. The people are multiplying. We pray the cause may grow, and the rector, and his people, and family, be favoured of the Lord. I do solemnly know it is the blessing of the Lord, which maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow therewith; I can trust in none, in nothing, but the realized presence of the blessed Redeemer in my own soul. Oh! to taste, to eat, to drink to truly enjoy His truth, his promise, his pardon, his holiness, his assurance, his heaven! Ah! that made the ancient prophet exclaim, "The Lord is good, a strong-hold in the time of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in him." Lately, I have had a slight anticipation of what "trusting in the Lord is," sitting down at his feet, and in the silence of an entire reliance, leaving all things with him saying,

Sink or swim,

I'll trust in him,

And on his grace rely.

Yes, many times have I walked the country roads, dejected in soul, yet saying to myself—

"Let me but hear my Saviour say
Strength shall be equal to thy day;
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace."

But I must turn from these sad words to
more cheering themes if I can.

THE TOPSTONE OF THE SAVIOUR'S ASCENSION.

Wednesday morning, August 26th, I walked from Forest of Dean to Newnham. The rector and his little daughter walked with me. We travelled over some of the high hills around Little Dean, onward with beautiful views, pleasant communings; grateful expressions for the Lord's goodness to us during the anniversary services; and so we parted, once more. I took train for Gloucester and Cheltenham, the rector and his beloved child returned to the Forest. In Gloucester, I saw Bishop Hooper's monument; but it is a great church-filled city, and our kind of "Cheering Words" not much known there. That evening I preached in Bethel chapel, Cheltenham; and in prayer I was favoured to get near the throne of grace, and there I cried to the Lord for his blessing, but when I shall realize that, I cannot tell. Mr. John Broom, of Cheltenham, was one evening reading the word previous to prayer, when I specially heard the following sentence, "The same who ascended up far above all heavens, that he might fill all things." The two extremes of the Saviour's mediatorial work appeared strikingly described, "He descended into the lower parts of the earth," for deep in the deepest depths his chosen bride had fallen, then he ascended up far above all heavens; that he might fill all things. The next Sunday morning at Whitestone, I spoke some things respecting my blessed Saviour's poverty and misery here, and of his riches and glory now that he has ascended "up, far above all heavens," "that he might fill all things." The aerial heavens are said to be Satan's seat, where "the prince of the power of the air," holds his court, sways his deadly sceptre over innumerable millions of wretched friends; who, (it may be) have power to catch, and to hold every unhappy soul, whom death doth find without either the friendship of God, the faith of Jesus, or the fellowship of the Spirit.

Far, far, above these hosts,
Of dark and dirty demons,
Went the glorious Son of God,
When, from sweet Bethany,
He flew, to find around his glory thrown
A royal seat, and saints all meet
To worship him for ever.

The second heavens are the material heavens, where clouds, tempests, winds, and rolling thunders, sometimes shake the earth, and not unfrequently by the lightning's flash, and the thunder's roll, all creation is made to tremble.

Beyond, beyond, these lower skies,
Our holy Lord is gone.

How much farther I cannot venture to declare; but where he is all his ransomed ones shall meet. And that will be such a heaven of pure joy, of permanent bliss, and of never-failing devotion to the honour of Immanuel, as no language here can define. The topstone of the Saviour's ascension seems laid in the words, "that he might fill all things." Ah! it was in Mr. John Broom's parlour, at Cheltenham, when we were about to "close the evening," as they call it, he was reading, I was to pray. Being rather deaf, and exceedingly sad, I had almost lost myself, when all in a moment, my mind was aroused by the entrance of the words, "He ascended up far above all heavens, that he might fill all things." I was not knocked down by the words. No, no, I did not faint; nothing of that sort; but it was like this, "the entrance of Thy word giveth light." The light which Paul's word, as read by that good tempered and kind brother John Broom, was this, "Without Christ's ascension all thing were virtually empty. The purposes of God, the promises of the everlasting covenant, the vessels of mercy, the glorious predictions of the ancient prophets, all were empty; but when 'He ascended, he led captivity captive, he received gifts for men, even for the rebellious.' What for? 'That the Lord God might dwell among them;' thereby all things were filled and fulfilled too."

PUBLIC RECOGNITION OF MR. H. G. MAYCOCK,

AS PASTOR OF THE CHURCH, AT CARMEL
CHAPEL, ANGLESEA ROAD, WOOLWICH.

SPECIAL preparatory services having been held on Lord's-day, July 19th, the recognition service was held on Monday the 20th, commencing in the afternoon at 3 o'clock. After singing a hymn,

Mr. James Griffith, late of Borough green, read 1 Tim. iii. and offered solemn and earnest prayer for the divine blessing upon the interesting engagements of the day. A few verses having been sung,

Mr. John Hazelton, of Islington, explained at some length the "nature and constitution of a Gospel church," according to the New Testament plan, in a very interesting address, of which a brief outline must suffice. God resolved in eternity to have a church, comprising a multitude which no man shall be able to number, to be gathered out of every kindred and tribe. These were all loved, chosen, registered and blessed in Christ before the foundation of the world, this is God's one universal and invisible church, who have been all redeemed, and shall be all quickened, sanctified, and finally meet in heaven. The fall occasioned the first advent and mediatorial work of Christ, who having honoured the law of God, and expiated his people's guilt, acquired a right to reign, give laws and establish what order of

things he pleased. Christ's authority in his church is supreme, and to us so sacred and binding that we refuse to hold *Church* fellowship with those who disregard it. The term *Church* is used to denote a religious body, distinguished by its doctrines worship, and observances. A scripturally organized church is composed of regenerate spiritual, and baptized persons who having given themselves first to the Lord, and then to one another, meet together in one place to *worship God*, edify one another and extend the kingdom of Christ in the world abiding and persevering in Gospel doctrines the breaking of bread and in prayers. The form of this church is neither Universal, National, Provincial, Diocesan, nor Parochial, but Congregational, and Independent. That is, independent of the state, of all other bodies and churches. It has no authority to legislate, modify, transpose, or ignore any of the laws of Christ, but simple to expound, contend for, and enforce them. It has the right, however, to choose and appoint its own officers, receive its own members, and reprove, censure, or expel as occasion requires. In the church of Christ, there are two standing ordinances baptism, or the immersion of the person in water, on a profession of faith, which must precede membership, and communion at the table and the Lord's Supper. There are also two offices, those of pastor and deacons; the pastor giving himself to study and the ministry of the word, and the spiritual concerns of the household, while the deacons serve tables, the Lord's table that of the pastor and the poor. The design of all is the advantage of true believers, the preservation and diffusion of divine truth, and the glory of God.

A part of another hymn having been sung,

Mr. Wilkins, of Oxford street, affectionately requested one of the deacons to give a brief statement respecting the leadings of divine providence in thus bringing the pastor and the church together.

Mr. Topley, one of the deacons, in reply read a very concise and interesting statement from which it appeared that the congregation first assembled in Providence chapel, New road. On Lord's-day, Jan. 13th, 1850, the church was formed consisting of twenty-two persons; brethren Jones, Foreman, and Atkinson, conducted the services. Mr. Atkinson was the first minister, and continued in that office for nearly three years, during which period the church steadily increased in numbers. After he left, the pulpit was for some time supplied by various ministers. In 1854 and 1855, the Crimean war led to the employment of a large additional number of men at the government works, many of whom were drawn to the chapel, and joined the church, so that the old chapel was found too small for the numbers attending, and too old to justify its repair and necessary enlargement. After much

prayerful deliberation it was resolved to build the present substantial, convenient, and commodious place of worship. Subsequently, differences arose which led to the then minister of the place, and some of the members leaving them, the loss of some was deeply regretted, but it was stated that some of them had already returned, and it was hoped that others might be induced to follow their example.

In 1863, Mr. Griffith became the pastor, and remained with the people nearly three years, and on retiring recommended Mr. Leach, who subsequently joined the church and introduced thirty-one Christian brethren and sisters most of them continuing with the church to this day.

At the end of twelve months, however, Mr. Leach left, and the pulpit was again supplied by various ministers, until in the providence of God, Mr. Maycock was introduced to us. From the first the people heard him gladly, and the church invited him to preach for three months with a view to the pastorate. During that period abundant evidence was given that it was of God, and the church fully believing that the Lord had sent him among them, they had given him a hearty and unanimous invitation to the pastorate, which he had heartily and lovingly accepted, and hence this service to-day. Their pastor found them in peace and in union there being no two parties in the church. There has been for twelve years a large and flourishing Sabbath school, with a very efficient superintendent, industrious secretary, and a united band of teachers. They desired to see and help on the extension of the visible kingdom of Christ, and to live in all good feeling and harmony with other sections of Christians around them, while at the same time they felt it incumbent upon them to conscientiously maintain their own distinctive principles, believing them to be founded on the inspired word of God.

Mr. Wilkins having expressed great pleasure and satisfaction with the statement on behalf of the church, requested the pastor to favour those assembled with a brief statement of his call by grace, call to the ministry, the circumstances which, in the providence of God led him to this part of the Lord's vineyard, and of the leading doctrines he held, and intended to maintain and defend.

In replying to these questions, Mr. Maycock gave one of the most interesting statements that was ever recorded respecting his call by grace, and to the ministry, but the facts and circumstances were so immediately connected with each other as to render it necessary to give the statement entire; which is impossible within the limit of this report. It is hoped however, that our brother will, before long, adopt some means of putting those facts on permanent record for the pleasure and profit of his fellow Christians generally. He also gave a very concise and outspoken

declaration of his faith in twenty-four distinct articles, embodying "the truth as it is in Jesus," and the faith once delivered to the saints. The whole statement commended itself to the judgment and approval of all present, and our brother to the more entire confidence of this brethren in the ministry. After some congratulatory remarks by Mr. Wilkins, and the usual ceremony of the right hand of fellowship being given, the afternoon service was abruptly closed, by pronouncing the benediction, it being then half-past five o'clock.

About 160 friends having taken tea in the chapel, as soon as it could be cleared, the evening service was commenced by the singing of a hymn, the reading of the Scriptures, and prayer offered by Mr. Geo. Webb.

A few verses of another hymn were sung, when according to arrangement, Mr. John Foreman was expected to deliver the charge to the pastor, but on the day previous a special messenger was sent to inform the deacons that Mr. Foreman had been suddenly taken ill, and for the present rendered unable to fulfil any engagement at home or abroad. Under this severe disappointment they were at a loss what to do for the best, but finally resolved to ask Mr. Woodard, at Ilford, who was expected to offer the special prayer, to give the charge instead. On his arrival at the afternoon service, the circumstances were explained to him, and he kindly consented to give the charge to the minister at his own request.

Brother Woodard selected for the foundation of his remarks, "Study to show thyself approved unto God," &c., and although he laboured under the disadvantage of not having more than half an hour (the interval between tea and the evening service,) for preparation, he delivered a charge replete with sage counsel, and Scriptural instruction upon the momentous work of preaching the Gospel, and if the advice given be faithfully adhered to, the pastor cannot fail (under God) in being a happy and useful minister of Christ's Gospel, in the sphere of Christian labour to which in the providence of God he has been called.

After singing a verse or two, Mr. Milner arose to address words of counsel and encouragement to the members of the church. Our brother in his usual quaint and pointed style, but with all earnestness and affection proceeded to congratulate, advise, encourage, and exhort both pastor and people, to a firm adherence to the truth, doctrinally and with respect to the ordinances of the Gospel to mutual love and sympathy, and the special manifestations of affection toward the pastor and the strengthening of his hands in every good word and work.

The very solemn and deeply interesting services, of the day, were closed by the pastor, shortly after nine o'clock.

All present were disposed to say, and

let him that readeth also join in the prayer, "God be merciful unto this people and their pastor, and bless them, and cause his face to shine upon them, that his way may be known upon earth, and his saving health among the people around them." Amen.

GLOUCESTER.—We have lately been frequently in this ancient and remarkable city; it being the birth-place of George Whitefield; the birth-place of Sunday schools, by Robert Raikes, and the scene of Bishop Hooper's martyrdom in 1555. It surely is a place of no mean name. Its recollections and reminiscences are of great interest; churches here are very numerous. Among the Nonconformist sections, the Baptists take the lead; they are numerous. And industrious; and are considered to be a peaceful and united body, under the ministry of Mr. Collins, formerly of Kingston on Thames, but, now for several years, minister of the large and only Baptist church in this city. We once preached here, but, we do not know that there are now any who fully sympathize with us. The other dissenting bodies speak of Mr. Collins, of his working church, of his devoted wife, and his numerous Bible classes, of the large schools, and other useful auxiliaries in the highest terms.

BERMONDSEY NEW ROAD.—EBENEZER CHAPEL. As a church we can truly adopt the motto, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Twelve months ago, we were in a low, sinking position, almost without hope; a debt (though small) between £20 and £30, with our funds gradually diminishing; coldness, lameness among the flock, and, as it were, no bright shining from the presence of the Lord. The baptistery closed since Oct. 29th, 1865. But the Lord has appeared among us again; and, as it were, by a miracle, raised up our young brother, Mr. R. A. Lawrence, to speak unto us, which for the last nine months he has done acceptably, extolling the Lord of life and glory; saints have been edified and built up, others walking in darkness, have been brought into the light of the glorious Gospel, and have been lovingly constrained to follow their Saviour in his despised ordinance of Believer's Baptism. On Sunday evening, August 30, our "Ebenezer" was quite full, when Mr. Lawrence led five into the water. Truly the Lord was in our midst; love and union prevails among us. Our little mountain of debt has disappeared like a morning cloud, "The winter is over and past, the time of singing of birds is come," and we can say with the poet;—

"Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face."

O for more of that gracious faith that laughs at impossibilities, and to be enabled to trust our God when we cannot trace him. Great things for us the Lord hath done in

providence and grace, we will erect another Ebenezer, for "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." Is anything too hard for the Lord? Yours faithfully,
J. K.

NEWPORT, MONMOUTHSHIRE.—In this large and busy town on the borders of Wales, there are not less than six Baptist causes. The only one we are acquainted with, is that under the ministry of Mr. J. P. Thomas, whose church and congregation meet in the Albert hall. Mr. Thomas is associated with a body of most decided, truthful, and godly men; and his prospects of usefulness are encouraging. The origin of this cause casts a most painful shadow over the morality of those noisy professors who are ever ready to pour contempt upon those believers in Christ's Gospel, who cannot sanction such insults to common sense, and such blasphemous libels upon the Gospel, as the free-will people are dealing out by wholesale. But we shall not now write the history of the English Baptist church in Newport; that will come another time. Special services were holden, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, Sept. 13, 14, 15. C. W. Banks preached two sermons on Sunday, the morning from "They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy." The evening from John xvii. 26, "I have declared unto them thy praise, and will declare it, that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them." In "Cheering Words" we may give account of this journey into Wales. We shall not soon forget the emphatic manner in which Mr. Thomas said to us, at the close of the evening service, "In no other place in Newport would you have dared to preach that sermon without being sworn at." We thought within ourselves, the state of morals, and the standard of truth, must then be low indeed.

BOW.—NEW BAPTIST CAUSE, ALBERT TERRACE, opposite the church. This cause was commenced in May 1868, by myself; when Mr. Jas. Wells and Mr. Stringer preached. We have been steadily increasing. On August 16th, C. W. Banks preached to good congregations, both morning and evening, although the rain came down in torrents. On Tuesday, Aug. 18, we had a business-meeting, which was opened by brother Longley, singing,

"God moves in mysterious way."

Brother Lee read the 127th Psalm, and prayed. Mr. Symonds, (proprietor of the Hackney Color Works) presided till C. W. Banks came; Mr. Symonds, in opening the business of the meeting stated the origin of the cause, and the necessity of such a place; he spoke in high terms of those who had been engaged in raising this Baptist interest; he called on Mr. W. H. Lee, to read the report. Mr. Lee stated as all the responsibility rested on him, he received all the money collected, and spent the

same; he wished the friends to know what was done with it. The total amount received in the quarter is £9 15s. 6½d., expended £9 4s. 10d. balance in hand, 10s. 6½d. Mr. Henry Stanley moved the adoption of the report, expressing his desire to see the cause prosper, said he enjoyed liberty in speaking to the friends there. Mr. Christian seconded the adoption with suitable remarks. Our brother, C. W. Banks, asked the friends to show their approval in the usual way, which was unanimous. The chairman gave out a hymn. Mr. Kemp said when he came to that locality, he went from one place to another, but could find no truth. He went to the Baptist chapel, he heard the minister ask his people to convert their neighbours; and to regenerate them. Mr. Kemp was glad to find that God's truth was now in Bow, as taught by Jesus and his apostles. At this stage C. W. Banks presented Mr. C. Longley, with a copy of Denham's selection, from brother Lee, for conducting the singing. Brother Longley returned his grateful acknowledgments in very appropriate remarks. Mr. Flory spoke with warmth wishing us God speed. The chairman gave out the 982nd hymn; and concluded in prayer. The meeting all through was conducted in a Gospel spirit. May the great Head of the church smile on this feeble effort for the extension of Zion. Yours, Mr. Editor, in every covenant blessing, W. H. LEE, 37, Mostyn road, Bow.

CARDIFF.—I walked through the town on the occasion of the Marquis of Bute coming of age. This young nobleman is said to have estates in the island of Bute, in Scotland, and in this large town of Cardiff, worth at least £800,000 per annum. He has given the inhabitants of this town £50,000 to keep his birthday. The whole neighbourhood is alive, banners flying, and bells ringing, but the most pleasing sight was the several procession of fifteen thousands of children from the Sunday schools; their singing, and marching, their multitudinous and army, was grand to behold.

TUNSTALL, SUFFOLK.—Harvest home meeting. This service was held Sept. 9th. In the afternoon a suitable and impressive sermon was preached by brother Collins, of Grundisburgh, from 1 Cor. xv. 3, 4; it was truly a profitable and blessed season. At five o'clock a large company took tea together in the chapel, the ladies having done their part well in providing good things for the body. In the evening at seven o'clock, a large congregation gathered to hear another sermon preached by brother Kiddle, of Lowestoft. The text was taken from the ninth of Isaiah, and latter clause of the third verse, "They joy before thee according to the joy in harvest." This appropriate subject was

delivered in an eloquent, deliberate, and most impressive manner, which arrested the attention of the hearers, so that saint and sinner were deeply affected. In both services the Lord's people joyfully said, "Master it is good to be here." The proceeds were very kindly presented to the minister Mr. John Lamb, who has laboured among the people three months and has received a further unanimous call for twelve months longer.

MR. JOHN BUNYAN MCCURE AT OSWESTRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EARTHEN VESSEL."

DEAR SIR,—My attention has been called to Mr. J. B. McCure's letters to his church in Sydney, in your magazine, especially to that portion referring to Oswestry. I must say it is written in an ungenerous spirit; and in explanation of what he says I would remark (1) That when the proposal was made that he should come to Oswestry, it was strongly and repeatedly urged against it that owing to the time of year, and also to the efforts which we were at the very time making for the clearing off of our own debt, his lecture would, in all probability be a failure. Notwithstanding this he came, and the prediction was verified: but for the disappointment Mr. McCure felt, who was to blame? And is not such disappointment often the lot of lecturers quite as eminent as Mr. McCure? (2) That Mr. McCure was received here with all kindness. On his arrival he was offered refreshment, but he said he did not need it. I then explained to him why I could not offer him a bed in my own house; and on my saying that I had supposed he would be glad to return to his personal friend at Shrewsbury for the night, he assented to it, and said he would go. All thought of a bed for Mr. McCure was therefore put aside. Then his run to the station, and want of refreshment before leaving were simply owing to his own indiscretion in prolonging his lecture, (against his own promise to the people) quite unnecessarily up to the very last moment before the train started. All the hurry and inconvenience, therefore, he had only himself to thank for.

Mr. McCure's remarks upon Rochdale and the minister there, are evidently in the same taste. He seems, judging from his diary, to think that all ministers are bound to give him and his lecture a most enthusiastic reception, to obtain for him large meetings and collections, or else they are no longer dear brethren, but icebergs, which freeze his glowing soul. I observe, however, that even he can say that he could have nothing to do with General Baptists; then why should not the Particular Baptist brother at Rochdale, for his own reasons, even decline to have anything to do with him? In short, I think Mr. McCure in writing these letters should guard against

producing uncharitable and incorrect impressions respecting those who, at least, received him courteously and kindly; and also against venting the chagrin of his very sensitive spirit upon those whom he knows have no opportunity of defending themselves.—I am, dear sir, yours truly,

THE BAPTIST MINISTER AT OSWESTRY.

[Of course, we know nothing of either side beyond the testimony of each. Our brother McCure having published his case, the Oswestry minister demands an opportunity to explain. This we could not refuse.—Ed.]

HIGH WYCOMBE.—We have read with pleasure the report of "Harvest Thanksgiving services" holden in the church, in the vicarage, and in the town hall, at High Wycombe; and they appear to have been very different from some harvest meetings which have been quite the laughing-stock of the country. From enquiries which sometimes reach us, it is evidently not generally known that Mr. Thomas Chivers, (the late pastor for many years of Bermondsey Baptist church) is now settled at High Wycombe, where, recently, he has been the means of originating, and assisting to carry out, a series of special services for rendering public thanks to Almighty God, for the abundant supply of the fruits of the earth which have been this season, so successfully gathered in. On Wednesday, August 19th, 1868, these services commenced by prayers and a sermon from the vicar in the parish church. We have always understood that vicar of High Wycombe is a true Christian and a faithful preacher of the Gospel, and his sermon on the occasion referred to, gives confirming evidence of his being a brother beloved with whom Mr. Chivers, and the other ministers could happily associate. After the morning service, at which the corporation attended, the vicar invited the ministers to luncheon at his house; to unite in prayer, and to take tea. In the evening, a crowded meeting was holden in the town hall, when addresses were delivered by several ministers, among whom were Mr. Chivers and Mr. Cawse.

OLD BUCKENHAM.—The eleventh anniversary of the above place was held on Sunday, Sept. 6th, when three sermons were preached by Mr. G. Dearnle, of Norwich. On Monday, the 7th, 130 friends sat down to tea provided gratuitously for the benefit of the minister. In the evening recognition service, and harvest home meeting were held. Mr. Baldwin related his call by grace, call to the ministry, and leadings of divine providence to this place. Mr. Gooch sen., presided, Mr. Sparham, of Shelfhanger, Mr. Ewing, of Kenninghall, Mr. Noble, of Carlton Rode, and Mr. Gooch, jun., of Diss, gave some excellent and very interesting addresses. The chapel was

well-filled, and the tea and collection amounted to £5 6s. 1d. The Lord be praised.

READING.—The ninth anniversary of the opening of Providence chapel, Oxford road, was held on Tuesday, August 18th, when Mr. John Hazelton, of London, preached two blessed and Christ-exalting sermons, which were listened to with great interest. The friends expressed themselves profited and delighted; although the morning was very unfavourable we had a good attendance, about 200 partook of tea, the collections were satisfactory. The deacons with friends here feel truly grateful. After such a long course of supplies by ministerial brethren, who very kindly served us, in answer to our fervent prayers, our covenant God and Father was pleased to direct our brother F. Pearce to take the oversight of these few sheep in the wilderness. In him, we have a kind, affectionate, and yet a faithful preacher of the Gospel, walking in all the apostolic doctrines of a life practically according therewith. The Lord has blessed his labours in gathering many of his people together. As a church we have peace and rest, with a gradual increase in the cause. One sister was baptized and added to our number in July, and we are hoping many more may be constrained to follow in the same footsteps. Pastor and people are very comfortable and happy with each other, to our precious Jesus be all the glory. Yours in the truth,
A. MARTIN.

PLYMOUTH.—A correspondent says: Mr. Wilcoxson left Plymouth on the 26th of August, to reside at Hull, in Yorkshire, where his friends have built him a new chapel. I understand it will seat about 350 people. Mr. Hardinge, from Hastings, has engaged to preach here for a month, whether he will stop any longer I cannot say.

Notes of the Month.

MR. JOSEPH FLORY says,—You will be glad to hear I have been preaching Jesus and the resurrection, in April, May, and June at Tunstall, in Suffolk, with tokens of the Divine goodness resting upon the word and the souls of the people. I heard the testimony of many, of the word being made an eternal benefit to their souls by the ministry of brother Baker. At Salem chapel, Yarmouth, I spoke to the people of the "overcomers" and their privileges. Here for nearly a quarter of a century I have been enabled to unfurl the Gospel banner; but most have passed away. Amongst them, their first pastor, the aged Weldon, brother Tann, and the devout follower of the Lord, and firm supporter of the Gospel, Mrs. Griffin, whose tombstone in the old churchyard, has this motto, S. S. G., viz., "Sinner saved by grace."

Oh for more such determined contenders for the faith in life and death! My visit to Norwich was somewhat cheered by finding brother Brunt firm in the truth, and with a good congregation in Orford hill chapel. The memory and labours of that servant of God, brother Corbitt, remain; he was spoken of with honour. I had the favour to say a few things about the "precious sons of Zion." I have had the comfort of hearing brother Stringer, who is as full of heavenly fire and zeal for the truth as ever. The God of Jacob has and will bless him very much, for the word is, "Them that honour me I will honour." There is no oscillation in brother Stringer, he speaks as "one having authority," so that men must feel the importance and blessedness of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the "truth as it is in Jesus." Last Thursday evening I had the pleasure of hearing friend Flack; he is a sweet experimental preacher; his text was "Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." I went into the chapel cast down, and came out blessing and praising the Lord.

Mr. Cook is getting quite strong again, and attributes the improvement in his health to the blessing of God upon Mr. Congreve's treatment. Mr. Cook is now able to preach two or three times a week, and has accepted an invitation from the church worshipping at Trinity chapel, Borough, London, to preach to them for three months, viz, November, December, and January. His address is 48, Brownlow road, Dalston, London.

"Will'm Martin's Flight into Zealand" is pitiable. The idea that warning signals of this kind should be raised in our churches is good, but we must have time to read the notes, and consider.

MR. BARTHOLOMEW having resigned his pastorate of the church at Mendlesham, Suffolk, after near nine years' ministrations, is open to a call from any church contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, see Matt. xxviii. 19 and 20; Acts ii. 42; 1 Cor. ix. 14.

To churches needing supplies. A brother is open to engagements with view to the pastorate. Address, W. C., care of R. Banks, 30, Ludgate hill and Stationers' hall court.

MARRIAGE.

Married at Providence chapel, Oxford road, Reading, Mr. Charles Vyse to Miss Eliza Knott, on Sunday, August 30, 1868.

DEATHS.

Died, August 20th, Samuel Burlington Wale, the infant son of B. B. Wale, of Blackheath.

Died, at St. Neot's, Sunday, September 13th, 1868, Susan, the beloved wife of Mr. Richard Bax, pastor of the Baptist church at St. Neot's, aged twenty-nine years.

“Double for all her Sins.”

“For your shame ye shall have double,
In their land they shall possess the double.”
Isaiah lxi. 7.

I WAS walking to the place where I was appointed to preach, the first Sunday evening in October in this year, and was thinking on the great things in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, which chapter may be said to present four special features. First, the history of the day of Pentecost; secondly, a pattern of the Gospel ministry; thirdly, a truthful testimony expressive of the secret work of the Holy Ghost; lastly, a beautiful model of a New Testament church.

While silently contemplating the recorded events of the day of Pentecost, a thought crossed my mind quite original to myself; and I will lay that simple thought presently before my readers. But first, a word upon the Pentecost in a general way. As the Gospel dispensation came in by the sudden coming down of the eternally glorious third person, the HOLY GHOST, so, I believe, the Gospel dispensation will close with the sudden glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour, JESUS CHRIST. As the blessed Spirit came on the Pentecostal day, and gathered in a large handful of first-fruits; so the Lord Jesus Christ will come at the end of this dispensation, and gather in the abundant harvest. CHRIST was, (Himself, essentially,) “the first-fruits; afterward THEY that are Christ’s, at HIS COMING,” (1 Cor. xv. 23). Oh! when I thought of this immensely mighty harvest my soul flew up, as to the throne of grace, saying—

With them numbered may we be,
Now, and through eternity.

The Pentecost was a jubilee of days from the passover, for when the whole fifty days from the passover were fully come, when the fiftieth day from thence arrived, then was the PENTECOST. Seven perfect weeks rolled on between the Passover and the Pentecost; so, between the beginning and the ending of this Gospel ingathering, there will be a perfection of time; and then, the CHURCH’S JUBILEE will be fully come.

Now, mark this! on the second day of the passover, on the sixteenth of *Nisan*, the (single) sheaf of the first-fruits was offered up; after which, and not before, it was lawful to reap the corn; Leviticus xxxiii. 10, 11. There was the type of the single blessing. That period from Passover to Pentecost, had three designated titles, “the feast of weeks,” “the first-fruits of wheat-harvest,” and “the feast of ingathering.” All of which are delightfully applicable in a spiritual way to the Gospel dispensation.

At the end of fifty days came the Pentecost; on that day was offered the two wave-loaves, as a thanksgiving that the Jewish harvest was ended. Here was the type of “THE DOUBLE.” In the salvation of God’s Israel there must be the single blessing of the Passover, and the double blessing of the Pentecost. For GOD ALMIGHTY to “passover” our sins, in the person, and in the sacrifice, of His SON, is a blessing

indeed ; for "without the shedding of blood there is no remission;" to be redeemed from the curse of the law, is the great deliverance which CHRIST effected for his people ; and He was the "One Sheaf of the first-fruits offered up" before the throne of God in heaven, as a pledge of the whole election of grace being ultimately brought in ; and "Christ crucified" is the "One sheaf," "lifted up," in the Gospel ministry ; but, still the proclamation is made, "except a man be born again, he cannot see," he cannot enter "into the kingdom of heaven." Hence, there is, to me, a fulness of rich truth in that promise in Isaiah lxi. Ah ! I should say, in that bunch of promises, which flow from both the Passover and the Pentecostal feasts ; for, now, not only has redemption come by the God-man, "the Son of the Father in truth and love," but, also, regeneration has come by the out-pouring of the Spirit ; so that the prediction has received its fulfilment, "therefore IN THEIR LAND THEY SHALL POSSESS THE DOUBLE." That is redemption by the passover, ("Christ our passover was sacrificed for us ;") and regeneration by the Pentecost ; for, said the blessed Redeemer, "when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He shall convince of sin, He shall take of mine, and shew it unto you, and He shall lead you into all truth." And there is literally fulfilled the grand old saying of the inspired patriarch, "And unto Him," (the Shiloh) "shall the gathering of the people be !"

"THE DOUBLE" then, is the fulness of the "two loaves ;" Jesus Christ, personally, as the Great High Priest of our profession, appearing before God for us in heaven, and Jesus Christ, brought home to the souls of the redeemed, by the power of the Holy Ghost, through the Gospel-making Isaiah's prophecy to stand out in a brilliant and blessed reality, the chief items of which are these :—

- "To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord ;
- "To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion ;
- "To give them beauty for ashes ;
- "The oil of joy for mourning ;
- "The garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness ;
- "That they might be called trees of righteousness ;
- "The planting of the Lord ;
- "That He might be glorified."

How is all this to be accomplished ? He answers, heaven-anointed men

- "Shall be called the ministers of our God ;"
- "They shall eat, (gather in) the riches of the Gentiles."

Then, being quickened by the Spirit of God, Christ being preached unto them, as Peter did on the day of Pentecost ; faith in Jesus being wrought in them, the happy results follow :

- "For your shame ye shall have double ;
- "And for confusion they shall rejoice in their portion ;
- "Therefore, in their (New Covenant Gospel) land they SHALL POSSESS THE DOUBLE ;
- "Everlasting joy shall be unto them."

If you would fairly estimate this great blessing, you must compare the preaching of Peter, on the day of Pentecost, when "there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind," and, when, "there appeared unto them cloven tongues as of fire ; which sat upon them ; and when

they were all filled with the Holy Ghost ;" when Peter preached Christ unto them, and they were pricked in the heart. When the prophecy in the forty-fifth Psalm came to pass, "Thine arrows are sharp in the hearts of the king's enemies ; whereby the people fall under thee ;" Peter preached Christ in His suffering death, in His resurrection power, and exalted glory ; the Holy Ghost made those words, like arrows to fly into the hearts of thousands. Alarm was felt within ; an appeal came out with much fervency, "Men and brethren, what shall we do ?" Repentance, faith, baptism, communion, gladness of heart, ensued, and the scene closes with a delightful doxology, "Praising God, and having favour with all the people." I say, compare this with good Stephen's ministry, as recorded in the seventh chapter of the Acts. He related unto them their wrong doings ; but there was no converting Spirit, no cloven tongues of fire ; Stephen was full of the Holy Ghost, but they ran upon him, cast him out of the city, and stoned him. Stephen called upon God, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," the young persecutor, Saul, was there, in him Stephen's prayer was answered. From Saul the persecutor, he became Paul the preacher ; and he was the chief instrument in the Lord's hands of ploughing up, and preparing that land, and of sowing and planting the Gospel, whereby the promise has come to pass, even down to our own time, "and in their land, they shall possess the double." So firmly believes

THE EDITOR.

The Preacher and his Preaching.

A BRIEF REVIEW OF THE LIFE, FAITH, AND MINISTRY OF THE LATE RECTOR OF OPENSHAW, WILLIAM PARKS, B.A.

(Continued from page 301.)

MINISTERS of the Gospel ! Sinners earnestly seeking for salvation ! Christians, of every age, and of every stage of experience ! To you all, (without the slightest grain of self-interest) we say, read the memoir and ministry of the late rector of Openshaw, William Parks, B.A. We are confident it will be useful to you, unless a carnal mind, a hard heart, a seared conscience, a sleepy soul, or a self-righteous spirit, hold you fast-bound in captivity ; and even then, with the blessing of the Lord, bad as your state may be, this book will prove as God's mouth unto thee ; to speak life and peace, and pardon, and assurance of every kind of salvation you can need.

We have already given two notices of this precious volume. We will now present our readers with one leaf taken out of "the inner precincts" of the heart of him, whose testimony to vital godliness is so clear and so scriptural, that none but those whose enmity has never been slain, can dare to dispute or slight it. Reviewing his twenty-four years in the ministry, he says,—

"And now, my dear brethren in the Lord, come with me into the inner precincts of my heart, and let me show you what I have passed through in the way of practice and experience.

"Martin Luther said long ago, 'It takes three things to make a divine, viz., *reading, meditation, and temptation.*'"

"Luther, doubtless, had his cue from Paul, who exhorted Timothy to give attendance to reading and meditation (1 Tim. iv. 13—15). What sort of reading this was we may readily imagine. It could not have been the reading of the works of the rabbis and doctors of the law, for these were utterly ignorant of the true meaning of God's word; but the reading insisted upon must have been the prayerful perusal of the word itself, seeking out the meaning through the teaching of the Holy Ghost.

"This is the sort of reading ministers ought to devote themselves to, and not the reading of commentators, &c., who are fallible and fanciful.

"Well, to this *reading* did I devote myself for years, but it was hard work to understand what I read. There seemed to be such contradictions and such confusion in the Scriptures, that it was many a day and many a year ere I got the clue. At last, two great truths broke in upon my soul, namely, *My own complete inability to keep the law, or God's precepts and commandments, if my salvation depended upon my obedience.* The holiness of God and the depravity of man put themselves in array before me, and I said, 'Surely there must be some one to take wretched man's place and answer for him if he ever is to be saved! That some One I discovered to be Jesus Christ. I reasoned thus, 'I will take Christ's own illustration of sin, "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart," (Matt. v. 28). Of course this equally applies to all the commandments of God—then, where am I? I have been angry, and therefore have committed murder! I have been untruthful, and therefore have borne false-witness! I have been disobedient to my parents, and therefore am under God's curse! I have been a Sabbath-breaker, a coveter of other people's goods, dishonest in many of my dealings, besides a cherisher of evil thoughts. What is to become of me? Thus I am a sinner both practically and spiritually! The Saviour declares me to be one of the vilest of the vile! I am lost and undone!'

"But Satan came with his sly suggestions. He said, 'Oh, repent, reform; turn over a new leaf, and all will be right!'

"But nay, nay, says Christ, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' Nay, nay, says Paul, 'Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them,' (Gal. iii. 10). This completely shut out all hope through my efforts or doings to make things strait with the all-holy God! There was nothing for it but salvation full and free, wrought out for me by Jesus Christ. I saw the mystery, and believed! Oh, how my heart leaped for joy!

"Observe here, that at this time I was quickened by the Holy Ghost. I was a regenerated man. My very anxiety about my soul, and my intense longing to know what the word meant, prove this; for no natural man ever troubled his head after this fashion. I was quickened ~~by the Holy Ghost~~ reading. Very different is this case to that of ~~the~~ ~~un~~ted, and are carried away by exciting rant or

th my reading brought to light was—'By the

deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified,' (Rom. iii. 20). Oh, what huge obstructions and difficulties did this sweep away at once! Before this, in reading the Old Testament history especially, I was puzzled beyond measure with God's commandments, His statutes, and His ordinances. I used to say to myself, 'There must be two ways of salvation, one by keeping those laws, the other by believing in Christ.' But the blessed epistle to the Romans taught me that 'Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth,' (Rom. x. 4.) From that day to this I have had no doubt about God's way of salvation, though I have had of my interest in it. The Old Testament commandments, statutes, and ordinances have nothing whatever to do with salvation. They are conditions, on the observance of which national Israel was to have possession of the land, and enjoy temporal blessings; whereas salvation is wholly, completely, and unreservedly unconditional! God grants salvation, not of works, but by grace—sheer, gratuitous, sovereign grace; and this He gives according to the good pleasure of His will.

"Brethren in the Lord, thus was I delivered. The work was done first by God the Holy Ghost quickening me—me, who never sought Him; secondly, by inciting me to give diligence to reading the word. 'Ah,' say many, 'we don't like those *extreme views*!' Like them or dislike them, I reply; I am going to heaven with them in the full assurance of understanding! How common is this objection to the doctrines of distinguishing grace! *Extreme—extreme!*' the enemy cries; 'let us have something more in accordance with man's notions of right and wrong.'

"I answer, what the word teaches, and what man wishes, are two different things. The word distinctly declares that God's thoughts are not as man's thoughts, and the whole tenor of God's dealings with man proves that God's ways are diametrically opposed to man's. 'Who by searching can find out God?' But let us have a word upon '*extreme views*.' What folly and inconsistency lie at the bottom of this objection!

"What greater *extreme* than the eternal love of God for His poor sinning church (Jer. xxxi. 3)?

"What greater *extreme* than the assumption on the part of Jehovah-Jesus of the form of sinful man (Phil. ii. 6—8)?

"What greater *extreme* than Jesus becoming a beggar that His church might be rich (2 Cor. vi. 10)?

"What greater *extreme* than the Creator of the universe submitting to be maltreated by His own creatures (John i. 3; xix. 18)?

"What greater *extreme* than God in redemption-work passing by angels and rescuing and saving men, who by nature are worse than devils (Heb. ii. 16; James ii. 19)?

"What greater *extreme* than God giving grace to His church in Christ Jesus before the world began, to save it irrespective of all sorts of works whatever (2 Tim. i. 9)?

Are our souls cast down within us? The reason is, our faith is so feeble that we cannot lay hold of the sweet assurances of the Scriptures. What is the remedy? We must pray for the renewal of our graces. Can't we pray? Then we must wait till it pleases a sovereign God to breathe upon our inner man.—*Rev. William Parks.*

Memorials of the Life of Mr. Joseph Hamblin.

BY THOMAS JONES.

(Continued from page 235)

THE next field our friend had to work in, after leaving East lane, was at Foot's Cray, where, for the space of nine years or more, he ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ. It was while he was there the writer became acquainted with him, and conceived a high regard for him as a God-taught man, rich in Bible lore, and peculiarly qualified to speak a word in season to such as were weary. To this day, he counts Joseph Hamblin the best textuary he ever heard preach, bottoming all his pulpit statements so intelligently and plainly on Holy Writ, that the prophet's prefix might have headed his discourses, *THUS SAITH THE LORD*. His style was not captivating, there was no phosphorescence, no enticing words of man's wisdom, nothing got up for effect, but there was sobriety, earnestness, truth from first to last. It might require some effort to follow him, or keep up with him, in his reasonings and accumulations of Scripture evidences on the points he would elucidate, but no Christian hearer, paying the needful attention, would fail of a full reward of his labour. The writer is not alone in this opinion. He spoke lately, with a well-established Christian brother (well known in the churches) who heard Mr. H. occasionally for years, and he fully concurred in his testimony. That his gift was not more widely appreciated, goes to prove that wordy declamation and anecdotal gossip are more acceptable to itching ears than weighty matter, sound speech, rightly dividing the word of truth. If, however, he was not as a musical instrument to the multitude, he was as a Barnabas to a good few of the tried and tempest-tossed who required to be assured of good anchorage, of immutable purpose and everlasting love. To these, his ministry was a joyful sound, telling, as it did, of a Saviour, and a great one. Our God divides to every man severally as He will. To one is given by the Spirit, the word of wisdom, to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit. Let each servant of the Master cultivate his proper gift, neither depreciating nor envying his brother's endowments: The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is from the Lord. Speaking of our friend and his movements after a human judgment we account for his change of sphere time after time by reference to his constitutional temperament. First, he was ever distrusting himself, doubting his fitness for ministerial work, and anxious to creep into any hole or corner, where he should be out of sight and hearing. This habit of ignoring his commission was doubtless an infirmity, an infirmity in which he so resolutely believed that he never strove to resist it. By the side of this feverish humility (if that be the right word) was a natural impulsiveness, whether of feeling or of temper it were hard to say, perhaps a mixture of both. Now it is not allowed to a minister to have temper or feeling, or to be a man of like passions with others. He is expected to sympathize with everybody, while few conceive it needful to sympathize with him under any temptation in the flesh (Gal. iv. 14), and surely a hasty or a sulky temper, must belong to

the affections of the old man, which every lover of the meek and lowly ONE must long to put off. How many cases we have known, wherein a little calm explanation would have shown both parties in the wrong, and prevented a wrecking storm. We have misunderstood Joseph Hamblin altogether, if he was capable of wilfully wounding the weakest member of Christ's mystical body, and we are sure when any jar occurred between him and his brethren he was always the greatest sufferer. No censure on any party is intended by these observations, and if God should be pleased to own them for suggesting to any pastor or people, "forbearance, kindness, humbleness of mind, and above all things charity, which is the bond of perfectness," to Him be rendered the sacrifice of praise, the fruit of our lips giving thanks to his name. Humility becomes us, for in many things we offend all.

Under some irritation our friend grew restless at Foot's Cray, and he came to the writer again and again for advice and help, that he might retire from public service, and try for a living by keeping a stationer's shop, a very small one would suffice. The writer insisted upon it that it would be little less than criminal to withdraw him from the ministry to which the Lord had evidently called him, and if he ran away from it, he would have to come back. "Yes," he said, "I know that is your opinion, but I ought to know myself best, and I don't agree with you." That difference of opinion was probably the cause of a reserve which the deceased maintained during the last years of his life, but the writer has ever held him in the same fraternal regard.

After resigning the charge at Foot's Cray he became pastor of the Strict Baptist church at Saxlingham, from whence a few years later he removed to Orpington, where he broke the bread of life to a small company of the Lord's poor, to the end of his days. Death had no sting for him. He knew whom he had believed, and that he was able to keep that which was committed unto him, and he had committed to him his all, body, soul, and spirit. That which had been his cross through most of his pilgrimage galled him almost to the last. He had also a deal to endure in the demolishing of "the earthly house," but his faith failed not. He endured as seeing Him who is invisible. For him to live was gain. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints. He breathed out his soul on the 27th day of August, 1867, in the seventy-second year of his age, leaving a widow and seven children to mourn their loss. May they be followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises!

The Lord has called home many of His faithful witnesses lately; may He raise up many to fill their places who shall be more abundantly useful in gathering up a people for his praise.

T. JONES.

Now, the question is, have we faith? When we get amongst unbelieving, wicked company, what does our faith do for us? When there is any likelihood of our suffering for Christ, what does our faith do for us? When scorn, loss of business, inconvenience of any kind threatens us, what does our faith do for us? Are we ready to say, "Let God be magnified?"—*Rev. W. Parks.*

In the Church of England, and Out of It.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—In my last I made mention of the time when I became unsettled and unsatisfied in the Church of England, and when I look back at all the little incidents which happened one after another to disturb me, I cannot attribute them to mere chance. It was very remarkable, that just about the time of which I write, a Christian gentleman unknown to me, came to pay a visit to Billingsboro', and having heard of me through my minister, he called to see me. I was very glad, though very surprised at his visit; we had some religious conversation, and I requested him to call again, which he did many times while he remained in the village. He did not know what my religious views were, and he seemed cautious in expressing his own, but I soon found that the so-called dangerous doctrines which were dear to my own heart, were dear to his also. He was one of the despised sect everywhere spoken against. The pleasure I felt at this discovery I cannot tell you, and I believe he was equally pleased. He was a man "Mighty in the Scriptures," making them at all times his chief study, and every time he came he would take some portion suitable to the state of mind I was then in, and endeavour with the Holy Spirit's help to throw light upon it, to try to clear my mind of fear, doubt and dependency, and instruct me in those parts which had special reference to the subject which was engrossing all my thoughts; and the keen relish I had long felt for the Word of God, made me drink in with something like greediness all that he advanced, for

"What are the mines of shining wealth,
The strength of youth, the bloom of health,
What are all joys, compared with those,
Thine everlasting word bestows!"

To this venerable servant of God I am more indebted than I can ever tell in this world; and if we meet no more on earth, I trust we shall in heaven, and there I will for ever sing of it to the praise and honour of our God. Sometimes after a long season of bodily weakness, when I began to improve, how I have felt my strength gradually increase day by day, so did I find under this Christian friend's instruction. I was gradually gaining spiritual strength, and increasing in the knowledge of the Scriptures "which were able to make me wise unto salvation." And not only did I increase in knowledge, but as he went on to describe what were the evidences of true Christianity, and to remove stumbling-blocks out of the way, &c., I felt my hope and faith strengthened, and could say in this Christian friend's own words,—

"Now, now, I know this precious truth,
That every word of God is pure;
And that to all thy hidden ones,
The promises are all secure."

As he dwelt upon the manifestation of God's love and mercy in the eternal choice of His people, His sovereignty in choosing according to His will, those whom He intended to save, &c., I was led to see more clearly than ever that "Election is a truth divine," and that the covenant of grace is "ordered in all things and sure;" and I was led to hope

that worthless as I was, I was included in that covenant. Many portions of God's word as he explained them were so sweetly applicable to my own state of mind, and afforded me more comfort than I ever derived from the word before, and I cannot but believe that He who ordereth the steps of a good man, so ordered his steps to Billingsboro' and inclined his heart to visit me, a perfect stranger, just at the time when I needed such instruction as he was so well able to give. And not only so, but the Lord, in His wisdom, so ordered it that he remained much longer in the village than he had at first intended, and greatly did I feel the loss of his instructions when he left, for he had certainly been the means of showing unto me the way of God more perfectly. For some time after this, I remained a constant attendant at church, without a thought, or wish to leave her, but longing more than ever to hear the truth as I had received it into my own heart. However, as time wore on, first one trivial circumstance, and then another transpired to bring round the appointed time. Unknown to me the Baptist cause had undergone a change. It had, at the very time I became so unsettled in the church, passed into the Trinitarians' hands, and a young man had been engaged by them to preach for a certain time on trial. A young Wesleyan friend, a neighbour of mine, was amongst his occasional hearers, and she invited me to go and hear one of his weeknight lectures, but as I was much opposed to going from one place of worship to another, I declined going, but being pressed I reluctantly consented to go. I heard a duty-faith sermon from one of those zealous young men who have their full share of popularity at the present time, and I soon arrived at the conclusion that such preaching would not do for long at the Bridge chapel. I knew that nothing but a complete salvation by Christ alone would do there; still I thought him sincere, and expressed a hope to my friend, that a few years' experience would greatly improve him, but not relishing what I had heard, I did not go again for some time. When I did go, it was to find the little sanctuary closed. I found that the young man had not been accepted, that some of his hearers had hired the public hall, and the young minister had consented to remain and preach there, and as the majority of professors in the present day are fond of anything fresh, of course he had many followers, and the few who remained at the chapel were greatly pained, and when these circumstances came to my knowledge, it touched a tender chord; my sympathies were aroused. I saw their harps hanging upon the willows, and I longed to share their sorrows. I was greatly exercised in my mind, for as they had now no stated minister, I could not see clearly that it was my duty to leave the church, especially as it was very uncertain as to whether the Baptists could carry on their cause, so completely had their hopes been frustrated. I was sorely tried in my mind, still clinging to the church, yet knowing I was useless there, was tempted to free myself from her. Just at this time, I heard that a minister was expected to preach at the chapel on the following night. Accordingly I went and heard a truly free-grace sermon, the first I had ever heard which had any reference to God's electing love. This sermon, much as I enjoyed it, greatly unsettled me; I felt those grand and glorious truths to be the only food that would satisfy my soul; I saw also the downcast looks of those dear people, and I longed to tell them how deeply I sympathized with them in their present trials; but as yet they knew not that in

reality I belonged to them, that I was a Baptist, both in principle and practice, that I believed the same truths which they believed, cherished the same hope, trusted in the same Saviour, and expected to enjoy His presence in heaven at last, and with them to sing for ever the redemption song, "Unto him that has loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, unto Him be glory and dominion for ever."

But to proceed. After hearing the above named sermon, I was very much tempted to introduce myself to the Baptist friends, but not being sufficiently acquainted with them to speak to them about it, I determined to write. Accordingly I wrote a letter, but so difficult did I find it to decide whether I should send it or not, that I spent a whole sleepless night, so fearful was I lest it should in any way interfere with the church. I thought, now this may be the first step, but to prevent it, I will light my fire with the letter, and I took it up for that purpose. But again I altered my mind, and after a desperate struggle within, I sent the letter, expressing my pleasure at having heard such a truthful sermon, and my sympathy with them under their present trying circumstances, hoping the Lord would soon appear for them, &c. After this, I went to every service they held, if it were possible, and of course soon became better known amongst them. I mean to say every week service, for I was a long time before I could absent myself from the church on the Sunday. The first time I did so was to hear Mr. W. W., who occasionally supplied for them. After hearing him preach, and conversation with him at the house of our good deacon, I became very unsettled and undecided, and every service I attended only increased the painful exercises of my mind. I particularly remember one Sunday morning going to their prayer meeting, and when I entered the door, a peculiar solemnity seemed to pervade the place; it was the last minute before the commencement of the service, and I thought I could enter into the meaning of Jacob's words, when he said, "Surely the Lord is in this place." And as I listened to the prayers of first one, and then another, I felt my soul truly melted down. They were not the prayers of those who were going on prosperously, who were watching the cords of Zion as they lengthened, and with joy looked upon the stakes as they strengthened, but they were the prayers of those whose spirits were cast down, whose hearts were well nigh broken, for the vine which had sent out her boughs into the sea, and her branches into the river, had been broken down. They were almost constrained to write Ichabod upon their sanctuary, for the glory had departed. They sat down with the Jews of old, to weep by the rivers of Babylon when they remembered Zion; but while their hearts were overwhelmed within them, they were led to the rock that was higher than they. With humble submission they cast themselves upon a faithful and covenant keeping God. Cheered and encouraged by the promises of Him who cannot lie, they renewed their strength, and in the language and spirit of the Psalmist they cried "Turn us again, O Lord God of hosts, cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved." Happily they knew that nothing happened to them by chance, but that every blow came from a loving Father's hand, "I the Lord do all these things. Therefore instead of crying as they had hitherto done, "Woe unto us for we are spoiled," they were enabled to encourage themselves in the Lord and say, "Truly, in the Lord our God is the salvation of Israel." The Lord was pleased from time to

time to give them some sweet glimpses of His face in their little sanctuary, and to assure them that His presence should go with them.

The more I went amongst that people, and the better I knew them, the more convinced I was that the Lord could not, consistently with His word, suffer them to sink under their trouble, for who that ever committed their cause submissively into his hands, were overwhelmed? In the exercise of faith and confidence in their God, they looked forward to brighter and better days, and I trust that the sequel will prove that they were not disappointed, for the Lord of hosts was with them, the God of Jacob was their refuge.

Billingboro'.

MARIE.

Lights and Shadows of a Pastor's Life.

THE reader will remember that the last chapter closed with a statement of the painful temporal circumstances in which we were placed in Cardiff, "reduced to our last half-crown," and strangers to a throne of grace. It was Lord's-day, August 5th, 1855, that I was sitting in my little room miserable and low-spirited, when I took up a number of the *Christian Cabinet* which lay on the table, and my eyes fell upon the words, *open-air preaching*. I immediately fell upon my knees and burst into tears, "O God," I exclaimed, "there are men in the world living for thine honour and glory; and I, what a wretch I have been! In spite of all thou hast given me and done for me, I have lived in the service of Satan and of sin, and have utterly forgotten thee; why not cast me into hell at once, and let my sufferings atone to thine insulted mercy and justice?" But language can never describe the mental anguish and spiritual distress of that hour, the overwhelming sense of sin and guilt that pressed on my conscience then was indescribable; that long God-forgetting, God-dishonouring life of mine, the purity, inflexibility, and spirituality of that law which I had so constantly broken, and the weight of vengeance that I had incurred, must be *felt* to be known. For hours I wrestled in agony beneath the load of unforgiven sin, and cried and groaned for pardon. At last it came, "Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee;" then peace flowed in like a river, and righteousness like the waves of the sea. Then I was afraid to retire to rest lest I should lose that deep and blessed joy, lest I should wake in my old cold worldly state in the morning. But when that morning came, the joy, the sweet sense of pardon, the fellowship with Jesus, the earnest spirit of prayer still continued.

Of course our temporal circumstances were still the same, but I had drunk of the wine of His love, and drinking, had forgotten my poverty and remembered my misery no more. That evening, I was to lecture at Abergavenny, but only eight persons came; the consequence was that I did not deliver the lecture, but returned them their money. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and not being able to afford paying for a supper, we bought a penny loaf each, and ate it while we walked beneath the shadow of the Abergavenny mountains. The next morning we started to walk home to Cardiff not being able for want of funds to

take the rail. Our cup now seemed full to the brim ; we had reached a point beyond which we could endure no more ; but

He knows how long the wilful heart,
Requires the chastening grief ;
And soon as sorrow's work is done,
'Tis He who sends relief.

He sitteth on the water-floods,
When waves of sorrow rise ;
And while He holds the bitter cup,
He wipes the tearful eyes.

The next morning, Tuesday, I received a subpoena from a London attorney to attend a trial which was coming off at Kingston-on-Thames, and in which I was an important witness. When I first received it I exclaimed, "O Lord, what does this mean? I came from London where I had known better days to this place, that none might witness my poverty, and now I am summoned back almost to the very spot I left, show me wherefore thou contendest with me?" As no fee was sent with the subpoena, which there ought to have been, I had to sell a number of books, and my portmanteau, to get the money to pay my fare up, leaving my dear wife till I should return in an almost penniless condition. I reached Paddington on the Saturday night, unwell in body, and harassed in mind. On the Monday morning I went into the Strand to see the solicitor on the business for which I had been summoned to London. After seeing him, while passing along the Strand, I met an old school-fellow who asked me what I was doing?

I answered, "Nothing, and know not what I shall do."

He said, "You remember your old friend H.?"

I said, "Yes."

"Well," he said, "he was engaged as lecturer on Physical Geography, at the '———,' but left it suddenly and unexpectedly on Saturday last. It is an engagement that would just suit you."

I thanked him for the information, walked direct to the private residence of James W—, Esq., M.P., the proprietor ; he gave me an order to go over it, and wished me to return to tell him whether I could undertake it. I saw it, and told him I could.

"When will you begin?" he said.

"To-morrow," I replied.

"Well," he said, "I like your promptitude, do so."

I did. I was to receive two guineas per week, and this, considering my recent circumstances, seemed like a fortune. I walked along Trafalgar square, weeping, praising, and blessing God. Now I understood why I had been brought back from Wales, where we were on the verge of destitution to London, where on the very day after my arrival I obtained employment.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.

My dear wife came up to London immediately, and we pitched our tent near Kennington. I had been at the "———" but a few weeks, when a gentleman who was among the audience at one of my lectures on the "Gulf Stream," asked me privately at the close, if I could undertake to lecture to a select audience twice a week, at Kennington, on the physical sciences? I engaged to do so, i.e., to deliver two lectures, weekly, each to last three quarters of an hour, and for

which he engaged to pay me thirty shillings weekly. Thus the Lord in bringing me, though sadly against my will, back again from Wales to London, brought me from the very verge of destitution, to the receipt of nearly a hundred and ninety pounds per annum.

'Tis the right way, and even here,
Faith loves to call it so;
But more when viewed from yonder sphere,
Shall we its rightness know.

I continued at the — till the Lord opened the way for me into the ministry. But how he did this and how I became introduced into, and identified with the Strict Baptist body, I must defer the relation of till my next; simply adding here, that in less than six months after the Lord had brought me to a knowledge of Himself, he met with my dear wife also, while we were for a few weeks sojourning at Oxford, and from that hour to this we have enjoyed sweet fellowship together in the things of God.

THE CHURCH OF OUR FOREFATHERS AT WALTHAM ABBEY, IN ESSEX.

WALTHAM ABBEY, EBENEZER BAPTIST CHAPEL, FOUNTAIN SQUARE.

[The following report is, to us, very interesting; its insertion is calculated to encourage many of the weakly and the tried.—ED.]

THIS newly erected house of prayer was opened for the public worship of God, on September 22nd, 1868. The service commenced by the pastor, Mr. F. Green, giving out the beautiful hymn beginning, "Come, thou fount of every blessing;" after which the esteemed servant of God, Mr. S. Milner, delivered a very sound Gospel sermon from the latter clause of Exodus xx. 24. At five o'clock, a good number of friends sat down to a well-furnished table of tea and cake. In the evening, Mr. John Hazelton, of London, by the Lord's help, was led to dilate fully and freely, upon the words found in Haggai ii. 4, "For I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts." Every seat was well filled, and many expressed that it was of a truth good to be there.

It has been requested of me, by this old tried church of Christ, to give an epitome of its history, in order to acquaint the churches of the same faith and practice, of the glorious interposition of divine providence, recently displayed on their behalf in their removal from Bethel to Ebenezer Baptist chapel, through which they are privileged to exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" This only known Strict Communion Baptist church in the town of Waltham, rented and assembled for the worship of God, a place called "Bethel chapel," for upwards of twenty-three years past, this place being authoritatively required of them, after a legal term, at the expiration of which they were necessitated *volens volens*, to make a final exit therefrom. In the first stage of this eventful crisis, the mind of the church was expressive of Jacob's trouble, that "all these things are against me," but their cries and groans entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth concerning it. The answer speedily followed, "This is the way, walk ye in it," and before the friends bestirred themselves to any external means, a door was opened, an unsought volunteer and friend presented himself (in the hour of need) knowing the position of the church (see Luke vii. 5,) agreed to render any and every assistance (irrespective of personal aggrandizement) that lay within his power, which he has to the fullest extent carried out, in the completion of a very substantial, neat, and comfortable house of prayer, where the church and congregation may, blessed be the Lord, serve him without any fear of molestation, which place will, by divine help, and the exertions

and sympathy of friends be purchased (without rental) by the church in their own time. This little despised family is a branch from the parent church first planted in the neighbourhood of Paradise row, Waltham Abbey, in the year 1729, under the pastorate of Mr. John Author. This church grew amazingly in number and grace, and at that period it occupied no small position in the annals of nonconformity and patronized by some very eminent men. In August 15th, 1764, the venerable John Davis entered upon his public ministry there, and that masterly divine and oriental scholar John Gill, D.D. (whom Dr. Newman called the great English Rabbi,) preached the ordination sermon, in the morning from these words, Ezek. x. 20, "This is the living creature that I saw under the God of Israel by the river of Chebar, and I knew that they were the cherubims." Mr. Samuel Burford preached in the evening. From this church, Mr. James Upton, (forty-eight years pastor of the church in Blackfriars road), went forth to preach in the 18th year of his age, and on Feb. 20th, 1785, he delivered his first sermon from the pulpit at Waltham Abbey from 1 Cor. xv. 10. These minutia may be deemed frivolous, but

I venerate the men whose hearts are warm,
Whose doctrine and whose life coincident,
Exhibit lucid proof that such are honest
In the Master's cause.

Here Dr. W. Newman frequently preached, and I believe was sent out from this church to Bow, where he became settled. In a neighbouring house the quaint yet famous godly divine John Ryland, preached, and one old saint of God, Mr. W. Maynard, now member of "Ebenezer," near ninety years of age, was then a child, and heard the good old preacher, Mr. Joseph Ivimy, the Baptist church historian, and Mr. Pritohard, Dr. Newman's biographer, often supplied the pulpit here. During the commencement of the present century a dark dispensation of providence came over this church of Paradise row. They were without a settled pastor for thirteen years, in which they termed themselves in a state of widowhood, and did not break bread the whole of that time. In the year 1824, a disruption took place in this church arising from the propagation of doctrinal errors by the officiating minister, Mr. K——n. This worked disaffection in the minds of many in connection therewith, and a few deemed it expedient to withdraw themselves from church fellowship, one of whom had held the office of deacon for upwards of forty-three years. But a clear perception of the divine rights of the church, together with a keen apprehension of injured innocence, for the truth's sake, has been the marked feature in the character of this people for many years past. They soon met as of old, with one accord in one place, which was taken upon a lease of twenty-one years at £3 per annum, made suitable for the purpose, where they might worship him, for whose glory they found no sacrifice too great, with a zeal for the Lord of hosts, according to experimental knowledge; they united into a duly organized church, based upon Strict Communion principles, enjoying the full demands of conscience, and private judgment, in things pertaining unto life and godliness; nor was even then in them a known infirmity to cringe beneath the mock sceptre of any peccable lord, or to call any man master. Blessed be the Lord of life and glory wealth cannot purchase nor annihilate spiritual peace and unspeakable liberty in His Zion, this is His divine prerogative, to give or withhold. This little church began to find the place too strait for them, after receiving in 1842 another increase of eleven members from Paradise row, who came out from that place, on the entrance of that mongrel system of open-communion. After this the church thought it desirable to enlarge, or to pull down and rebuild the chapel, known at that time by the name of "Pigeon house," they then licensed a room in Bland's yard, for the preaching of the Gospel, and commenced collecting for the above purpose, when £50, was soon raised towards it; but the design was then thwarted by a more alluring device, which was, that a

place suitable should be privately built, and the church could hire it at a moderate rental. This scheme was too readily acceded to by the friends, as the new project was blighted in the bud, and vividly portrayed by Cowper, in his "Table Talk," i.e.,

You told me, I remember, glory built
On selfish principles, is shame and guilt;
The deeds that men admire as half divine,
Are nought, because corrupt in their design.

The friends laboured in that place in much sorrow, but that is past; the ministration of the word was set forth and blessed, (to many a needy humble soul,) by nearly the whole staff of able ministers of the Gospel in the Strict Baptist denomination, but even that could not make a large church at Waltham Abbey. However, the steady progress of the church, and their close adherence to the truth of the Gospel, and to each other as at this present time in the new sanctuary, must be clearly visible, that the whole result is of the Lord; and may it never be other than the insignia it now bears Ebenezer, "a stone of help," prays yours respectfully on behalf of the church,
W. WINTERS.

Oct. 10, 1868.

NEW BOOKS.

"CHRISTIAN INFIDELS."

THIS singularly paradoxical term stands forth prominently in the preface to the last new volume from the pen of Mr. JAMES GRANT, the author of *God is love*, and several other theological works. The title of this new book, reads thus: *The Religious Tendencies of the Times: or, How to Deal with the Deadly Errors and Dangerous Delusions of the Day*. By James Grant, &c. London: Published by William Macintosh, Paternoster row.

This is altogether a strong and decided witness against the most fearful perversions of truth which are now poured forth from pulpit, press, and platform, in all parts of the United Kingdom. A more seasonable, or a more useful production, Mr. Grant has never given to the people. But, it is like a little life-boat put out to sea at a time when the perilous waves are breaking and dashing on the vessel with such united force as to threaten irrecoverable ruin to craft, and crew, and all on board.

Our nation, our "Protestant" country, our "Gospel England," and the visible Protestant church which stands in our midst, are in great danger of losing their power, their privileges, and their position altogether,

as a Christian nation, and as a people faithful to their God. *Arminianism*, says Bailey, in his *Lexicon*, "is the doctrine of the Arminian, so called from JACOBUS ARMINIUS, who held free-grace, and universal redemption." This Arminianism, like a flood, has been coming in to inundate the churches of this land for many generations. It has almost entirely driven back the river of electing love and of eternal life; that is, so far as the public ministry of the doctrines of grace are concerned. But very few men comparatively speaking dare to be faithful to the truth of the Gospel in these times. Moreover, from these floods of Arminianism, other poisonous streams are gushing out in all directions, until, as Mr. Grant says in his preface, "Never was there a time in the annals of Christianity, in which the religion of Jesus was exposed to so many and such fierce assaults from its foes." Depend upon it, this is true; and very few have suffered more severely in the conflict than ourselves. Three times have we endeavoured to establish a weekly witness to the truth as it is in Jesus; but the enmity and powerful forces of the enemies have driven us back, thrown us down, triumphed over us, and while our foes are rejoicing over our ruin, our friends (!) if ever we had any, are

flying over to the hosts of our adversaries as fast as they can do so.

Now is the time to read the prophet Joel. We had almost said, Satan has set up an immense number of intoxicating drug palaces, in which the people may drink in Arminianism, Free-willism, Fullerism, Annihilationism, Ritualism, and so on; until, there is indeed an appropriateness in the alarming voice of the Lord by the prophet Joel, "Awake, ye drunkards, and weep, and howl, all ye drinkers of wine, for a nation is come up upon my land, strong, and without number;" and how true is the following: "the meat-offering and the drink-offering is cut off from the house of the Lord; THE LORD'S MINISTERS MOURN!"

We almost fear to make any effort or we would willingly take this bold testimony of Mr. Grant's, and read it, with notes and comments, in the streets, in the villages, in the schools, in the chapels; yea, everywhere where our voice, in sounding out the alarms contained in this book might be heard until many must awake from their present lethargy and indifference.

Mr. James Grant has gone into some of the dens of *Deadly Errors*, he has taken hold of the lions by their beards; and he has given them a sound shaking; as we will show next month.

THE DENS, AND THE DIRT OF OUR ENGLISH PEASANTRY.

WHENEVER we take up *The Gardener's Magazine*, and look into its contents, (although we do not personally know the editor,) we silently say "What a first-class, noble-minded philosopher, philanthropist, and genuine Christian, this Shirley Hibberd must be!" There is stamped upon every page of this paper, such evidences of greatness of mind, and of practical knowledge in every branch of floriculture, botany, gardening, and nursery work, as must commend it to the grateful esteem of many thousands. One article on the great contrast between the dens and the dirt of many thousands of the English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh peasantry, and the beautiful cots, and

cottage gardens, here and there to be seen, is so powerful in its descriptions and suggestions, that we could wish every farmer, land-owner, and cottager could read it; and lay it well to heart. If the huts, the dens, and the dirty deserts, where thousands exist, could be turned into clean neat cottages, with well cultivated plots of garden-ground, beer and brutalism would give way to sobriety, thrift, and a love of peace and order; and the moral and social advantages to all classes would be incalculable. One little paragraph caught up at random, from the bottom of one of the pages of this *Gardener's Magazine*, must suffice now.

"A garden is a beautiful book, writ by the finger of God; every flower and every leaf is a letter. You have only to learn them—and he is a poor dunce that cannot, if he will, do that—to learn them and join them, and then go on reading and reading. And you will find yourself carried away from the earth by the beautiful story you are going through. You do not know what beautiful thoughts grow out of the ground, and seem to talk to a man. And then there are some flowers that seem to me like over-dutiful children: tend them but ever so little, and they come up and flourish, and show, as I may say, their bright and happy faces to you."

The Religious Tendencies of the Times; or, How to Deal with the Deadly Errors, and Dangerous Delusions of the Day. By James Grant. Published by William Macintosh. Under the heading, "Christian Infidels," we have given a notice of this weighty volume. Let the popular ministers of the day well understand one thing; in this important book Mr. Grant has not hesitated faithfully to charge the majority of the men who occupy the pulpits of our day with a most fearful departure from the Gospel of the grace of God. He says distinctly, "They preach another Gospel than that of our Lord Jesus Christ. Each of them has a Gospel of his own,

of which Satan cordially approves, because nothing could more effectually do his work." What does this mean? It means nothing more nor less than that, "in most of our present pulpits," the gentlemen who occupy them are not the servants of God at all, they are not the ambassadors of Christ in any measure, they are really in disguise, the vassals of that creature of whom it is said, "Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made;" and he deceived the woman, seduced, and led her and her husband into awful transgression, a transgression which involved their posterity in misery, sorrow, bloodshed, and ruin inexpressibly woeful and overwhelming.

And is it a fact, that the men who occupy most of the pulpits in our day, are only helping on the great delusion? That the gentlemen deacons who invite and pay them, are auxiliaries to the furtherance of Satan's kingdom? That the immense congregations who give their large subscriptions to support their ministers, and who surrender themselves to their teaching, are simply the blind devotees of a blinded ministry, both of whom, the Saviour said, must fall into the ditch? What, is this the plight we poor English people are reduced to? Are we not only in danger of being deceitfully caressed by the Romish pope, his pontiffs, cardinals, doctors, &c., but are our professed Protestant advocates, who stand in most of our pulpits only of that class of whom Paul to the Corinthians wrote, when of them he said, they "preach another Jesus," they are "false apostles, deceitful workers, transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ?" And then, with all the coolness and authority imaginable he adds, "And no marvel, for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light. Therefore it is no great thing if his ministers also be transformed as the ministers of righteousness; whose end shall be according to their works." What! we ask again, is this our condition as a professing Christian people? If Mr. Grant has not, or cannot, shew that this charge is founded on, and

proved by, indisputable evidence, we say, he ought not to write any more of these books; but, if like Paul, he will back up these solemn assertions by proof; if like Paul, he can add, "I say again, let no man think me a fool," (and we certainly do not think Mr. Grant, in this book, is either a fool or a false witness,) then, if this is our condition, we call upon the respectable publisher of this book to have large posters posted up in every part of the united kingdom, with these words on them, "Treason in the pulpits, delusion in the pews. See Mr. James Grant's last work on 'Our Dangers, and our Duties,'" and we would call upon every man who occupies professedly the position of a minister of the Gospel, to go, with all speed and earnestness, to the throne of grace with that prayer of David's, "Search me, O God, and know my heart, try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." And we would, finally, call upon all who are really concerned about their souls' salvation, to take heed who and what they hear, for if Mr. Grant has not uttered a solemn and truthful warning to them all, we are mistaken. But we have not done with this subject yet.

An Ancient Cobbler.—Two hundred years ago, perhaps more, there lived in the city of London a cobbler, named Samuel How. He mended shoes and studied the Bible during the six working-days, and on Sundays he preached the Gospel to a few people over whom he was placed as their spiritual pastor. A clergyman who resided in that part of the city, derided the idea of a cobbler preaching; he said, indeed, no man out of the National Church, and not educated for, and duly initiated into its ministry, either could or should preach. The cobbler's friends challenged the clergyman to give Samuel How a text, and then to come and hear him preach the sermon. It is a fact, well authenticated, that the clergyman did both. The ancient print, which I have seen, shows the clergyman entering the cobbler's stall, and presenting him

with the proposed text; which was this (2 Peter iii. 16), "In which are some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, unto their own destruction." From that solemn scripture the cobbler preached a sermon; it is headed, "The Sufficiency of the Spirit's Teaching." The clergyman heard it; the result I stop not here to describe. It was a masterly discovery of the kind of "learning" Peter referred to. That sermon was published; it was a great blessing; it has been considered suited to the times in which we live. A little band of good Protestants propose to re-issue it with the engraved frontispiece. The price will be sixpence. All friends to the dissemination of pure truth will oblige if they will send their orders for the work, addressed to "The Cobbler How Society, care of James Paul, Pulpit Office, Chapter House Court, Paternoster row." By sending one stamp, a few prospectuses will be forwarded; and a most extensive circulation of the work may thereby be accomplished.

The Last Adam. By Lieut-Gen. H. Goodwyn, author of "Antitypical Parallels," &c. London: S. W. Partridge and Co. There are, at least, three portions of this book, which furnish material for thought, critical enquiry, and prophetic reflection. The first is, the "Evidence that the church is not the kingdom, but the eve of the new creation;" the second is, "A synopsis of the book of the apocalypse of Jesus Christ;" the third is, "Seven typical phases of the coming kingdom." The venerable and indefatigable writer of this and other volumes, is opening up veins of Biblical and prophetic study quite new to many of us who have not hitherto read some portions of the word, as he has been favoured to do. "The Last Adam," is a handsome book; and all who carefully peruse its contents, will be convinced that Lieut-Gen. H. Goodwyn is a devout, and learned Christian author; and that his last days are given up to the promotion of an increased measure of prophetic light into, and a grow-

ing knowledge of those more pure and perfect regions or dispensations, which shall be the inheritance of the redeemed ere the mystery of God shall be finished.

Capital Punishment is Murder Legalized. By J. C. L. Carson, M.D., published by Houlston and Wright. A profoundly argumentative, and most conclusive book. These twelve chapters certainly cannot be read by any unbiassed mind, without deriving advantages worth ten times the cost of purchase and time of reading. A victorious champion Dr. Carson will certainly prove, if he can but persevere. His work ought to be more than popular; it should be universally digested, and talked of in all circles of society.

The Lutheran Observer, from Philadelphia, has reached us; so has "The Protestant" from Sydney; and notices of a periodical conducted by Mr. Samuel Cozens, at Launceston. Of these, the month being nearly gone; as well as Mr. Cozens' paper on "Mixed Communion," we cannot say more now.

C. H. Spurgeon, his books, his sermons, and his institutions. Having received several of Mr. Spurgeon's works for review, we have commenced a lengthened notice of them; and originally intended it for this month; but several things have caused us to defer it.

Elijah the Tishbite, and Elijah the Christian, a memoir of the late Mr. E. Packer, is now ready.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the announcement on the cover, of the issuing of the *Baptist Almanack* for next year. It is to be ready with the December magazines; and we ask the early assistance of ministers and deacons to furnish corrections and additions. We understand a beautiful engraving of Mr. Frith's new chapel, at Bexley, (opened this month) is to form the frontispiece.

Cheering Words for this month contains some choice pieces; and we think one-halfpenny cannot be much better spent than in the purchase of this little monthly. The volume for this year will be ready early in December, and will form a nice little Christmas present.

What is Baptism? An Address to the Young.

DELIVERED IN THE RYE LANE, PECKHAM, SUNDAY SCHOOL, AT THEIR SPECIAL PRAYER MEETING, SABBATH AFTERNOON, AUG. 30, BY GEO. THOS. CONGREVE, SUPERINTENDENT.

MY BELOVED YOUNG FRIENDS,—It has been my happy lot to see, on various occasions, scholars and teachers of our school put on the Lord Jesus Christ by baptism. And now two of our dear scholars (one a little one,) and two of our beloved teachers, out of love for Jesus, to tell their love for him, to show they trust him as their Saviour are going down into the water to-night to be baptized in his name. I thought it desirable for this reason to hold our monthly prayer-meeting to-day.

I dare say some of my young friends here are ready to say "What is the meaning of this baptism," just as in the days of Moses, the children saw their fathers and mothers prepare the feast of the Passover, and they said "What mean you by this service?" (Exodus xii. 26.) I will try and show you what we mean by *baptism*.

And when I say *baptism*, remember we do not call that baptism that some folks do, when a few drops of water are sprinkled in the face of a little child, perhaps asleep, or if not asleep, the little thing cries and shakes its head, and wonders what they are doing with it. No! we find nothing in the Bible to teach us nonsense such as that. The baptism the Bible teaches—the baptism Christ commands is, when I am old enough to know that I love Jesus—when I have come to his cross and trust him as my Saviour, *then* in obedience to his will, I am plunged beneath the water as a token of my love for him. *This* is the baptism of the Bible.

I will give you *one* beautiful picture of baptism from the Bible. Then I will give you three ideas of its meaning.

The picture I get from the 8th of Acts. Many miles to the south of Jerusalem, is a desert stretching towards Egypt and Ethiopia. There is a road across the desert. See! there comes along the road a great man riding in his chariot, reading a roll or book. He is treasurer to a great queen—the queen of Ethiopia. He has been to Jerusalem. What for? To worship. He has heard like many others, of the God of the Jews, and anxious to worship the true God, he has been up to Jerusalem. He does not yet understand the way of salvation, but he is earnestly seeking it. He has obtained a copy of the Scriptures at Jerusalem. I dare say he bought it of the scribes for a great sum of money. He is reading of the sufferings of Christ in the fifty-third chapter of the prophet Isaiah, and wondering what it means. And while he is reading, a stranger is seen upon the road—a man of middle age, and plainly dressed, like a pilgrim. He is one of the twelve Apostles. He hears the sound of wheels. A chariot is coming. An unseen voice whispers, "Go, Philip, ride with that man in

the chariot, and speak to him." (It was the voice of God, and so that voice says often now to ministers, "Speak to that man—that woman. — Sunday school teachers, speak to that boy, that girl in your class, tell them about Jesus.") Philip runs to the chariot and speaks. "Sir, understandest thou what thou readest?" The great man looks up from the book. He is not offended at the stranger. "How can I understand? (he says) come up and sit with me, and tell the meaning. Here is a Scripture puzzles me; I cannot understand it. 'He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.' What does the prophet mean by this? Does he speak of himself or of another?" Beautiful simplicity and earnestness! Oh, that you and I had more of the child-like simplicity of *this* man—that we were more ready like a little child to come and learn of Jesus. Then Philip opened his mouth and preached to him Jesus.

"And as they went on their way, they came to a certain water, and the eunuch said, See, here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized?"

"And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God."

"And he commanded the chariot to stand still, and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch, and he baptized him."—Acts viii. 36, 37, 38.

And now I will try and show you in a few words the *meaning* of this *baptism*.

And *first*. It is a beautiful figure of the *sufferings of Jesus, and his glorious resurrection*. In Luke xii. 50, he says, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened (or anxious) to accomplish it!" Yes! he was anxious to be plunged in a sea of suffering, so that he might save our souls. Water is often a figure of trouble and sorrows. Dr. Watts says of heaven,—

"Not a wave of trouble roll,
Across my peaceful breast."

Talking of waves you should have seen the sea as I saw it, eight days ago; there was a fearful hurricane. I could scarce stand upright on the beach; the waves dashing over the parade, and casting their white foam high as the house-tops. John in Rev. xxi. speaking of heaven says, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth, and there was no more sea." I take that to mean that in heaven there shall be no more suffering or sorrow. Yes! the blessed Redeemer was plunged beneath a sea of sorrow, that none but God could bear.

"Once was the great Redeemer plunged
In Jordan's swelling flood,

To show he must be soon baptized,

In tears, and sweat, and blood."

But oh! just as he rose from the waves of Jordan, so on the resurrection morning he rose. Conquerer over sin, and death, and hell; and now there is no hell for any poor soul here that trusts in Jesus,—that looks to Jesus. Think of that when you see the service of baptism (some of you) to-night.

And then the SECOND thing meant by baptism. It is a *figure of the washing away of sin and rising to new life*. As the body is plunged beneath the water, so, my dear friends, if you and I are saved, our guilty souls must be plunged in the Redeemer's blood.

"There is a fountain filled with blood,

Drawn from Immanuel's veins;

And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

And when in baptism the body rises from the water, it is to show that so washed by the Saviour's blood, we rise to a new life of holiness; no longer slaves of sin but servants of Jesus. Think of that when you see the service of baptism (some of you) to-night.

And then the last thing meant by baptism. It is my *oath of allegiance to Christ*. When a young man enters one department of the service of our queen, he declares that he will love her, honour her, and obey her; and so baptism is a declaration to the world that I love Christ—that I have given him my heart, and that by His grace I will follow him through life, until he take me to dwell with him for ever.

Is not baptism then a glorious service, full of beautiful meaning?

Have I any of our Bible classes here anxious to follow Christ too, uneasy they have not done so, fearing they are unworthy, but longing to be numbered with his people? I will give you a little text of five words, Job xxii. 21, "*Acquaint now thyself with him.*"

But then the thought arises such as this, "I feel I need a Saviour, I desire to know Christ; how shall I acquaint myself with him?"

I answer—my dear young friend, the desire to know Christ comes from him: and if he has put that desire in your heart, he will show himself to you. Yes, he will show you his hands, and feet, and side, pierced for you.

There are three ways in which if you are truly seeking Christ, you may acquaint yourself with him. For an illustration, let me suppose one of my young friends has a lover; well, she is reading a letter from him. Here are the words of his heart, and if they are written in *truth*, some knowledge is gained of him. Well, by-and-bye, she is thinking of him; she remembers the words of his letter, and as she thinks she seems to know him more. But at last he comes; and then they talk face to face, and walk together, and so the knowledge of one another increases, and love perhaps increases too.

So, my young friends, there often grows an acquaintance with Christ. *He is the poor sinner's lover*. "Jesus, lover of my soul." Here in the Bible I see a letter from him—the very words of his heart. Man might deceive; he cannot; and when he says, "*I love them that love me,*" he means it. Read this letter then, and "*acquaint thyself with him.*" And then *think of him*. He has a book of remembrance for those that think upon his name, and "they shall be mine (he says) when I make up my jewels." And then talk with him; go to him and take your sin, your burdens, your cares. He has said, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and are heavy laden." "Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace."

I read once of a young woman, an actress, gay, and beautiful, a fine singer, who delighted often the audience of the theatres, where she went with her singing and acting. Alas! like many more, she was travelling the road to hell. One evening, going through London, she missed her way. Stopping in a small street to enquire, she heard singing in a room, and stood at the door to listen. An old woman begged her to come in, and offered her a book. They were just singing—

"Depth of mercy! can there be

Mercy yet reserved for me?

Can my God his wrath forbear,

Me, a guilty sinner, spare?"

Oh! her heart was melted. Floods of tears rolled down her cheeks; like Mary she would have bathed the Saviour's feet with her tears, and wiped them with her hair. She went home, wrote and declined the engagement at the theatre. The manager wrote back, and entreated her; would she perform *once more* only, for the bills were out with her name; she *consented*. She "would come just once more," and she came. The curtain drew up, she appeared upon the stage; the time was come for her to sing, and she was looking down and silent. The band struck up again. She was silent still, then presently with hands clasped, and tears flowing down her cheeks she sang,—

"Depth of mercy! can there be

Mercy yet reserved for me?

Can my God his wrath forbear,

Me, a guilty sinner, spare?"

Oh, yes! he could, and there is mercy now for all who seek. My beloved young friends of the Bible classes—may God help you by his Spirit to seek, and find the Saviour. And then when you feel you can trust him—that he has pardoned your sins, and you love him for his grace, to be baptized is simply one act of love to him:—and oh, how little is it that we can do to show our love for Jesus.

Hast thou the cross for me endured,

And all its shame despised;

And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,

For thee to be baptized?

This address is published as a four page tract for distribution in schools, at 1s. 8d. per 100 post free, from Mr. Congreve, Coombe Lodge, Peckham; or from R. Banks, 30, Ludgate Hill.

Our Churches, Our Pastors, and Our People.

TO THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION WORSHIPPING IN THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY, AND TO ALL THE FRIENDS OF CHRIST AND TRUTH, SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE COLONIES OF AUSTRALASIA.

BRELOVED, "as for God his way is perfect, the word of the Lord is tried, he is a buckler to all those who trust in him." Therefore, I have obtained the money; the Lord told me that they that trust in him shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed but abideth for ever. I believed it, God has honoured and sustained that faith, and has in his own way, perfected that which concerneth me and you, viz., the deliverance of his house and people from that money burden under which we have groaned. Many have been the cries I have poured forth, "O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me," My ever gracious, and faithful Lord has undertaken for me; he has opened the hearts of thousands of his dear children in England who have responded to our appeal, and have given me the amount by which all the claims upon us will be met directly I arrive in Sydney. Praise ye the Lord!

Not only have I been honoured of God in getting the money, but in having souls given to me. Many have been the instances I have met with, of the word preached being blessed; therefore the Lord having a work for me to do in England, the want of the money, to save our chapel from being sold, necessitated my leaving you and my wife and children to seek the money in England, and while I have been getting it, the Lord has in a most wonderful way employed me in his vineyard here, so much so, that the money success of my mission has gone quite into the shade, before the Gospel success given to me. While I have travelled in England 10,000 miles preaching and lecturing to all sorts of people, preaching the Gospel of Christ, independent of smiles, and fearless of frowns, God the Holy Ghost blessing the word to many, what a refuge, what a shield, what a strength and what a faithful, covenant-performing God, our God has been to me! I have tried his word, and have found it to be the faithful word. "Thy word endureth for ever!" "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass;" and as thy day so thy strength

shall be! Alleluia! salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God for ever and ever.

My farewell meeting will be held in the Surrey Tabernacle on Tuesday, Nov. 17th, and by the ship "Nineveh," I have arranged to leave England direct for Sydney, on the 25th of November. I shall now give you my last report of my work, since the account published in the *EARTHEN VESSEL* for Oct. that you may with me rejoice in the lovingkindness of the Lord, and sing

"My Father's wisdom cannot err,
His love no change or failure knows,
Be mine his counsel to prefer,
And acquiesce in all he does.

Lord's-day, Sep. 20th,—By particular request of the deacons of the late Mr. Abrahams' church, I was again favoured to preach to a crowded congregation in Regent street chapel. The Lord was with me, and I was helped with heart and mouth being opened to speak of those things which are more precious to the Lord's dear children, than all the world calls good and great; the Lord blessed the people, and the people blessed me in the name of the Lord. I was quite overwhelmed with their love and sympathy. I dined with Mrs. Abrahams, with whom I had communion, for she is a sister in Jesus, and a lover of the truth. While resting in the study of her late husband, I copied out of his bible the following:—

"This book contains the account of the world and the inhabitants therein, it draws a faithful line of demarcation between the children of God, and of the flesh, for there are no more, it points out, without faith the final end of both. To this we have searched it, so it is, hear it, and know thou it for thy good. Amen.

GEORGE ABRAHAMS.

Monday, 21st, was the anniversary of the Surrey Tabernacle. It was truly a wonderful sight to see about 2000 persons assembled, and all so happy; flowing together in harmony to help the poor pilgrims, for the proceeds of collections was for the new asylum, which amounted to £110. That the Lord is with his people in the Surrey Tabernacle no one can question; not long since, Mr. Wells baptized thirty-one disciples. I am informed that at the church meeting, many were the tearful eyes, tears of joy, while listening to the testimony of those

who declared how that the Lord had blest the ministry of his servant to their souls. God be praised ! The subject given to me to speak upon, was almost too much for my feelings, "The Aged Pilgrim anticipating home." I am indeed anticipating the home of my loved ones, from whom I have been separated for a long while, for Christ and truth's sake ; but for that, for the cause of truth, I never could have made the sacrifice that I have ; which cause is my justification and consolation, and now the Lord has stamped it with his approbation ! But the home, the sweet home, which the pilgrims of Zion are travelling to,

"There the wicked cease from troubling,
And there the weary are at rest."

Thursday, 24th.—In the Baptist chapel, Romney street, Westminster, it was arranged for me to lecture, I was most kindly received by pastor and people. The collections £1 17s. Mr. Maycock and sister gave me £1 10s., making a total of £3 7s.

Friday, 25th. Through the kind sympathy of Mr. Henry Carr, of Croydon, who engaged the public hall, and paid the expenses thereof, I lectured to a good number of persons, notwithstanding the very unfavourable weather. Mr. Kennard took the chair, and delivered a first rate chairman's speech. Brother Thurston gave out a hymn ; I was very pleased to see the two Baptist ministers of Croydon who preach and love the same truth, the same Jesus, brethren, Cowell and Thurston, present on the occasion. The collection amounted to £13.

Saturday, 26th.—I arrived in Eaton Bray, in beds, cold and weary ; was most kindly received by brother Warren and his good wife, at whose house I lodged. Having had but little sleep all the week, I retired to bed early ; but I could not sleep. My thoughts ran over to Sydney instead of sleeping. I am often thinking of my dear ones, and my work and people 16,000 miles away, and then it is farewell to sleep.

Sunday, 27th.—In the Baptist chapel, I preached three times, which was crowded, notwithstanding the stormy rain, it being the time of the "autumnal equinox." Between the morning and afternoon service, I gave an address to the Sunday school, numbering about 200, after which, the teachers held a meeting and voted 20s. to me as an expression of their sympathy.

Monday, 28th. The chapel was crowded, many could not get in. For over two hours I lectured, the people listened with the greatest interest. Brother Inward, the

pastor of the Baptist church, Dunstable, took the chair. The amount of collection £7 1s. 8½d., school subscriptions, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith, 20s., making a total of £9 1s. 8½d. I spent a very comfortable time with the friends, and am exceedingly encouraged with the instances of the word of the Lord having free course, running into the hearts of many, comforting some, and I hope breaking others.

Tuesday 29th.—Mr. Smith drove me to Dunstable, four miles, for which kind and helping act I was truly thankful. By train I left for Leicester, by way of Hatfield and Hitchin. While waiting for train at Hatfield, tired and weary, I retired to the waiting room ; on the table was a book open presenting to me the following hymn, which spoke out the feelings and wants of my weary soul.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,
Thy head upon my breast.

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad,
I found in him a resting place,
And he has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold," I freely give ;
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.

I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
vived,

And now I live in him.
I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light,
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my star, my sun ;
And in that light of life, I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

Amen, so be it.

Through the mercy of the Lord I arrived in safety at the end of that journey, and preached in brother Garrard's chapel ; there was a good congregation of those who love the truth, and the God of truth was in our midst.

Wednesday 30th.—In the Temperance Hall I lectured in relation to the wonders of divine providence, and the works of the Jesuits. One young lady gave me a silver cross which she had been wearing as an ornament, not knowing that she was wearing the mark of the beast.

The amount I received in Leicester this time was £5 10s.

Thursday, Oct. 1st.—I took my farewell of dear and loving friends in Leicester, and the watchman on the walls, brother Garrard, whose face I may never see again.

By 10 o'clock train, I steamed my way to Trent, Nottingham, Boston, and then to "Burgh," in Lincolnshire, arrived there by 7 o'clock. Brother Thomsett, pastor of the Burgh, Baptist church read and prayed, and was just finishing prayer when I arrived at the chapel. I was then helped to preach for over one hour, forgot that I was tired, burdened, dejected, and oppressed. I was most kindly cared for by the pastor and his wife, which is no small mercy after travelling hundreds of miles, tired and weary, cast down in spirit. While often thinking of my loved ones far, far away; to tarry for awhile as a pilgrim, with kind and loving friends, thousands of such have I found during my many journeys, the Lord reward them.

Friday 2nd.—For two hours I was helped by the Lord to speak of those things I have seen and passed through in Australia; the collection was £3 15s. I am very pleased that I have been to Burgh and have made the acquaintance of brother Thomsett, whom the Lord has afflicted with the loss of his natural sight, but the Lord fits the back for the burden, the affliction is sanctified, his servant is blest, and grace reigns.

Saturday, 3rd.—By 6.45 train, I left Burgh for Boston, Nottingham, Derby, and arrived in Birmingham, at 3 o'clock, p.m., was kindly entertained by loving friends, Mr. Poole and daughter.

Lord's-day 4th.—Preached morning and evening in the Baptist chapel, Constitution hill, Birmingham. I felt that the Lord was with me. Was very kindly received by the friends; after service one person told me that the first Gospel sermon she ever heard, was when I preached in Birmingham twenty-three years ago, and which was blessed to her soul.

Monday, 5th.—I lectured in the lecture hall, belonging to Cannon street chapel. Collection Sunday and Monday, £4 9s. 10½d.

Tuesday, 6th.—In the pouring rain I arrived at Withington, in Herefordshire. After tea I was driven to Hereford, five miles, raining all the way. The preserving mercies of the Lord, oh, how great to me they were. Notwithstanding the very unfavourable night, there were a good many present in the Corn Exchange, where I lectured for about two hours, the amount collected £2 8s. 2d. only covered expenses, for which I was truly thankful. The friends of truth and Christ were very kind to me, had the night been fine, there would have been a large attendance.

Wednesday 7th.—I arrived in Newport, in Monmouthshire, with very peculiar feelings, and with thankfulness unto the

Lord in thus favouring me once more to stand in that town where I preached the Gospel of Christ twenty-eight years ago, and that I can say, that the same Gospel is as precious to me now as it was then; yea, more so, and that I am more determined by the grace and help of God to preach it unreservedly wherever I may go.

Thursday 8th.—I preached to the people, only one person was present whom I knew and was a member of the church twenty-eight years since, the rest are dead and some removed. How true, instead of the fathers there shall be the children; there were some present who were then boys and girls, but are now twenty-eight years older, and by the grace of God are walking in the footsteps of those who were followers of Christ. Many reminiscences were revived in my mind, for at the time I lived in Newport, I was often tried and tempted to the uttermost. But my precious glorious Jesus who is able to save to the uttermost, saved me, and I am yet saved; more than ever do I feel my need of his salvation, and am obliged to pray the prayer of necessity, *I am thine, save me.*

Friday—I left Newport, by steamer for Bristol; was most kindly received by many Christian friends who were grieved that no arrangement was made for me to preach that night, but were arranging for me to preach and lecture on my return from Plymouth.

Saturday 10th.—Left Bristol by 9 o'clock train, and arrived in Plymouth at 5 o'clock p.m. Brother Corbett met me at the station, and took me to the house of brother Chambers, where I was to lodge while in Plymouth.

Lord's-day, 11th.—Both morning and evening, my most gracious Master favoured me indeed while preaching in Trinity chapel, Plymouth. That spacious chapel in the evening was filled from one end to the other, and the Lord filled the hearts of many with his presence; we had an high and holy day, I felt truly humbled in my soul, while preaching in the remembrance of sermons I had heard that honoured servant of Christ, the late Arthur Trigg's preach, when he first came to London. And for me who am less than the least of all his servants, to be thus favoured to preach in that chapel, where He for so many years preached Christ, "Our most glorious Christ," reciting,

Now free from sin, I walk at large
This breaker's blood's my soul's discharge,
At his dear feet, content I'll lay,
A sinner saved, and homage pay.

Arthur Trigg has for some time entered

into his rest. Brother John Corbett stands in his place preaching the same Jesus, the same most glorious Christ, in Trinity chapel; there is now a Particular and Strict Baptist church; the Lord prosper it, shall ever be my prayer, and bless his dear servant as he did his predecessor.

Monday, 12th.—It being the anniversary of the Baptist chapel, Howe street, Plymouth, where brother Collings has been preaching for ten years the Gospel of Christ, it was arranged for me to preach in the afternoon. There were a good many present, and I was again helped and blessed while preaching to the people. After the public tea meeting, brother Chambers, deacon of Trinity chapel, took me to the Baptist chapel, Morris Town, Devonport, where brother King is the servant of Christ to the saints there, to a chapel full of people. I preached in the evening and was most kindly received. It being the time of their anniversary, they could not do much for me in the money way, having had collections the day before; yet they did what they could for me, and showed a Christian sympathy for which I am thankful. The collection was £2 2s. Directly after the service I had to return to Howe street, Plymouth, to speak at brother Collings' public meeting. Arrived there at a quarter to ten o'clock, p.m., and spoke of decision for Christ and truth; the pastor and people, and the ministers who were there, all appeared to be happy, and I was happy likewise, in thus meeting with the saints and brethren in Christ.

I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Tho' vilest of them all.

Tuesday, 13th.—A most triumphant meeting we have held in the Mechanics' Institution; there was a large attendance, who received me with demonstrations of applause, while speaking over two hours and a half, of the goodness and mercies of the Lord to me, during my fifteen years residence in Australia. I am altogether indebted to brother Chambers, deacon of Trinity chapel, for the great success of this meeting, for he worked it up in a most business-like and decided manner, and has helped me with all his might, and all his heart. Brother John Corbett took the chair, and spoke well on our behalf. I am truly thankful to the Lord for opening this door for me, he has blessed the word to many. I have just heard of one whom the Lord delivered under the word preached in Trinity chapel on Lord's-day, and who is now rejoicing in the Lord. Wherever I go, I am more and more convinced that the Lord has

not brought me to England, only to obtain the money; but having a work for me to do, he has made use of me, as I have gone forth among hundreds of thousands of people, preaching Jesus Christ, many are the instances I have already met with. Proceeds £9 12s. 9d, and several cross trophies given to me after the lecture.

Wednesday, 14th, in Trinity chapel, I preached to about 700 persons. I was favoured with great liberty of soul; the people heard the word with joy, and rejoiced in

Salvation through electing love!
Salvation through redeeming blood!
Salvation through the Holy Ghost!
To glorify the Lord of Hosts.

I was astonished to see so many people on a week night, knowing that there was to be a collection, but the Lord having blest the word, the hearts and hands of the people were opened; collections and subscriptions, amounted to £10 15s. 6d.

Thursday, 15th, I preached in brother Collings' chapel; there were a good number present, and the Lord was in our midst, joy and gladness, and the voice of praise and the hand of liberality were there also. The collection was £7 9s; very good considering that the anniversary collections were on Lord's-day, and the church and congregation on Monday made up a purse for the pastor amounting to £20, being an expression of their love to him for his work's sake.

Friday, 16th.—Brother Corbett, who has received me in a most kind and brotherly manner, finding that I had no engagement for Friday, arranged for me to preach in Trinity chapel. There were a good many present, and the Lord God the Holy Ghost did indeed preach home the truth into the hearts of many of his people. In consequence of others who were expected to open the door for me to preach on Lord's-day not having done so, brethren Corbett and Collings requested me to preach in their respective pulpits, on Lord's-day, and preach farewell sermons to the people. In no place that I have been to, have I been received more warmly than in Plymouth. Brother Chambers and his kind wife, with whom I lodged during my stay there, have been a great help and comfort to me. My Master will reward them.

TO THE SAINTS AND FAITHFUL
BRETHREN IN CHRIST, GRACE
UNTO YOU.

MY DEAR BRETHREN,—On the eve of my departure for my adopted country, I have the unspeakable privilege of informing you that the Lord has perfected my mission to this honoured

land. Through your Christian sympathy and liberality, I have now obtained the amount required, that will enable me to return to Sydney and discharge all claims upon our place of worship. My ever gracious Lord has honoured the faith he gave me, and has remembered unto me the word upon which He caused me to hope, "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion which cannot be removed but abideth for ever." Unto our God let us ascribe all the glory, for the deliverance that he has wrought, none but himself could have accomplished it. The house which we have built for his name and worship shall not be sold! Praise ye the Lord, "This is the Lord's doing, it is marvellous in our eyes." From my heart I thank the Lord, and you, for the Christian and hospitable manner in which I have been received wherever I have gone, which has been a great comfort and help to me in my heavy work, and while 16,000 miles from the home of my dear ones, you have comforted my cast down soul. I pray that the Lord will reward you, I am sure that he will, for he hath said "I was a stranger and ye took me in." "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto me." I believe that I am one of Christ's brethren, and as such, you have received me; when hungry, you gave me meat, when thirsty, you gave me drink, when cold, you warmed me, and when weary you gave me rest; these things you have done unto me for Christ's sake, while I have been engaged in the King's business, thus you have done it unto Christ. You may depend upon my Master rewarding you, for he is the faithful God. I have acknowledged to him the debt of gratitude I owe to you, and have intreated him to do as he has said. I am sure he will, for he never says one thing and means another; faithfulness and decision have ever characterised him, and to all his servants and people he says, "Learn of me." Oh! brethren, in these days of faithlessness, of Popish encroachments, Jesuitical influences and compromising the truth to the popular party, I exhort you that ye should "earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints." Thus will you honour God, and in doing so, you will do his will; in the doing of which there is great reward. The farewell meeting will be held in the Surrey Tabernacle on Tuesday, Nov. 17th, and by the ship "Nineveh," I expect to leave England for Sydney. My dear brethren, pray for me, that the Lord will be my shield, and that I may once more reach the Australian

shores, the home of my loved ones, and the people of my charge. Fare thee well, peace be with thee. I remain, my dear brethren, your willing servant for Christ's sake,
JOHN BUNTAN M'CURR.

1, Buccleuch terrace, Cold Harbour lane, Camberwell.

MR. ALFRED W. KAYE.
HIS CHRISTIAN WORK AT HACKNEY.

ACCORDING to announcement a series of services was held in connection with Mr. Kaye's labour of love at Hackney, on Tuesday, October 14th, in Zion Chapel, Old Bethnal Green Road.

In the morning, devotional services were held at Claremont Chapel, when brethren Ryder, Hunt, and others offered prayers. Addresses given by C. W. Banks, A. Kaye, and P. W. Williamson.

After the morning service, a thorough good dinner was given to a number of "aged pilgrims," in the Bethnal Green Road Tabernacle. It was a most bountiful provision, and reflected great honour upon Mrs. Bryant and the other ladies.

In the afternoon a sermon was preached by Mr. James Wells. Tea was provided of which a goodly number of persons partook.

In the evening at half-past six o'clock the public meeting commenced. The chair was occupied by Mr. Alfred W. Kaye. A hymn having been sung, and prayer offered by Mr. John Rayment.

The Chairman said he should not occupy much of their time in his opening remarks—especially as his esteemed friend Mr. C. W. Banks was anxious to be leaving, as he had to preach a sermon that evening. Mr. Edgerton also was compelled to leave. There were, however, a few things which it was necessary to say. He had been disappointed at the non-appearance of some ministers who had promised to attend; it would be merely wasting time to say much about this—only that as he had to work in Bethnal Green almost alone, he needed sympathy more than a bigoted spirit and a want of Christian charity; the one great blessing that God was with them entirely outweighed these minor matters. It is necessary to give a few pecuniary statistics. As a rule those who give do not require an account of the money; but there are a number of grumblers who give nothing, but who want to know what is done with money collected. The information is as follows:—

	Expenditure.	Income.
First Quarter	£14 8s. 8d.	£6 2s. 8d.
Second Quarter	5 1s. 8d.	5 12s. 2d.
Third Quarter	8 5s. 8d.	7 10s. 1d.
Fourth Quarter	7 5s. 10d.	8 6s. 8d.
Total expenditure	£36 1s. 10d.	the total income being £27 11s. 8d., thus leaving a debt due to the treasurer of £8 10s. 2d.

This debt the Chairman was anxious to see

removed, for although he preached gratuitously, he felt this debt to be a clog. The first quarter's expenditure was rather heavy, but there were some repairs which they were compelled to make at Claremont Chapel, which accounted for that expenditure. Another matter must just be referred to. He had at one time spent a day in the country with a deaf and dumb girl; this had been misconstrued, and had been made traffic of by some meddling bodies. This also had turned out well, for it had induced him to prepare a lecture on woman's worth and influence, the delivery of which had produced something towards giving the fifty aged friends a good dinner that day. The manuscript of that lecture was on the table, and for which he had been offered £20, and which he was bold to say, had more Gospel in it than many sermons. So that these portentous clouds had passed away, all had turned out well.

C. W. Banks said he would not stay to inquire why certain ministers were absent that evening; perhaps others might do so. He would address himself to those aged friends who were before him, and in so doing, would remind them of the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Peter refers to three kingdoms—which are, the kingdom of grace, the kingdom of providence and the kingdom of glory. Most—if not all—know something of the kingdom of grace; and doubtless many knew that the kingdom of providence was one of trial. But the consummation—the kingdom of glory is most blessed: "But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory through Christ Jesus, AFTER that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you." Look to the end! 1. "Make you perfect." Perfection is scattered over the whole family of God—but does not reside in any one member. Enoch was a man of devotion: he walked with God. Noah was a man who walked in righteousness; and Abraham was faithful. Freedom was the characteristic of Isaac; Jacob was mighty in prayer; while Moses was of a meek spirit. Perfection also is said to be portrayed in three persons. In David the warrior; in Solomon the builder; and in Hezekiah, the restorer. So that while individually there are none perfect, yet in the different members of the one family, the different elements of this perfection may be seen. Very soon we shall reach the city where peace and perfection will be entire. In that coming day there will be perfection. No one will be too tall and no one will be too short. One old gentleman who breathed out his soul in prayer that morning, and who could hardly stand upright, reminded him (Mr. Banks) of Christmas Evans and his clerk. Christmas had but one eye, and his clerk had but one leg. Old Master Evans was wont to point his clerk to the resurrection morn when there would be perfection in body. Mr. Banks expatiated upon the other words of St. Peter, "strengthen

you," and "stablish you." He concluded by expressing his pleasure at being present, and wishing Mr. Kaye God speed.

Addresses were also given by Mr. Edgerton, Mr. Lodge, Mr. Kemp, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Ballard, Mr. Flory, and Mr. Hunt.

During the evening Mr. Kaye informed the audience that he frequently visited Mr. John Osborn, who was now lying in great agony near to death's door, but who was happy in the Lord. John Osborn was firm in the truth, and his advice to the Chairman (Mr. Kaye), was "By no means sell the truth." It seemed necessary that the friends should be made aware of one fact, namely, that the landlord of Claremont Chapel would do nothing with the place while John Osborn lived. The speaker believed that God had sent him to Bethnal Green, but it was hard, up-hill work. The first Sunday he preached at Claremont three persons composed the congregation,—now the place was full; but it was a dreadfully poor neighbourhood, and it was more difficult to collect a few shillings there than £100 at the West End. Then, if they stayed at Claremont, it would be necessary to do something to it, as people would not go to chapel to get wet through. Then, in their unsettled condition no attempt had been made to let sittings until very recently, when twenty sittings were let on one evening.

The proceedings closed with the benediction.

RYE LANE, PECKHAM.

THE annual festival of the opening of the new school room in connection with Rye Lane Baptist Chapel, was held on Tuesday evening, October 13th. An excellent tea was gratuitously provided by the ladies of the congregation. At the evening meeting the chapel was quite full, the Sunday School children and teachers occupying the gallery, who, during the evening, enlivened the meeting by some good singing.

After usual preliminaries, the venerable pastor, Mr. George Moyle read the eighth Psalm; at the conclusion of which prayer was offered by Mr. J. A. Brown, of Drummond Road Chapel, Bermondsey. The Pastor then introduced the Chairman—Mr. Ex-Sheriff McArthur, who was received with much applause.

The Secretary was called upon to report progress.

George Thomas Congreve, Esq., then rose and expressed his pleasure at seeing Mr. Ex-Sheriff McArthur in their midst. He was the known friend of Sunday Schools, Ragged Schools, and all benevolent institutions. All honour to the man who, although Sheriff of London, had not thought it beneath his position to take his class at the Sunday School—(cheers). With regard to school statistics: there were

260 scholars on the books; there had been an increase since the new school room had been built of seventy-five. The good that was accomplished by the agency of Sunday Schools could scarcely be over estimated. Two of our young friends the teachers, and two of the scholars had recently been baptised and added to the Church—making a total of 17 baptised from the Sunday School during the last three years. The Bible class was well attended, and the library was well kept up. There was also a good attendance at the monthly prayer meeting. With regard to the new school-room, it had been considered by some a model. He (Mr. Congreve) felt more than ever the necessity of proper accommodation for Sunday School scholars: chapels were not the proper place. He had recently been on a visit to Londonderry, to see the Giant's Causeway: had staid at Coleraine in the North of Ireland. As a lover of Sunday schools (continued the speaker) I visited many; and conducted a juvenile service in the Wesleyan and in the Baptist Chapel. Most of the schools were held in the chapels. In the largest Presbyterian Church, the pews were more filthy than any I ever saw in my life. On the sides I observed some drawings; in one there was a fine ship with sails, evidently drawn by an elder boy; there were faces with all kinds of noses; shewing clearly that schoolrooms are essential. And here at Rye Lane we have a model school-room, and the greater part of the debt is paid. Still the chief subject to-night is money. Now if I wanted a text to preach from I see 150 living texts in those scholars in that gallery. When we reflect that each scholar has a jewel far more costly than any that adorns a crown; when we reflect that each has a soul that must be either lost or saved, we know something of the greatness of this institution. Who can tell the vast amount of good done? There is a story told of a little pickpocket who was plying his trade at one of the religious services held at the theatres. A gentleman seeing the little fellow, took him aside, and sat by him. The strong words of the sermon did not reach the heart of the little pickpocket—but he started when a well known hymn was sung to an old familiar tune, and sobbed aloud. "What is the matter?" was the enquiry. "O, sir, we used to sing that hymn and tune at Sunday School." This was the means of reclaiming the poor little thief. But with reference to the debt. Last October it was £265; since then we had to borrow in order to pay some money that was wanted. There is a debt to the Baptist Building Fund; but we will leave that now. The present debt on the school is £167 4s. 5d. Never mind the 4s. 5d.; we will let you off with paying the £67. Next year our pastor will have been with us twenty-one years, and it is my intention to propose at our meeting in May next, to present our pastor with a purse of gold—the proceeds of that service, as a token of

our love and attachment to him—(cheers). Therefore, do what you can for the school to-night, I hope you will support the lectures that are to be delivered here; they will be first-class, and the profits are to go to the current expenses of the school. On the Coast of Cornwall, at the lighthouse lived an old man and his daughter. One night the old man was seized by some of those robbers who infest those parts, and they imprisoned the old man—thinking that if the lighthouse were not lighted, they would be better able to carry on their illegal traffic. The evening wore away, but the old man returned not, and the little girl became alarmed. But she thought of the poor sailors out at sea, and up the long staircase she went and lit up the lamps, one by one. The cheerful blaze filled the father's heart with joy. This is our work, to light up those who sit in darkness. Mr. Congreve closed his excellent address by reading the following lines:—

If you have not gold and silver,
Ever ready to command;
If you cannot towards the needy,
Reach an ever open hand:
You can visit the afflicted;
O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict,
Prove yourself a soldier true;
If where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do:
When the battle field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead,

Do not then stand idly waiting,
For some greater work to do;
Christ demands you for His service,
He has always work for you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do, or dare;
If you want a field of labour,
You can find it anywhere—

And where better than in the Sunday School—(cheers).

Mr. Ex-Sheriff McArthur felt happy to be present on this occasion. In looking at the school-room and chapel he felt pleased with the whole establishment. A great change had passed upon society since good Robert Raikes first gathered his school at Gloucester. The amount of good accomplished by Sunday Schools could not be over estimated. Looking at the trying ordeal that those in Yorkshire and Lancashire passed through during the distress there, and how quietly it was borne by that people, might be traced to the influence of Sunday School. In a visit to America, he had been struck with the attendance at the Sabbath Schools. All ranks were found there: the son of the governor of the state sits side by side with other children; and it had an excellent effect upon society. In a visit to the Rev. Ward Beecher's school he was pleased to find a room capable of holding 2000 children, carpeted, in the centre of which was a fountain, surrounded

by flowers. Mr. McArthur pointed out the necessary qualifications to make a useful and efficient teacher: he must be a pious man, or he would be a dealer in an artless traffic of unfelt truth. He must be a punctual man, or he would not be a good teacher. The speaker resumed his seat amidst loud applause.

Other addresses were delivered by Mr. B. B. Wale, Mr. L. Herschell, Mr. W. Flack, and Daniel Pratt, Esq. The Pastor, Mr. George Moyle, moved, and Mr. Jackman seconded a vote of thanks to the ladies. The collection and tea amounted to nearly £60. "A day's march nearer home" was sung, and the benediction having been pronounced by the venerable Pastor, the meeting closed.

THE SETTLEMENT OF NEW PASTORS IN LONDON.

We reported last month Mr. Maycock's settlement at Carmel Chapel, Woolwich. That this will be a happy and useful home for him for the remainder of his life; and that he may live and labour there very many years, is the prayer of many who are now gathered and gathering within the walls of that commodious suburban Baptist Church.

Mr. Ibberson's ordination at Salem Chapel, Meard's Court, Soho, as the successor of Mr. J. E. Bloomfield, is considered a happy result of a long and patient period of trial, wherein the Church there has been much exercised. We were requested to give a full report of Mr. Dowson's "Charge" to Mr. Ibberson; but as we understood the whole of the services are to be published separately, we shall prefer reviewing that report. The ordination services were considered, by some, as the commencement of a new era in good old Salem. A correspondent says, Mr. Ibberson is decidedly a young man of talent—of close study; eloquent and apt at illustration; it is expected a new and large congregation will be gathered unto him. The "Charge" by Mr. Dowson is highly commended by some who heard it.

Mr. George Sankey has been ordained as pastor of the Church meeting in Speldhurst Road, near South Hackney Church. Mr. Sankey has given full proof that his ministry is founded on principle—and that that principle is in accordance with the inspired word and revealed will of the great Head of the Church. As such we hail him as a brother in the Lord beloved; and as he has had much discipline in the schools of itinerancy, we pray that his London settlement may be succeeded by the erection of a new and spacious chapel—a large ingathering of the saved in the Lord—and by many years of peaceful labour in the Gospel. Nature has given him an excellent personification—the Lord has given him a gracious call. The South Hackney people have given him a hearty welcome; and we trust his ministerial path

will shine brighter and brighter unto the end.

From a letter received by us signed, "An Old Deacon," it appears Mr. George Reynolds is now honourably and comfortably settled as the pastor of the Church worshipping in Cave Adullam Chapel. At the Church meeting to decide this momentous question, seventy-six members voted for Mr. Reynolds, while only eight objected to his settlement. Hence his pastorate commences under most favourable circumstances. Nearly eighty Christian people have chosen him for their pastor; and with the Lord's blessing, the number will soon be doubled; and we shall hope to hear the new chapel is in course of erection ere long. All who know the history of this Church must acknowledge a kind Providence hath for many years watched over them. They have had the fatherly care of four venerable devout men—in the persons of the brethren Wray, Allen, John Clark, and John Webster; and now a strong, truthful, and able young minister falls into their hands, without the least delay or difficulty. The pastor and the deacons, we think, are well put together. Three steadier or more decided men than Deacons Abbott, Beckett, and Evans, will not be found. In their hands, through the grace of God, we have no fear of the Cave being lost to the cause of truth.

At Ebenezer Chapel, in the High Street, Hoxton, Mr. Osmond, of Bermondsey, was ordained as pastor over the Church in that place; a report of the services will be given in our pages. Mr. Osmond having been for years leader, singer, and member of the Church at Soho, Oxford Street, is some guarantee of his soundness in the faith. The deacons of the Church at Hoxton are firm and faithful men; and this providential settlement it is hoped will prove to be a great blessing. Mr. Searle, Mr. Greene, and many others have been preparing the ground for a good cause here; if our Holy Master is pleased to make brother Osmond a laborious and prosperous harvestman, the Church will have years of that kind of prosperity which will not only be a reviving for her in time, but a glorious crown of rejoicing in eternity.

Mr. C. Alsop has removed with his friends to the Independent Chapel, in the Old Ford Road; and it is expected that Mr. Lee will accede to the desires of some to form a Strict Baptist Church at Bow, and settle with them as their pastor. Our Strict Baptist Churches are gradually getting into new hands, and some of the breaches are made up.

BERMONDSEY NEW ROAD—EBENEZER CHAPEL. The sixteenth anniversary services in commemoration of the opening of the above place were held on Sunday 27th and Monday 28th September. On 27th, Mr. R. A. Lawrence preached two sermons. On Monday afternoon, Mr. J. Wells preached an animating sermon from Ephesians ii. 10,

showing how Christians were in every sense the workmanship of God; extolling the Heavenly Workman for the wisdom and skill displayed by him, and enlarging upon the good works spoken. A thorough good collection was the result. About 120 sat down to tea; and at the public meeting in the evening Mr. Lawrence presided. Mr. Cook implored the Divine blessing. Mr. Lawrence stated the Lord's dealings with the Church during the past twelve months. A debt had been paid off; the chapel had been repaired outside, and the baptising pool considerably improved. The Lord has been blessing his Word; three baptised believers have been received into communion with us, and five have been added by baptism to the Church. There has yet been no occasion to close the doors on account of the crowd; still the attendance has been cheering. Some (with whom, as brother Lawrence said, the wish was father to the thought) had prophesied we should be shut up, but so far from that, we are not in bad health; and while Christ is extolled as the Friend of needy sinners, we do not believe we shall. Mr. T. Stringer addressed the meeting on the Brazen Altar. Mr. B. B. Wale made some excellent remarks on the Laver. Mr. Steed's subject was the Golden Candlestick; Mr. J. L. Meeres gave us some nice thoughts on the Shewbread. Mr. Caunt, on the Vail of the Temple, spoke encouragingly to the Church and to brother Lawrence. Mr. Bradley spoke carefully on the Ark of the Covenant. The chapel was filled, the collections good. A happy united spirit pervaded the meeting, which closed by singing,

"All hail the power of Jesu's name."

On Tuesday evening, 29th September, brother Lawrence was invited unanimously by the Church to take the pastorate; this he accepted. O Lord, hear the united prayer of the Church, and send us prosperity.
J. S. K.

PLYMOUTH—HOWE STREET BAPTIST CHAPEL. The services in connection with the tenth anniversary of the ministry of Mr. F. Collins, at Howe Street Baptist Chapel, was held on Monday, October 12th. Mr. Bunyan McCure preached in the afternoon an excellent Gospel sermon, from Zechariah iii. 9. The word was heard with gladness. Tea was served to a goodly number of friends, who appreciated the kindness of the ladies who served at the tables. In the evening, the public meeting was held. After singing, brother Westlake, of Stonehouse, engaged in prayer; after which, Mr. Westaway, one of the deacons, addressed the meeting in a very pleasant and interesting manner. He observed the Lord had graciously sustained their beloved Pastor for ten years in their midst, publishing the Gospel of the Son of God, without deviating in the least from the New Testament pattern of new covenant truth. The ten years' ministry of their brother had been a practical comment of the text:

"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Neither had they been without evidence that Mr. Collins was where the Lord had from everlasting appointed him, and was fulfilling the work of the ministry committed to his care. The Lord had graciously blessed the Word in the saving of souls, while peace and unity had been given the Church to enjoy. It afforded him pleasure to perform a duty with which he was entrusted on behalf of the Church and congregation; a purse had been placed in his hands, which he was desired to present to his brother Collins, containing a substantial and liberal token of the esteem of the people to him as their minister. The purse contained £20 15s. In accepting the gift, Mr. Collins expressed his sense of the great goodness and grace of the Lord in the salvation of his soul through Jesus Christ. He was thankful for this suitable and seasonable present, which had laid him under new obligations to the grace of God and the kindness of his people. For ten years he had been a partaker of their love and sympathy in a variety of forms. He thanked them from his heart for this addition to their many acts of kindness. Mr. Corbett, of Trinity Chapel, then addressed the meeting in a kind and excellent spirit, from the words of our blessed Lord, "But I will see you again." We were glad to see him, and his excellent lady appearing in so good a state of health. Mr. Huxham, of Harburton Ford, followed with a sober, weighty, and affectionate address. Mr. Henry Veale, late of Birmingham, spoke in a very kind and interesting manner. Mr. Clancey, of Brent, expressed his great happiness to witness what he had witnessed. At the conclusion of our brother's remarks, Mr. Bunyan McCure entered the chapel, having returned from preaching at Morrice Town, and closed the speeches of the evening in a very fervent and happy address. Mr. McCure has left behind him a name fragrant with the glorious odours of truth. The meeting closed with prayer, offered by our brother, Mr. Robert Bordeny. Thus closed the tenth anniversary, which for harmony and good feeling has not been exceeded by any that has preceded: the people were encouraged and God glorified.

NOTTINGHAM—A public tea meeting was held in Park Row Chapel School Rooms, on Monday evening, Oct. 5th, to welcome Mr. E. J. Silvertown (late of Trinity Chapel, London) and family amongst us, and in recognition of his ministry and labours as our adopted Pastor. The friends mustered numerously, many cordially expressing pleasure at being present. After tea several friends addressed the meeting. One poetic brother related in verse, first his own conversion, afterwards a welcome to Mr. Silvertown, and after dropping a few practical observations, closed his address by presenting the proceeds of a small private subscription, in a purse containing eleven sover-

eigns to Mr. Silvertown. This done, Mr. Silvertown addressed the meeting in thanks, with very practical remarks. Adverting to the past, we were interested with a retrospect of the beginnings, and subsequent surroundings of the present movement in Nottingham, instructing us as to our duties and privileges in the future; amongst other things his own plan in his family, namely, as in Scripture directed, "to lay by on the first day of the week as God hath prospered," God's portion, solemnly devoted to the carrying on the worship, ministry, and worship of God. This long neglected and Scriptural habit if generally followed by God's people, would be an antidote to the niggardly attempt at supporting the ministry and worship of God in so many of our truth-loving Churches, and many a toiling pastor would be relieved of a necessity forced upon him of resorting to some other means besides preaching for subsistence. The meeting closed with the doxology, and after many expressions of satisfaction with the meeting, and desires for a repetition, the friends dispersed. The first baptism is announced for Wednesday evening, Oct. 21st, in Stoney Street Baptist Chapel, kindly placed at our disposal for the occasion.

HOXTON.—Ebenezer Chapel, High street. The ordination services in connection with Mr. W. Osmond's pastorate took place on Tuesday, September 29th, 1868. At three o'clock, brother Osmond commenced by giving out,—

"God moves in a mysterious way."

Brother Felton read Psalm lxxxvii, and offered prayer. After again singing, Mr. Felton delivered his discourse in a very intelligent manner, describing the nature of a Gospel Church, or the Church of Christ. Mr. Myerson read a hymn; Mr. Meeres, after offering a few very appropriate remarks, requested one of the deacons to give a statement of God's dealings with the Church, which led them to make choice of Mr. Osmond as their pastor. Mr. Whitaker followed. He observed that the cause had been brought to the lowest stage, and it became a question whether or no they should close the doors. But after pressing the matter at the throne of grace they determined in the strength of God to make another struggle, and after engaging supplies who were heard with acceptance, it at last decided upon two of these, and the lot fell upon Mr. Osmond, who after having supplied upwards of six months, he was unanimously chosen as our Pastor. The attendance has increased, several have joined the Church, and others are coming forward. Mr. Meeres said that Mr. Whitaker's remarks were very satisfactory, and asked Mr. Osmond to give some account of his call by grace, and call to the ministry, &c. Mr. Osmond proceeded to do so; the report of which we must defer till next month. Mr. Meeres requested Mr. Osmond to state the doctrines he intended to preach.

Mr. Osmond then read twelve articles of faith, which he had preached, and which he intended by God's help, to maintain till his career came to an end. Mr. Waterer then joined the hands of pastor and deacons on the behalf of the Church, making some very appropriate remarks. At this stage of the proceedings a very interesting affair took place. Mr. Wilkins, of Soho, after congratulations and expressing the very high esteem in which the Church at Soho with himself as pastor held Mr. Osmond, presented him with a large and beautiful octavo family Bible. Mr. Osmond was so taken by surprise, that he felt unable suitably to respond, but hoped the will might be taken for the deed. The proceedings closed with prayer by Mr. Meeres. About 200 persons partook of tea, amongst whom there were about twenty ministers. Evening service next month.

IRTHLINGBOROUGH.—Services in commemoration of the fifty-second anniversary of the Sabbath School in connection with the Baptist Chapel, were held on Tuesday, August 25th, when two sermons were preached by Mr. Arthur Baker. The collections were very good, and the presence of the Lord was enjoyed. The king of terrors, and the terror of kings—Death, has been hard at work during the last few weeks at Irlthingborough. Five lovers of the truth have been taken away from the evils of this world, one of them the beloved wife of Mr. Lawrence Saxby, who was among the first brought to a knowledge of the truth through the instrumentality of Mr. George Cook, and among the first who were baptised by him here. On Tuesday evening, August 27th, Mr. Cook preached a farewell sermon to a large congregation. His numerous loving friends were glad to see their late pastor, Mr. Cook, and gave him a hearty welcome, and presented him with a sum of money a little over £5. The teachers were making arrangements to present him with another sum of money, but when Mr. C. heard of their intention, he positively refused to accept it, feeling that the people had done more than he either expected, deserved, or desired.

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

WOOLWICH.—DEAR EDITOR, Having been a reader of THE EARTHEN VESSEL a dozen years, I must say I felt hurt at your report of Carmel Chapel, Woolwich. It was something like Ananias keeping back part of the truth. In 1854-55 the Crimean war took many to Woolwich, myself among the number. What man was it whose ministry was so blessed that although there were two Strict Baptist causes in the town, Carmel was found too small, and we had to build a new one? I do not want to know anything about the

differences. I was at Woolwich lately; the good old Carmel minister is still there; he has the largest congregation, the most united Church, is happy with the people. Many echo the wish to see him back in his own place; however that may be, I for one, who was baptised by him, will not let the slight pass unnoticed. Many like myself have been taken away from Woolwich, and I think you ought to let them know through your VESSEL that their Pastor is still there, and their minister's name is Mr. Henry Hanks.—JOHN STRICKETT, St. George's Road, Peckham. [It is useless for John Strickett to murmur. We were instrumental in introducing the present minister at Carmel into our connexion. Henry Hanks was instrumental in the erection of that said Carmel; but neither of us must ever enter that sacred place. When John Strickett has experienced as much of this kind of "Christian Charity" as some have, he will, like Aaron, "hold his peace." Still, we are pleased to find John Strickett still loves his pastor, Henry Hanks, so sincerely that he cannot endure that he should be slighted. We knew Henry Hanks before he came to Woolwich, and fully believing the Lord has greatly honoured him, and that he has suffered much in his ministerial life, we are glad to find he wears so well. We quite as much hope that his two brethren—Maycock and Warren—will be favoured with long and happy pastorates, and that the day may not be far distant when they all may meet together, and drown for ever in the sweet river of pure love and holy peace—all the past differences which it seems will spring up in this world. That good and truthful men should be so divided in these days is, to us, heart-rending.—Ed.]

DEPTFORD.—Theseventeenthanniversary of the Sabbath School in connection with Zion Chapel, New North Road, was held on Lord's-day, September 27th, on which occasion Mr. P. W. Williamson, of Johnson Street, Notting Hill, preached two excellent sermons, morning and evening. In the afternoon a service for the children and their friends in the chapel was conducted by Mr. Williamson, who gave a very nice tea in the school-room, and afterwards re-assembled in the chapel, when a public meeting was held. Mr. Williamson presided. Proceedings commenced by singing that well-known hymn of Mr. Newton's "Kindred in Christ for His dear sake." The Chairman read the Scriptures, offered prayer, and after a few preliminary remarks, requested the secretary (Mr. W. J. Nash) to read the report, which showed an average afternoon attendance of twenty teachers, and 165 scholars. Mr. William Frith, of Bexley, moved its adoption, in an able and interesting speech, full of encouragement to teachers, urging them to persevere in their work of faith and labour of love, leaving the results to the Holy Spirit of God. Mr. James Griffiths, of Hope Chapel, Bethnal Green, in seconding the adoption of the

report, spoke upon "Working for God" followed by Mr. Maycock, minister of Carmel Chapel, Woolwich, who referred to "The Objectors to Sabbath Schools, and some of their Objections." The Chairman then gave a brief but very practical address, in which he said,—I am a thorough going Sunday School-man, having been connected with Sunday Schools for the last forty years (as I hinted to the children on Sunday). Mr. Williamson referred to a statement made by Mr. Griffiths, in which he said brother Williamson having heard some time ago, that one of his (Mr. Griffiths) sermons had been greatly blessed to a hearer, sent him a letter informing him of the fact. He (Mr. W.) was very pleased, having quite forgotten the circumstance, but would take the present opportunity of saying that he had made it a rule as far as possible, when hearing of a case in which any brother's ministry had been made useful, to let that brother know. We as ministers have quite enough castings down, therefore let us have some liftings up. The Chairman concluded, expressing sympathy with Sunday School teachers and their work, calling upon friends present to assist them in a pecuniary way, also with their presence in the school; and above all with their prayers. A happy meeting was closed with singing and prayer. F. L.

THE GOSPEL IN SHEFFIELD.—This large cutlery town is a hard place against the good Gospel of Jesus Christ. We are glad, indeed, to receive the following note from brother Thomas Jones (No. 2), who is a zealous and honourable preacher of the truth. We pray most sincerely that the hands of his arms may be made strong in this work, through the arms of the mighty God of Jacob. We have preached and lectured too in Sheffield. Mr. Jones says:

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with thee. Thou art still I perceive flying about, scattering the good seed of the kingdom; and while I honour thee for thy work's sake, thou must be regarded as a highly honoured servant of the Master, having to carry and dispense the heavenly antidote to that accursed and venomous reptile, Popery. How the insidious serpent is folding its coils around our nation! How the fashionable profession of our day is helping on the final struggle! The Lord in his mercy enable us to bear clear testimony against "the Beast," in the Establishment and in our worldly Nonconformist Churches. Go on, thou servant of the Most High. Lay on mightily, aye, lustily, against the abominations of the deepening shades of darkness which are setting down upon us. But know thou that brother Elam has succeeded in getting a meeting room for the proclamation of the old fashioned Gospel in Sheffield. It is true we are only like a little kid between two large herds of goats; but Ebenezer! the Lord's way is best. Pray for us! And the Lord

bless thee. So prays thy little brother in the Lord, T. JONES.

Park Wood Springs, Sheffield.

October 7th, 1868.

P.S.—I can assure thee it is no small thing to face the whole rank and file of profession.

BEDFORD.—SUDDEN DEATH OF MR. HORNEY.—Our friend, Mr. Searle, writing from Two Waters, dated Oct. 12th, says:—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS,**—I was preaching for brother Crampin at Aston Clinton, yesterday; the news came to me respecting the sudden death of Mr. Hornsey, lace manufacturer, many years a valuable and active deacon of the Baptist Church, Bedford, under the pastorate of my esteemed friend, Mr. Newborn. Mr. H. was as well as usual on Sabbath day, October 4th; the friends remarked that he was particularly lively and happy in his work of giving out the hymns. He left home in health on Monday, travelled to Belfast, in Ireland, on business; while there, in the act of writing, he left off and exclaimed, "Oh, my head," as if in great pain, and fell dead before the ink was dry that he used. He is to be interred this day, Monday 12th, Mr. Newborn is to officiate. He was well known to many ministers in London and elsewhere—as a liberal supporter of the cause of God and truth, and a staunch man for the doctrines of God's distinguishing grace. Affectionately, R. SEARLE.

GUILDFORD.—Mr. Cornelius Slim and Mr. Rowland—the pastors of the two Baptist Churches in the town, are still standing steadfast in the faith. For both these venerable, godly, and honourable ministers Guildford has proved a comfortable and respectable retreat for years. Christian people at Guildford are kind, peaceable, and faithful to their principles. Their ministers are the same, nevertheless, if the Lord was pleased to pour upon us all a reviving, a refreshing, a pentecostal shower, the Guildford pastors and people would rejoice. The Church at Sharnley Green, under Mr. Dray, with other new little Surrey gardens, are looking and labouring for enlarged prosperity.

CROYDON.—We lately met a young man in this town who had come from a distant county to reside in Croydon. Knowing him to be a good young man, we asked him where he worshipped. He said he had heard both Mr. Covill and Mr. Thurston; the former was very experimental—the latter useful in leading souls into the truth, and building up the saints therein. We were glad to learn both these good men are doing their work well. The Church under Mr. Thurston is zealous, charitable, and working hard to get their new chapel out of debt—which it is expected will soon be cleared off. The truth in Croydon is well supported.

WALES.—We have seen and heard a

great deal lately of the Churches in the Principality. There are thousands of Baptists there; and in days gone by the Lord has done great things among them. A true Welsh brother, well qualified, has faithfully promised us a series of papers for *THE EARTHEN VESSEL*, translated from the Welsh biographies of some of the mighty men who were instrumental in the reformations and revivals with which Wales certainly has been favoured. We believe the papers referred to will be rich in illustrating the grace of God.

HAZLEMERE.—Harvest Thanksgiving services were held in the Baptist Chapel, Sep. 22nd. The day was fine, the congregations were good—two sermons were preached by C. W. Banks; and the Lord's people appeared refreshed. Brother Reuben Harding has stood here many years in the truth. A new chapel in his time has been erected; and the Church is in peace. From Hazlemere two ministers have gone forth. Mr. Joy, now of Knaphill, was a labourer in the Gospel at Hazlemere; and Mr. Matthew Welland, the successor of the late Mr. Vinall, in Jireh Chapel, Lewes. Thus, instead of the fathers, there cometh up the children; and some of these children are like princes in the earth; and in some of the temples now—it is as it was of old, there is a mixture of sorrow and joy. The elders weep because their pastors are gone; while the young ones rejoice, to find in the younger ministers a sympathy and suitability to their minds. So the visible Church continues.

STROOD, KENT.—In the main street, not far from the Rochester Bridge Railway station, stands that neat little tabernacle, in Strood, called, "Zoar Chapel," where the Gospel has, for many years, been preached. Passing through these towns lately, we learned that the good old Zoarites have chiefly passed away and the cause is low. At Enon, in Chatham, a Church in the truth is still preserved. But those who remember the original William Lewis in his early days, and the glory of the Lord as seen in Zion then, mourn over the loss of the privileges they once enjoyed.

PADDINGTON.—On Sunday evening, Sep. 27th, 1868, Mr. James Wise, preached his farewell sermon in Ebenezer Chapel, Edward Street, Dorset Square. A correspondent says, Mr. Wise has laboured there over twenty years. We cannot think it is so long as that, although we know he has been there for a long time—and perhaps no man ever laboured in the ministry for twenty years in more severe trials than Mr. Wise has done.

MARRIAGE.

Oct. 17th, by special license at the Baptist chapel, Rye lane, Peckham, by Mr. Thos. Chivers, assisted by Mr. Geo. Moyle, the pastor; Benjamin Thompson, Esq., of Notting hill, to Hannah, eldest daughter of Henry Cowtan, Esq., of Peckham.

Some Thoughts to Close the Year With.

"WONDERFUL weather!" said I to myself, as we sailed out of the Great Western Dock, Saturday afternoon, November 7, 1868. The sun is shining, the country looks delightful; and in a snug cabin, well filled, all seems comfortable for the time being. The trees have been stripped of their blossom and their fruit; the hedges have lost their leaves; and the corn-fields, like myself, have nothing left but the dry stubble. Still the scenes are sober and seasonable, the air is refreshing, and, having left London for a day or two, I will not carry it with me into the country if I can help it. I have a message to carry to Whitestone; and, as Paul says "The husbandman must be first partaker of the fruits," I will be thankful if I can gather a little fruit for my own soul, thus while rolling over one hundred and fifty miles, I may, with David, say: "My meditation has been sweet."

Sour enough have been my thoughts and feelings for many months; but, as Micah said, when speaking of men: "The best of them is a brier; and the most upright a thorn hedge;" so I can see it is in proportion as we look to, and bear unduly upon them, we pierce ourselves through with many sorrows; but if these wounds lead us more fully to the Great Physician; and if, in His tender compassion, He heals and helps us, I, for one, pray that in a nobler and in a sweeter song we may unite with all the sincerely sanctified, to "Crown Him Lord of all."

Four-and-twenty years have I laboured in the monthly issue of this "EARTHEN VESSEL." I have thought sometimes it would have been better for me if I had never known this sort of work at all, but it is just possible some good may have been done hereby. Of one thing I am certain; in myself and in others, I have proved that the heart is deceitful and desperately wicked; and none of us can fully know it.

Leaving all the rubbish of these earthly things, I will endeavour to close up this volume by writing a few lines upon those great words with which Paul closed his Epistle to the Romans, where he says: "And I am sure that when I come to you, I shall come in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ." While I have been pushing through difficulties, preserved from dangers, and proving the Lord to be a merciful and faithful High Priest, those words of Paul have, instrumentally, been very kind to me in leading me gently up four of the most delightful steps which form part of those ascensions whereby the grace of God carries souls into the paradise of the third heaven. Let us take our stand upon each of these steps for a moment, and may we blessedly realize the fact that we are going from strength to strength, in the sweet anticipation that we shall at last appear before the glorious King in Zion, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.

The first step is "the GOSPEL of CHRIST."

The second is "the BLESSING of the Gospel of CHRIST."

The third is "the FULNESS of the Blessing."

The fourth is, the assurance, the confidence, of the Apostle:—"I

AM SURE THAT when I come to you, I shall come in the FULNESS of the BLESSING OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST."

"The Gospel of Christ" is the first sacred position a seeking sinner can take in his coming up from the wilderness. This Gospel, or Good News, is called "the Gospel of God" because it is good news from the high, and lofty, and eternal throne of Almighty God. It is a revelation of His mind, will, thoughts, and covenant; of which THE FATHER TO THE SON did speak; and all these things the Son made known to His disciples, that they might hand them down to us. I have thought the whole Trinity did preach the Gospel in a most glorious spirit and manner to David, and, through David, to the Church in all ages, when he was drawing near to the end of his days. Surely, in David's case that promise was true, "At evening-time it shall be light," and if any one requires an explanation of the "light" there promised, he may find it in the first few verses of the twenty-third chapter of the Second Book of Samuel. Let us, however, come to this in its order. THE GOSPEL is the first thing. And when Paul is writing to the Thessalonians, he says:—"Our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." (1 Thess. i. 5.)

In about three weeks Paul's preaching was the means of the experimental salvation of many Jews, Greeks, and honourable women; then Satan raised a storm against him; he was compelled to fly; those in Thessalonica, however, fully proved that the Gospel was THE POWER OF GOD UNTO SALVATION; hence, in addressing his letter to them, Paul could say what perhaps but few can say, "KNOWING, BRETHREN BELOVED, YOUR ELECTION OF GOD; for our Gospel came unto you not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance," &c.; and "ye became followers of the Lord, and of us; having received the Word in much affliction, and joy of the Holy Ghost." That is one of the most perfect expositions of the Truth as it is in Jesus, you can meet with. Let us take a *four-fold view* of THE GOSPEL OF THE GRACE OF GOD in few words; the details of each may be worked out in meditation and careful study.

1. *The instrumental ministration of the Gospel.* Paul says, "OUR GOSPEL," that is a word of great meaning—"OUR GOSPEL." It is a term to distinguish it from all other Gospels. Talk ye of severity in denouncing error? Why Paul curses both angels and men, if they dare to bring any other Gospel. Mark you his words, wherein is implied this one special feature—all perverters of THE Gospel of CHRIST are only TROUBLERS of the Lord's people:—"There be some that trouble you." Who are they? Those who "would pervert the Gospel of Christ." Then comes Paul's decision, "But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other Gospel unto you, than which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." "Well, well, Paul," some may say, "angels do not preach the Gospel." "As we said before, so say I now again—If any MAN preach any other Gospel unto you than that YE HAVE RECEIVED, let him be accursed." What, then, will be the end of thousands who fearfully ignore the most essential foundations of the Gospel of the glorious Christ of God? There are Gospels of OMISSION. Ministers leave out the sovereignty of God in the great matter of salvation.

They leave out the electing love of God, His covenant of grace, and His absolute predestination of His people unto eternal life in Christ; and any Gospel which is not based upon the sovereign, the electing, the predestinating love of God in His Son toward all His people, is a Gospel without a foundation; it must fall, and all who build their hope of heaven in such cobwebs must surely fall also. Some ministers leave out the essential Divinity; or, the perfect humanity; or the substitutionary character of the atoning sacrifice of the eternal Son of God; and these omissions are fatal—they are negative blasphemies—and all who live and die in them must perish; for thus spake the infallible preacher: “If ye believe not that I am He ye shall die in your sins.” (John viii. 24.) There are those who leave out the distinct personality and eternal co-equality of the Holy Ghost, as the essential power whereby fallen man knoweth himself to be a sinner, and is truly led to Jesus as his Saviour. There are Gospels which leave out the experiences of the living in Jerusalem. Some men hurl their contempt upon the inward trials of the saints; “Away with your fears,” say they; “Away with your feelings! Never mind your inward self! Leave it. We will not preach these things at all.” If in the natural world men should say, “Away with the wind! Out upon the atmosphere! Down with the fogs, and the vapours, and the dark portentous clouds,—we will not have anything to do with them,” no greater knave would such a man prove himself to be than is the preacher who blusters about, and rails against the breaking up of the fountains within; who talks as though sin was nothing, Satan nothing, the deceitful heart nothing, the hiding of the Lord’s face nothing, the fiery trial of faith nothing, the broken heart nothing, unanswered prayers nothing. Ah! the ministry which comes not into the pains on one side, and the pleasures on the other side, of the children of God, can never be a nursing or comforting ministry. It leaves out that which unites and cements the saints of God one to another, and to the living truth of a Triune Jehovah. Leaving out all proper references to ordinances and moral obligations of believers, are omissions Paul was not guilty of, as you may see by reading his epistle to the Ephesians to the end; and his other letters beside.

There are Gospel’s of unauthorised ADDITIONS. Man’s free-will, the creature’s duty-faith, and the fatal denials of many solemn truths, render totally void the gospels of many men. We tremblingly, sorrowfully, refer to these things, but necessity seems laid upon us, “Woe be unto me, if I preach not the one only true Gospel.” And this I affirm is called “The Gospel of God,” and a more sublime illustration of it, in Old Testament times, you will not find than that which David had in the even-time of his life.

The place is 2 Sam. xxiii. “Now these be the last (prophetic, or inspired) words of David.” The man is described in his four-fold character. “David the son of Jesse said: the man who was raised up on high; the anointed of the God of Jacob; and the sweet Psalmist of Israel said.” There is his four-fold character. Now comes the DIVINE AUTHORSHIP of the TRUTH; that is THE GOSPEL in the Old Testament, the original form of it; wherein the harmony, the unity, and the eternity of each and every Person in the adorable Trinity is clearly and beautifully seen. David says—

1. "The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and His word was in my tongue :"

2. "The God of Israel said :"

3. "The Rock of Israel spake to me."

There are the Three-One ever blessed Authors, Revealers, and Proclaimers of the Gospel. Then comes the three essential parts of the Gospel. There is

1. The CHARACTER of the blessed Messiah; "He that ruleth over men must be JUST; ruling in the fear of God. Our Lord Jesus Christ is the JUST ONE, the Righteous One; He is ordained to rule over men; and all this He does in the knowledge, and for the glory of God. His character being thus emphatically expressed; we have

2. His three-fold advent, wherein you may see the nature of the light promised in the eventime to all the ransomed. Four hundred years of darkness rolled over the world, between the closing up of Malachi's prophecy, and the incarnation of the Son of God. Darkness long and heavy lay upon the people. Then came the first advent, "He shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth." Imperceptibly, gradually, and invincibly, the Sun of Righteousness did arise; and did shine forth, with healing of every kind in His wings. That was His advent from the womb of our nature. The second was His advent from the grave of our deserved death; there He is a morning without clouds. The clouds of the fall, the thick clouds of the wrath of offended Deity against the church's sins, the clouds of persecution and of heavy sorrow lay on Him; but they were all buried in the grave; all left behind in the death; and in the pure and perfect freedom of His own essential and mediatorial righteousness, He commenced the day of His priestly and intercessory reign and rule as "a morning without clouds." And when this predestinated and heavenly-measured rule shall cease, His last advent will bring forth all "the dead in Christ;" "as the tender grass, springing out of the earth, by clear shining rain;" so shall the bodies of the saint spring out of the earth; the bridegroom's voice will be heard, "Rise up my love, my fair one, and come away;" and as from the silent tomb the bodies of the ransomed shall arise, as the happy souls shall to their glorified bodies be for ever wedded, angels shall with them join in the expressive chorus, "The winter is past! the rain is over and gone! the flowers appear on the earth! the time of the singing of birds is come! the voice of the turtle is heard in the land!" And, again, the holy welcome shall be heard, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away!" Oh, that will be to "come away" indeed, from earth to heaven, there to dwell in the house not made with hands, and that will be joy unspeakable; and full of glory.

3. The third part of the Gospel of God, revealed unto David, by the adorable Trinity is expressive of the then imperfect state of the church; and of the settled, the secured, the sealed, and all-sufficient fullness of His salvation—"Although my house be not so with God," (not yet like the morning without clouds, as she shall be,) "yet, hath He made with me," (His Son, His servant, His bondsman, His Messiah, His Covenant-head; made with me, on behalf of all them that are given to me, and in the full view of my fulfilling all righteousness) "an

everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure." A careful consideration of the oft-repeated descriptions of the nature God Himself gives of this covenant, will be the safest means of ascertaining the true meaning of the word, "Our Gospel came unto you, not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance," working affliction in the first part, but resulting in the realization of joy in the Holy Ghost and to search further into this shall be the aim of my future effort, if the Lord permit.

THE LATE MR. JOHN FOULSER.

THE following letter is from the widow of one of our Bethnal-green friends, and a deacon of the Church at Squirries-street, for some few years. Mr. and Mrs. John Foulser were both honourable seals to the ministry of the late Mr. Smithers. After his decease they united with us as members of the same church, in Unicorn Yard. In both of them we ever found sympathy, kindness, and true Christian conduct. Among the many good friends whose mortal remains we have lately laid to rest, have been those of quiet, steady, and faithful John Foulser; whose loss we certainly mourn over, as doth his devoted and deeply attached widow. Our friends Elijah Packer, sisters Moss, Cox, Protheroe, and many others are gone. Afflictions of a heavy kind are bearing others of us away:—

"Oh! may we live to reach the place,
Where He unveils His lovely face—
Where all His beauties you behold—
And sing His name to harps of gold."

Mrs Foulser says:—

"DEAR PASTOR AND FRIEND,—With sad and mournful pleasure I attempt to give you an account of the death of my dear departed husband. Of his life I cannot say much; he was not, like myself, blessed with believing parents; but, I think, like Isaiah of old, his heart was tender. I have heard that his mother would say, 'I really think my John will be religious;' she, poor thing, not knowing or caring what religion was. On our first acquaintance, he once asked me if I would go with him to a place of amusement? On my refusing he said, 'I will never ask you again;' he kept his word, and went with me regularly to Squirries-street chapel. I perceived the Spirit of God was with him. The Lord blessed him there; in the year 1849 he joined the Church (hence his attachment to that place). He was naturally very reserved. I never could get him to talk much. I have wondered if it were possible that it might be form without the power. I have sometimes seemed to forget my own soul's salvation in anxiety about his. His attachment to the house and cause of God was strong for twenty years; he was deeply attached to the ministry of Charles Waters Banks; most firmly believing in salvation by grace alone; which subject he would dispute with any one. I have often heard him say, 'You would make it appear that the Lord has less power than we have.'

"When I felt sure he would not recover, I did for months beg and pray the Lord to favour me with some sure and unmistakable testimony

that I might not have the *shadow* of a doubt; and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted, He heard my prayer. Not that it increased the safety of my beloved husband, but I had more than I expected. He had been remarkably quiet in his mind all through his long illness, and quite resigned to life or death; but when I heard him ask, 'Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?' I felt unusually solemn. On Thursday night he said, 'We have often sang that hymn, and we will sing it again;' he commenced, and we sang together that beautiful hymn of Dr. Watts's, 'There is a House not made with Hands,' &c., his voice being heard above mine. Another time, asking him how his mind was, he said, 'I feel it is all right; and when I leave this house, I have a better prepared for me. I feel it so.' Then, bursting into tears, said, 'Oh! I hope I have not been mocking Him! I hope I have not! I wish I had talked more about Him.' I said, 'My dear, it is not the talkers, but the hoppers in His mercy are blessed, and your hope is built on nothing less.' He quickly replied, 'Than Jesu's Blood and Righteousness' '*That's it, that's it.*' In the course of the day, seeing him suffer, I said, 'My precious dear, I wish I could help you;' looking at me, he said, 'Say precious Grace—precious Blood.' He repeated:—

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,

Then slightly pausing, and:—

"O may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Yes! all my sins away!' At another time he burst out:—

"Jesus! I love Thy charming name—
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and Heaven might hear."

"To every one who came in the room he had a word of warning; which was so unlike his quiet way. On our saying he had better not fatigue himself, he said, 'Tis no matter, 'tis better to wear out than rust out; I have not worn out so much as I ought.' Seeing me fret, he said, 'Don't fret, my love; the same Almighty power that has preserved us both to the present will still take care of you till we meet again.' When very near his end he said, 'I wish I could sing.' I said, 'What would you sing?' he replied, 'Sing of *His love* to the last; then, dying, clasp Him in my arms, the antidote of death,' after a pause, adding:—

"But strip me of this house of clay,
And then I'll sing as loud as they."

"On saying to him, 'I wish you could sleep a little,' he said, 'Oh! my love, I shall sleep in Jesus soon, and be for ever with the Lord.' I can never express the deep earnestness and emphasis with which every word was uttered. His happy spirit was released at 12 o'clock, 4th April, 1868; he would have been forty three years 25th of this month; truly, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; Father, I strive to say, Thy will be done.' I trust Mrs. Banks is better. I am sure it is a heavy trial. May the God of all grace strengthen you as he has done in time past.—Your's in Gospel bonds,

August 19.

M. A. FOULSER."

John Flavel's Resting-place.

SOME years since we re-issued Flavel's "*Balm of the Covenant*;" since that time, Mr. Nichols, of Edinburgh, has given the Christian Church an entire edition of the works of that good Puritan. *Our Own Fireside* for October contains the finish of a series of papers on Flavel's life, persecutions, and ministry. We have thought the description given of him, as written on his tomb, might create in the hearts of some young men a desire to be like him. We entirely despair of ever approaching such a perfect model of a good pastor. Let our young men read and pray that, so far as Flavel followed Christ and truth, they may follow the devout Puritan. The writer being in Dartmouth churchyard says of Flavel:—"He preached his last sermon in Dartmouth about a week before his entrance into rest. He performed his last public duty on earth by acting as moderator in a meeting of ministers at Topsham; returned from that meeting to Exeter, and peacefully finished his course, saying, 'I know it will be well with me!' His dust lies at Dartmouth, near the chancel in St. Saviour's church. We went to see the spot, and to muse over his memorial; but, alas! there was none. There had been at first, we were told, a stone over his grave, with the simple inscription:—

"JOHN FLAVEL,
1691."

But when the chancel was newly paved that was taken away, and a monumental record replaced it:—

"Sacred to the memory of

JOHN FLAVEL,

Who was happy in his studies, acute in disquisitions,
Seraphic in the pulpit, and eloquent in his writings;

In all things truly skilful and illustrious.

Most accomplished in learning and manners;

A zealous promoter of faith, piety, and friendship;

A most implacable enemy of error and vice;

The glory of the Church and City;

Who after that he had exhausted his strength,

Both by praying and watching for the benefit of the Church,

Slept sweetly in the Lord, June 26, 1691;

Aged 61.

His accomplishments are his monument,

While his ashes lie here entombed.

Could grace or learning from the grave set free,

Flavel, thou hadst not seen mortality!

Though here thy dusty part death's victim lies,

Thou by thy works thyself dost eternize,

Which death nor rust of time shall overthrow;

While thou dost reign above, these live below."

"In 1709 church restorations were in fashion again; and this memorial stone was cast among the rubbish, reprobate by order of the magistrates! Happily it was pulled out of the refuse, and taken to the old Presbyterian chapel; and there we went to look at it. Nothing was left in the church of St. Saviour to mark the grave of the man who once so graced the parish pulpit. The spot seemed to be purposely covered

by a queer little pew, something between a canonical stall and the box of a play-house money taker.

"While we lingered, wondering of what name and shape those magistrates of 1709 might be, a good woman whose hospitality we had shared, said,

"'When I was a girl, about fifty years ago, a gentleman and his wife came here from Cambridgeshire; their name was Evans. "He wished," he said, "if it were possible, to lie buried in the same grave with Flavel." Flavel's writings had done him so much good that he loved his very dust, and longed for his own to mingle with it. He went to the chapel where Flavel's monument is, and as he entered the pew he breathed his last; his soul was suddenly gone. His widow held his wish sacred, and applied for leave to bury him in Flavel's grave. The corporation granted permission. When the grave was opened, the good man's coffin had disappeared, but there were his bones. I went to see them, and really touched them. I felt as if at that touch I had received honour, if not sanctity; and have always thought of that moment with solemn joy. The remains were gathered and placed in a box upon the coffin of Mr. Evans.'

"How strikingly at times have the providence and the grace of God worked together to 'fulfil the desire of them that fear Him!' Evans and his beloved Flavel have met, and are communing above, while their mortal relics below are waiting for redemption in close and silent fellowship."

[As a family magazine *Our Own Fireside* is exceedingly pure—generally interesting—and in historical reminiscences instructive and useful. The editor of *Our Own Fireside* is the Rev. Charles Bullock, of Worcester, and in that city both himself and his family are known and beloved for their decision for Christ, and for their extensive charity. Without the slightest reserve we say if the pulpits of the Church of England were all filled with such men as is St. Nicholas, of Worcester, she would be a blessing to this great nation; around her the Lord would throw His shield, and, although of some things she might be purged, destroyed she never could be until the end of the Gospel dispensation shall come—Ed.]

THE CROSS.

"BUT GOD FORBID THAT I SHOULD GLORY, SAVE IN THE CROSS OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST."

My Saviour, Lord, I love thy cross,
And fain would count all else but dross;
It points to yonder perfect heaven,
And tells of scarlet crimes forgiven.

Nor can I e'er that cross forget,
That speaks aloud of cancell'd debt;
That shows the Father reconciled,
To me, a wild, rebellious child.

My grateful heart adores the love,
That brought thee from thy throne above;
And gave thee on that cross to die,
To place thy blood-bought church on high.

While I have breath that cross shall be,
Dearer than worlds on worlds to me;
And when I soar to realms unknown,
I'll glory in that cross alone.

Thou sweet, thou lovely Calvary!
All I can wish is found in thee.
Yea, sweeter far than all beside,
Is that dear mount where Jesus died.

On that lov'd spot I'll fix my heart,
Till called from earth and time to part;
Then sing in strains unknown before,
The cross, the cross, for evermore!

Manchester.

WILLIAM STOKES.

CHRIST OUR ALL IN ALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JUST AS I AM."—[FROM THE *Rock*.]

I NEED no other plea
 With which to approach my God,
 Than His own mercy, boundless, free,
 Through Christ on man bestowed.
 A Father's love, a Father's care,
 Receives and answers every prayer.
 I need no other priest
 Than One High Priest above ;
 His intercession ne'er has ceased
 Since first I knew His love.
 Through that my faith shall never fail,
 E'en when I pass through death's dark vale.
 I need no human ear
 In which to pour my prayer ;
 My great High Priest is ever near,
 On Him I cast my care :
 To Him, Him only I confess,
 Who can alone absolve and bless.
 I need no works by me
 Wrought with laborious care,
 To form a meritorious plea
 The bliss of heaven to share.
 Christ's finished work, through boundless grace,
 Has there secured my dwelling-place.
 I need no prayers to saints,
 Beads, relics, martyrs' shrines ;
 Hardships 'neath which the spirit faints,
 Yet still, sore-burdened, pines :
 Christ's service yields my soul delight,
 Easy His yoke, His burden light.
 I need no other book
 To guide my steps to heaven,
 Than that on which I daily look,
 By God's own Spirit given ;
 For this, when He illumines our eyes,
 Unto salvation makes us wise.
 I need no holy oil
 To anoint my lips in death,
 No priestly power my guilt to assail,
 And bless my parting breath ;
 Long since those words bade fear to cease,
 "Thy faith hath saved thee ; go in peace."
 I need no priestly mass,
 No purgatorial fires
 My soul to anneal, my guilt to efface,
 When this brief life expires.
 Christ died my eternal life to win,
 His blood has cleansed me from all sin.
 I need no other dress,
 I urge no other claim
 Than His imputed righteousness ;
 In Him complete I am.
 Heaven's portals at that word fly wide,
 No passport do I need beside !

STORES OF WEALTH.

DEAR KIND FRIENDS,—May I say, my children in Christ? It is Sunday morning, October 4, 1868, before breakfast; I am thinking of that great text of Paul's, in Ephesians iii. 8, 9, "*Unto me*"—"To make all see what is the fellowship of the mystery," &c.

There are three great truths in these words. 1. There are immense stores of spiritual wealth treasured up in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ, called here, "*Unsearchable Riches.*" 2. Unto some men special grace is given, that they might *preach* among the Gentiles these unsearchable riches. 3. The end of *this* preaching is, that men may see "*What* is the fellowship of the mystery which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ."

The immense treasures and riches in Jesus Christ may be called "unsearchable" because neither angels nor men can ever discover them until the Spirit of the Living God reveal them unto the souls of men. Perhaps Paul means they are inexhaustible—they never can be fully and entirely discovered.

BUT, WHAT ARE THEY?—I think they are not, exclusively, the original glories of the Person of God's Son, but they are those mediatorial mercies, those saving gracious blessings which the Father treasured up in Him, for the salvation of His people—which blessings are sometimes called *fulness*. "It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell."

These unsearchable riches may be spoken of under seven heads:—

1. Spiritual and eternal life.
2. Everlasting and holy love.
3. Infinite and perfect righteousness.
4. Pardon, forgiveness, blotting out all sin.
5. Peace with God.
6. The knowledge of God.
7. Meekness to dwell in the glory of God.

In Col. i. 28, Paul says these unsearchable riches are all comprised in one grand possession, "Christ in you the hope of glory." But every one of the seven things named are rich things for helpless sinners; to have life in Christ, to be loved of Christ, and to be enabled to love Christ; to know Christ, and to be known of Christ; to be justified by Christ; to have peace and pardon with Christ; to have the power of Christ to preserve us while we are in this world of danger; and, after all, to have THE GLORY OF CHRIST, in his Kingdom for "ever"—these must be riches indeed. And all these are sometimes expressed by one thing:—"Your LIFE is hid with Christ in God; and when CHRIST who is our LIFE shall appear, then shall we also appear WITH HIM IN GLORY." There is everything—all these unsearchable riches in one sentence:—"CHRIST WHO IS OUR LIFE."

It appears to me that the Old Testament and New Testament too contain splendid illustrations of these unsearchable riches.

"LIFE IN CHRIST" is certainly illustrated in the valley of Vision. Read Ezekiel xxxvii., from verse 1 to 14. There is first nothing but a valley of bones, "very many," and "very dry." Seven things the Lord says He will do:—

1. Open their graves.
 2. Bring them up *out* of their graves.
 3. Put His Spirit in them.
 4. They shall live.
 5. He will place them in their own land—which is Christ's Gospel land, and glory land too.
 6. They shall know the Lord hath spoken it.
 7. Also that He hath performed it.
- There is a display of the riches of Life Divine!

Then the riches of His love is admirably illustrated in the Song of Solomon. Let me read those chapters as the expressions of love between Christ and His Church, and I say His love is rich indeed. She is *black*, but in Him comely, and crowned in blessedness for ever. The riches of His love to Jacob, to Joseph, to David, to all the ransomed down to John, "that disciple whom JESUS LOVED," and even down to us poor Gentile believers, is rich love indeed.

I must not, or cannot, look further at these illustrations of His riches. The grand question is this:—Are they rich in our esteem? Do we covet and pray for them? Are they rich in our soul's experience? If so, we are rich to all the intents of Grace—for God Himself is ours.

II. Special grace is given to some men to preach out these unsearchable riches. And this special grace may be spoken of under these three words:—

FAITH, FELLOWSHIP, AND FRUIT!

What those words contain, I cannot here put down. Let us look at the ends to be answered by preaching these unsearchable riches; and, also, at the evidences flowing out of the souls of those to whom the preaching is made a blessing. Paul says:—

III. "To make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery," &c.

There is a mystery in the Trinity, so, also, in the Covenant of Grace, and in the complete character of Christ: in the union between Himself and His people.

To the Jews, the salvation of some of the Gentiles was a great mystery.

There is a mystery in the true saving conversion of every one called of God.

Of these things, my beloved friends, time will not allow me to think or write now. I hope you will get a blessing to-day.—Amen.

C. W. B.

WRITTEN TO COMFORT THE MOURNER IN ZION.

MY DEAR BROTHER, MR. JOSEPH DICKSON,—I received your very kind note, and have read it again and again with deep interest, and great sympathy with you in your mental exercises. I have often felt, with one of old, "I am afraid of all my fears." Job said, "Let him take his rod away from me, and let not his fear terrify me. Then would I speak, and not fear him, but it is not so with me." There is no *daysman* between us. Let him remove his rod; let him reveal the daysman; "Then would I speak and sing his power to save."

The cause of Job's fear was the absence of his Redeemer, and the presence of the rod. When he realized his deathless interest in Christ, he would have his faith not only written and printed in a book, but sculptured deep in the rock of historic ages (Job xix. 23, 24). And is it not so? Do we not want to keep in everlasting remembrance the manifestations of Divine favour? and, especially the revelations of Christ to our soul? A revelation of Christ is the only antidote for the fears of which you complain:—

“When Jesus, with His mighty love,
Visits my troubled breast;
My doubts subside, my fears remove,
And I'm completely blest.”

It was the mighty love of Jesus that made the Psalmist sing, “Though an host should encamp against me my heart shall not fear.” Not fear an host? Why? “The Lord is my light and my salvation; the Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?” Not fear? Why? “In the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion, (tabernacle) in the secret of His tabernacle shall he hide me.” In the secret, or most holy place, the priest was hid from all without—from all sin, &c., from all but God. Was hid with holy things. So in Christ, the most holy place, we are hid from all without; from the burning altar of vengeance, from the incessant claims of a broken law, from the rage of hell, from the wrath of men, and from the anger of God. We are not only hid in Christ from all evil, but we are hereby associated with all that is holy, and blessed, and glorious. Such were the sweet expressions of David when it was well with his soul, when he could read his title clear, when the light of God's countenance shed a beam of heavenly day upon his raptured heart. Then he said, “I shall never be moved.” Have we not said, when the Lord has appeared for us and to us, “I shall never be moved”—to question my Father's good pleasure to lead me quite through, after this? Have we not said, after some unusual access to the throne of grace, after some precious promise has been applied with power upon the heart, after some soul-refreshing view of Christ, “I shall never be moved?” “I know that my Redeemer liveth,” “I know that He loved me and gave Himself for me,” “I know that He is mine and I am His?” Yes, yes; but what more did the Psalmist say? “Thou didst hide Thy face, and I was troubled.” (Psal. xxx. 6, 7). The poor soul, then, looks after the evidences, but they are sealed up in the earthen vessel, and it is so dark they cannot be found. There is a cloud upon the throne, and the soul cannot penetrate the thick darkness. There is a seal upon the book, and the soul can get no promise. There is a dearth in the ministry, and the soul gets no blessing. When God hides his face, who then can behold Him? Your fears, my brother, are only those wholesome exercises with which all God's children are kept from presumption. It has been said that “fear is a good housekeeper,” and I believe it. Remember all God's children are the subjects of many and various fears. If they were not, we should not have such a vast number of “FEAR NOTS” in the Bible. Our fears arise from a variety of causes; from the workings of an evil heart of unbelief, from the motions (passions) of sins in our members (see Rom. vii. 5), from the impious “ifs” of hell, from the hidings of God's face. God hid His face from Abraham; the sun went down, and an horror of great darkness fell upon him. God hid His face from Job, and he said,

"I am afraid of Him." He hid His face from Jeremiah, and the prophet exclaimed, "My hope is perished from the Lord." He hid His face from Jonah, and he said, "I am cast out of Thy sight."

It is a remarkable fact that the first "fear not" was addressed to the man whom the Scriptures commend for the strength and obedience of his faith; teaching us that the man possessing the highest degree of faith has no exemption from fear.

I feel sure, my dear brother, that you have an interest in Mal. iv. 2, and therefore I have written this to comfort you. May the bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness dispel the darkness of your mind, and give you peace.

I had a heavenly day last Sabbath. How blessed when the obscuring veil is drawn aside, and we see the Lord in the magnifying glass of the promise. Kind love to all. God bless you,

Yours affectionately,

Launceston, Aug. 11, 1868.

SAMUEL.

Sects and Heresies of the Christian Church.

NO. 5.—EPISCOPALIANISM.

BY WILLIAM STOKES, OF MANCHESTER.

Author of "The History of Baptists," "Imputed Righteousness," &c.

(Continued from page 308.)

"ONE IS YOUR MASTER, EVEN CHRIST; AND ALL YE ARE BRETHREN."

CHRISTIANITY, is the religion of humility. Being the perpetual foe of pride, and of worldly ambition in all its phases; the religion of the cross demands humility as the test of membership, when it declares that "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." This test of discipleship it never withdraws, or even qualifies; but maintains it throughout its entire scope by enjoining on all who name its name, "Be ye clothed with humility," "In honour preferring one another."

Humility appeared to perfection in the great Redeemer. His whole life exhibited a settled purpose to make Himself of NO REPUTATION, but to be among men as one that served. His most distinguished apostle afforded another commanding display of this divine grace, when in terms of deep abasement he described himself as "less than the least of all saints." This is true nobility, and wherever found stamps the man with the dignity of heaven.

The primitive church soon lost sight of this matchless grace, or in a very brief period impaired its beauty by a voluntary admixture of carnal pride. Especially did this appear in official corruption among the pastors of that early age. The healthy principle, which had been enjoined by the Redeemer himself, of a perfect equality among the office-bearers of His church, was gradually discarded by the very men who were appointed to preserve it, and the pride of distinction, borrowed

from the world, slowly, but surely took its place. The love of superior station immediately followed, until the plain office of "pastor," became one of contempt; and ambition, flowing in this new channel, encouraged the formation of a lordly priesthood that should share the honours of rank [with a secular nobility. Thus, "little by little," appeared that form of church government, long since known, and accepted at this very day, by the name of EPISCOPALIANISM.

That the proud spirit which originated this party entered the church soon after the apostolic age, cannot be doubted. All reliable authorities point to the early portion of the second century as the probable period when the plain and simple pastorate swelled out into the worldly institute of a ruling bishop and an inferior clergy. Even the learned *Chillingworth*, in his "Apostolic Episcopacy Demonstrated," carries it no higher; for, as if conscious of the absence of direct proof of its apostolic origin, he provides an escape for his cherished plea, by adding, "or presently after." Even that candid churchman detected a possible flaw in his intended demonstration; and that he might save his cause from an utter defeat when closely pressed, he wisely provides a shelter for it, in the convenient retreat of "a presently after." We admit this "presently after" to be correct beyond all cavil, but then it is a virtual surrender of the churchman's whole case, for if he fails to prove from Scripture that Episcopacy was a divine institution, it does nothing for his cause that it came into being presently after the sacred canon had closed. The Gnostics, Arians, Sabellians, and a host besides, appeared as soon as the apostles were no more; but we have yet to learn that they were right because they sprang up presently after.*

The Episcopalians are a wide-spread, numerous people, under different names. Popery, as to church officials, is an Episcopacy. The united church of England and Ireland is Episcopalian. The Russian Greek church, the Moravian, the Arminian, Coptic, Abyssinian, Swedish, and Danish churches, are of the same order. The principle of degrees in rank and authority among those who serve at one altar, has proved acceptable to the world, being in strict harmony with that almost universal rule of the gentiles whose "princes" "exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them." It is of

* The learned Mosheim, in his *Ecclesiastical History*, century 2, chap. 2, gives the middle of the second century as the period when this innovation began to assume a more organized form. His words are these: "These councils, of which we find not the smallest trace before the middle of this century, changed the whole face of the church, and gave it a new form; for by them the ancient privileges of the people were considerably diminished, and the power and authority of the bishops greatly augmented. Another effect of these councils was, the gradual abolition of that perfect equality, which reigned among all bishops (pastors) in the primitive times."

Milton gives a most distressing account of some of the effects of this clerical ambition in the choice of Bishops. He says, "Men went to choose their bishop as they went to a pitched field, and the day of his election was like the sacking of a city, sometimes ended with the blood of thousands. Nor was this among heretics only, but men of the same belief, yea, confessors;" Is there a Christian man but must blush for deeds like these performed in the name of the meek and lowly Jesus? But what crime will not pride commit when once allowed a place in the church of the living God?—See "Milton's Church Government, Book 1, Chap. 6.

no practical consequence whatever, that the Redeemer added, "BUT IT SHALL NOT BE SO AMONG YOU." The world will have it so, even in the church of God ; and so it is !

The amazing multiplication of offices that usually accompanies the principle of an Episcopacy, is in itself a strong objection to the divinity of its origin. Unity characterizes the church, and "One Lord, one faith, one baptism," describe the complete harmony of the Christian religion. But look at Episcopacy as a whole, and what are the fruits that grow upon that worldly tree? Is there a decent compactness, an union, or a simplicity of office, anywhere? At the head of it in one direction there is the Pope, the universal Father ; then there follow the Patriarch, Primate, Archbishop or Metropolitan, Bishop, Arch-Presbyter, Archdeacon, and Provost, besides Deans, Sub-deans, Precentors, &c., &c., down to Deacons, Priests, and several more.

Take next the Episcopal Church of England, and there we have the Sovereign as a political head ; then Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, Archdeacons, Deacons, Rural Deans, Prebendaries, Canons, Rectors, Vicars, Curates, &c.

Next comes the Greek Church, and there are the Patriarch, the Metropolitans, the Archbishops, Bishops, Priests, Lay-Monks, Deacons, Sub-Deacons, and Anagnostes, who are readers of common notices of the day.

The Armenians, Copts, Abyssinians, and others, have also their orders, ranks, and degrees ; but the humblest, simplest, and least pretentious of the Episcopalian churches, is that of the Moravians. That modest and useful people present an example which their Episcopalian brethren would do well to copy.

But are these Popes, Patriarchs, Cardinals, Archbishops, and Priests almost countless, to be found in the New Testament? Are they anywhere among the known institutions of the Saviour? And further, do they, or can they, accord with the simplicity of "a little child," without which no man can enter into the kingdom of heaven?

(The remainder of this paper, No. 5, will be given in the VESSEL, for January).

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

How fast my thoughts and feelings change,
Now, I am low and chilled with care ;
And then I am inflamed with love,
As strong as mortal state can bear.

Again, I feel forlorn and sad,
And almost say (yet I forbear)
"Would I had never known the Lord,"
I'm so perplexed with grief and fear.

Afraid that in some trying hour,
Though many trying hours I've past ;
Yielding to sin's deceitful power,
I shall disgrace his cause at last.

But soon the fowler's snare is broke,
And soaring high I joyfully say
"The Lord is mine, and I am his ;
He'll guard me in the trying day."

And then I challenge every power ;
Not one can move me, I am safe ;
And although tried by flood and fire,
Yet I shall see him face to face.

And as I travel, this I prove.
Both in my trials and my joy,
The more he purifies his gold,
The more I see my base alloy.

W. B.

Our Churches, Our Pastors, and Our People.

FAREWELL MEETING TO MR. JOHN BUNYAN M'CURE.

Our readers will expect from us some report of Mr. M'Cure's farewell meeting, seeing we have, from the first, taken the greatest interest in his cause; and have, we hope and believe, rendered him valuable aid, in making known his mission to our churches throughout England. It is no small gratification, therefore, to us to have now the pleasure of recording the successful termination of that mission to this country; the Christian hospitality he has received wherever he has gone; and the enthusiastic farewell that has been accorded to him prior to his departure for his adopted country. Of all men, John Bunyan M'Cure has great occasion to speak well of the Free Grace Christian people and churches of old England; and it is our pleasure to know he carries from our shores a deep and lasting impression of the mercy the Lord has showered upon him while he has been in our midst.

As most of our readers are aware, the farewell meeting was held on Tuesday, Nov. 17, 1868, in the Surrey Tabernacle, Wansey-street, Walworth-road. For some days previous to the meeting, from the numerous enquiries we had, both personally and by letter, we were quite satisfied a large assembly might be expected; and we were not disappointed in the result, for never was such a mass of people more closely packed than on this occasion in the beautiful Surrey Tabernacle; while hundreds were unable to get admission. There were representatives from most, if not all, the London churches; and the country churches around, as far distant as sixty and seventy miles, were also well represented. Such a sight must have been most gratifying, not only to Mr. M'Cure, but to the pastor and deacons of the place. Soon after 5 o'clock, when it is calculated there were just upon 1,400 persons assembled, tea was served; and, in passing, we compliment Mr. Philcox (of Bermondsey-street) upon the efficient manner in which he supplied the same.

At half-past 6 the public meeting commenced. Mr. James Wells, the pastor, presided; and the platform was packed closely with London and country ministers and deacons. We will try and name a few: Messrs. Thos. Jones, B. B. Wale, J. S. Anderson, T. Stringer, R. A. Lawrence, Debnam, Nevell, Flack, Wheeler,

Cook, Comfort, Hall, Wise, Ponsford, Nichols, Arthur Baker, Steed, Lee, Thurston, R. G. Edwards, Ward, Butt, Boulton, Backett, Davey, Syms, the brothers Carr, Laurence, W. and J. Beach, Mead, Evan Edwards, Mitson, Whitlock, Minton, Knott, Kennard; and as many more as we have named.

Mr. Butt opened the proceedings with a hymn; Mr. Thomas Stringer then offered prayer, making special reference to the success that had crowned the effort, and imploring very earnestly the protecting hand of Jehovah to encompass our brother M'Cure while crossing the mighty ocean. After another verse had been sung, Mr. Wells, in his warm and earnest style, took a review of the whole circumstances of Mr. M'Cure's coming to England; his object being the furtherance of the Gospel. In a private communication Mr. Wells told Mr. M'Cure he thought if he came they would give him the first welcome at the Surrey Tabernacle; and that was the turning point; for when Mr. M'Cure learnt that, he decided to come. They fulfilled their promise, and gave him a good start; and it was really wonderful how door after door had been opened to him. Mr. Wells then spoke in the most affectionate terms of Mr. M'Cure, expressing the delight it gave him to preside at such a meeting. The chairman followed on with some well-timed remarks upon the office of deacons,—what a deacon should be, as well as what he should not be; and our ill-paid itinerant preachers received at his hands some good advice, as also some consoling words for the heavy labours they undergo, and the small amount often meted out to them. Mr. Wells concluded by taking a passing review of those who had *not* helped Mr. M'Cure's cause; and called on Mr. Butt to furnish a report of the fund.

Mr. EDWARD BUTT said,—In presenting a concise report of the labours of our friend and brother, Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure, commenced by observing that, on the 17th day of August, 1867, he left Sydney, under a feeling of distress and sorrow, which would have been unbearable but for the faith and hope of success he anticipated meeting in England. On the 19th day of October he landed in Liverpool, and at once proceeded to London. He attended our prayer meeting on Monday the 21st, and united with us in singing:—

"Their passage lies across the brink
Of many a threatening wave;
The world expects to see them sink,
But Jesus lives to save,"

and thanking God for the mercies he had experienced.

On an early evening Mr. M'Cure had a conference with the minister and deacons of the Surrey Tabernacle; explained his object in visiting this country, and sought their aid in assisting to raise the sum of £1,000. It was then decided to hold a public meeting on Monday, the 4th of November, in the Surrey Tabernacle; and, in the meantime, to obtain the assistance of the various pastors and deacons of the London Churches. Some promised assistance, while others feared it might interfere with their own operations. On the evening mentioned, a large meeting congregated; Mr. Wells presided, and nobly set forth the object of our brother's visit, and the claims of the Baptist Churches in the colonies, observing that many members of our different churches had settled there, and were desirous of having a faithful ministry. Several ministering brethren supported the remarks of the president, and promised their aid, but feared the £1,000. At the close, a collection was made amounting to £115; at which astonishment was expressed; and some deacons from other churches, began to whisper, "we must also help." The feelings produced at that meeting, will not be easily forgotten.

In November and December, through THE EARTHEN VESSEL, (which has done good service to the cause) an appeal was made to the churches, and to individuals for subscriptions. Several London and country churches now began to write our brother for information, offering their chapels for lectures and sermons to commence the new year, and to all appearance, things wore a promising aspect, when a voice was heard, "Hitherto shalt thou go, but no further." Some business was now to be done in affliction, a serious illness set in. Engagements in the country were obliged to be set aside; our friend 16,000 miles away from a dear wife and family; the mind dark, his fears many, lest the cause so dear to him should suffer; letters coming from all parts to remind him of his engagements; all tending to bow down his spirits, try his faith and patience to the utmost.

The Lord very graciously heard the many prayers for his afflicted servant; and after three weeks of much suffering, blessed the means, restored to him a measure of health, his hope revived, and he was enabled to say, "For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower

from the enemy." This affliction was the means of drawing forth a strong feeling of love and affection from our friends toward him which no words can set forth; and our brother's own feelings will be best expressed in the words of the poet,—

"When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise."

His own words were "Such kindness I never met with in my life. I have seen that God always helps the helpless, and that right early."

Being restored, our brother set to work in good earnest. He has travelled over 10,000 miles; preached and lectured 300 times; in most places, large numbers were gathered to hear the word of life. The results of these labours a future day will declare. Many instances have been brought under his notice, of how the word had been blessed in former years, when labouring in different parts of this country. The churches in various parts of England have manifested great sympathy towards our brother's cause; and our most sanguine expectations have been surpassed. Many of these causes, already pressed down with difficulties, have nevertheless cheerfully opened their places for collections; and in some, a second visit has been sought. Our brother has been the means of serving many of these churches, this year, at their anniversaries, and many testimonies have been given of the power of the Holy Spirit accompanying the word.

We will now come to a financial part of the business.

The result of collections in the country amounts to £546 13s.

The fund has been aided by twenty-one of our Baptist churches in London and its suburbs to the amount of £369 1s. 2d. In addition to this we are pleased to state that Mr. Luckin, of Clerkenwell, kindly introduced our brother to his people, as one who had formerly worshipped with them. The friends at Regent street, City road, (formerly Mr. Geo. Abraham's) opened their pulpit, and affectionately received our brother. Mr. Franks, of Commercial road, did the same; the sum thus received from Clerkenwell, £20; from Regent street, £23 1s. 10d.; from Commercial road, £5; in all £48 1s. 10d. Dr. Doudney, of Bedminster, and Mr. Walker, of Bristol, very kindly arranged, and took part in, his lecture in the rooms connected with St. Luke's church, for which, in the name of this meeting, we thank them.

Some of our friends were desirous for

a lecture at Croydon, and obtained the public hall, when the collection was £13. Our friend Mr. Mitson very kindly undertook to get up a likeness of our friend, in order that he may have a place in their album, and upon which they can look when he is very far distant, for which a vast sale has been obtained, he having already paid to the fund £50, the profit of the sale. We thank our friend most heartily for his zeal and diligence.

The receipts and expenditure is as follows:—

Receipts:	£	s.	d.
Churches in London and Suburbs	369	1	2
Congregational churches	48	1	10
Ditto in the country	546	13	0
Public Hall, Croydon	13	0	0
Per Mr. Mitson, profit on sale of Portraits	50	0	0
Individual subscriptions	127	6	0
	£1154	2	0
Expenditure:			
Expenses, Railway Traveling, Advertisements, Bills and Posting, Hire of Public Halls	114	2	0
Total Balance	£1040	0	0

The expenses would necessarily have been larger, but for the Christian kindness of some of our dear friends, who have received our brother into their houses as one of their own family.

Mr. M'Cure kindly delivered two lectures (after he had completed his labours for Sydney) one in aid of the funds of the "Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society," collection £21; the other for the "Protestant Blind Society," collection £10; for which the Committee tender him their thanks.

In conclusion, what shall we say? Can any minister or church say we are worse off for what we have done? (we are not here). To God be all the praise. May our faith, and love, and zeal, and diligence, and earnestness for, and in the cause of God and truth be increased.

To our dear brother we say, "May the Lord God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob bless thee, and go with thee."

At the close of Mr. Butt's address, which was listened to by the vast audience with the deepest attention, the chairman called upon Mr. Thomas Jones (of everywhere) to address the meeting, which was done in Mr. Jones's usual pleasant manner. He thought it was an honour to "the folk" there that they had been at the beginning and the ending of the case; a vast amount of Christian love and hospitality had been shown our brother

throughout the land; he could return to Australia and tell his Church that the people of England are Christians; and as he would relate the kindness of the friends here, it would create a bond of union between this country and the one to which he journeys. Mr. Ponsford (of Clapham) followed, and spoke of the interest both he and his Church had taken in the case; he prayed that the Lord might carry him in safety across the ocean, and land him safe in the midst of his church and family. A hymn was then sung, during which the collection was made. After this, Mr. M'Cure rose to speak, and was received in the warmest manner by the meeting; when he could speak, he said: "My dear brother, and my very dear Christian friends,—it is impossible for me to express my feelings, not only for the unmistakable sympathy manifest towards me by my brethren and friends; but for the divine faithfulness of my ever-faithful God. Twelve months ago, on the 4th of this month, I stood on this platform wanting one thousand pounds. I stand here now to say I have got it. My faith has been honoured, and the promise I received from the Lord before I left Australia has been fulfilled." The speaker then gave a review of the case; but as Mr. Butt's statement was a concise report of the whole movement, we have given that almost verbatim. Mr. M'Cure stated he was to sail on the 25th by the *Nineveh*. He had often seen her in Sydney, and hoped to see her there again. Before sitting down, turning to Mr. Wells, Mr. M'Cure in affectionate terms thanked him for his kindness, and presented Mr. W. with the first copy of his *Life*, which had that evening been published. Mr. Wells, in accepting the same, said this was as things ought to be done; and, as one good turn deserved another, he (Mr. Wells) now presented to Mr. M'Cure, on behalf of two ladies, three photographs of the Surrey Tabernacle, accompanied with a £5 note. At the same time a small packet was handed to Mr. M'Cure, containing two more £5 notes; and, in acknowledging the same, he remarked, the more we had the more we want; he should now like photographs of the pastor and deacons of the Surrey Tabernacle, with their wives. Mr. Anderson, of Bradford, spoke a few congratulatory words, after which Mr. Mitson presented Mr. M'Cure with two £10 notes, as a further donation out of the sale of his portrait—making in all £70. Mr. Butt then came on the platform to state the amount of the collection, which was being anxiously waited for, and when he announced it to be the handsome sum of one hundred and thirty-five

pounds fifteen shillings, the meeting gave unmistakable signs of the pleasure with which they received the statement. Mr. Butt further stated that as the chapel debt was £1000, and as there had been collected £40 over that amount, it was proposed to pay Mr. McCure's passage money with that sum, a proposition which the meeting fully endorsed. The meeting was brought to a close by the doxology, and singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow;" after which hundreds of persons came regularly in line round the front of the platform, and for half-an-hour at least, Mr. McCure was shaken most cordially by the hand, most of the friends wishing him a safe journey, and many quoting short and appropriate texts of scripture as they pressed his hand, and passed on.

We must now close this report. Perhaps we ought to offer to our readers an apology for the space occupied this month, and for many months past, with this case; but we hope and believe our readers have the same interest as we have, and therefore have read the successive letters with pleasure and profit.

Next month, probably, we shall give a short note of the sailing of the "Nineevh," and our brother McCure purposes writing us immediately on his arrival home; and before, should they pass a vessel on the journey.

The following lines are from the pen and heart of our brother, Thomas Stringer:—

FAREWELL TO MR. JOHN BUNYAN McCURE, Nov. 17, 1868.

Farewell, brother Bunyan, we bid you adieu;
 You'll not forget us, and we'll not forget you;
 You've pray'd, preach'd, and lectur'd o'er England's free soil,
 And God has rewarded your labours and toil.
 You've got all the money, the Lord's name be prais'd,—
 'Tis all through his goodness the sum has been rais'd;
 Your friends and your brethren abroad we are sure,
 Will hail with great pleasure John Bunyan McCure.
 Farewell, brother John, in the name of the Lord;
 We wish you success both at home and abroad;
 In journeying homeward preserv'd may you be,
 While crossing the billows and waves of the sea.
 Lift up the Redeemer, with zeal more and more,

Sound forth his free grace on the Australian shore;
 Meet all his opponents in armour divine,
 Wield the sword of the Spirit, and victory is thine.

Farewell, brother soldier; farewell, we all say;
 God keep and preserve you by night and by day;
 Preach truth to poor sinners, the great and the small,
 And fill all your sermons with Christ all in all.

You serve a good Master, he's faithful and true;
 He ever has been so to us and to you;
 Crown him Lord of all, all the rest of your days;
 To him ascribe honour, and glory, and praise.

Farewell, then, dear brother, again we repeat;
 And should we no more in this wilderness meet,
 We hope to arrive safe on Canaan's blest shore,
 To sing of salvation with Bunyan McCure.
 T. STRINGER.

THE FAREWELL TO BUNYAN McCURE.

DEAR SIR,—The immense gathering at Surrey Tabernacle last Tuesday evening, the occasion which brought so many together, and the good spirit which seemed to pervade all present, will not be easily forgotten. Mr. McCure will carry to his brethren—our brethren—in Australia, such an account of British sympathy, and such tangible proof of British generosity, as cannot fail to increase in them a loving regard for the land of their fathers, and confidence in that vital union which no distance of time or space can sever. We are all glad for the relief our brother must feel in being disburdened of debt, and the bondage of slavish care connected therewith. Only God could have sustained him so long under the weight; and surely it is God, who has so effectually and marvellously wrought his deliverance. He is now in every blessed sense a free man; his feet are set in a large place; he has a continent for his parish, a great salvation to proclaim, and an infinite treasury of wisdom to draw from, so that he may say with Paul, "I have all things and abound." Freely he has received, freely may he give. He has all the natural requirements for work; he has given evidence of energy and assiduity not many could equal and fewer still could exceed; and certainly he has not spent his strength for nought, as pleasing reports from the country over amply witness.

Our prayers will attend him on his return voyage, and we hope to hear of abundant labours in the service of our divine Master, and of fruit abounding yet more to the glory of the Trinity in Unity, one God, blessed for ever.

The time may come when the churches in Australasia may be called upon to render pecuniary aid to the churches in Britain. A clever writer has imagined a New Zealander sitting on a broken arch of London Bridge, sketching the ruins of St. Paul's. Nations as great as our own have experienced reverses as great as that; what right have we to calculate on a better fate? If such fate can, in harmony with sovereign purpose, be avoided, it will be through the prayers, the fidelity, and charity of the ELECTION OF GRACE.

We exult in the success which has crowned our brother's mission; yet we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that all the money has come from, comparatively, only a few of our churches. His coming and his business were published plentifully, through the favour of our periodicals, but the offers of help were sparse and slow. He came as a Particular and Strict Baptist, and his hopes of sympathy were with the Particular and Strict Baptists, and from some such he has received Christian and liberal treatment. Others, however, were icy, impenetrable, immovable. For some he was too particular, for some not particular enough, at least he had not the particular bell of some particular party; and many excuse themselves on the narrow-souled principle of the churl who declined to do anything for posterity, because posterity had never done anything for him. All these stand rebuked in the presence of certain Congregationalists, and clergy of the Episcopal church, who frankly said, we cannot subscribe to your object, because you are a Baptist, but we cordially help you because we believe you to be a faithful preacher of the everlasting Gospel, and a lover of the Saviour Jesus whom we also love. Honour to such men! and God does honour them, though they follow not with us in some tracks in which, we perhaps, wish they did.

Well, we have cheered a part of the body mystical, located 16,000 miles away, can we spare a little compassion for portions of the same body that are as near to us as Lazarus was to Dives, when he lay at his gates? Who among our leading men is bold, and brave, and loving enough to slip over the petty prejudices and envyings which perpetuate jars and isolations, and inaugurate a movement for discharging debts on chapels built for the maintenance of the truth that dwelleth in us,

and the erection of others in suitable places in which the bread of life shall be broken, ministerially, and Christ exalted? As was said on Tuesday evening, by the most efficient auxiliary in our brother's cause, "None are the poorer for what they have given." Who, seeing the thousands of enthusiastic sympathisers at the Tabernacle, can doubt that we have numbers and strength for honourable service, if those whose duty it is, and whose honour it would be, would rise above personal differences and cry, as did Napoleon to his legions at the foot of the Alps, "Forward! forward." Yours sincerely,
Nov. 20, 1868. T. JONES.

TO THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION WORSHIPPING IN THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY, AND TO ALL THE FRIENDS OF CHRIST AND TRUTH, SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE COLONIES OF AUSTRALIA.

MY DEAR BRETHREN,—My report not being finished in the November number of the EARTHEN VESSEL, I will now give you the last account of the Lord's gracious remembrance of me; who near my soul has always stood, my strength, my stronghold, my shield, my glory, and the lifter-up of my head, therefore I am the living to praise him. While I have travelled through England I have been distressed and humiliated in beholding the spread of Popery in my native land; what may be the consequences upon the rising generation, of Popish encroachments and the works of the Jesuits, is frightful to contemplate. In the Church of England, which has been considered the bulwark of Protestantism, may now be seen, in many of the churches, magnificent robes, censers, pictures, muttered prayers, intonations, bending the knee, and everything calculated to keep the attention of the congregation alive!

To those in the Church of England who regard religion as a serious matter, all this is painful; but those who practise it contend that without such baits they have no chance of laying hold of the people, and that with them they make converts!

They ape popish forms, grimaces, and fooleries to such an extent that many of the people have gone over to Catholicism, judging that the clergy must believe it right or they would not imitate it so thoroughly. Its identity with that apostate Church is thus substantiated, and the fate of the mother must be that of the daughter.

Does the Gospel of Christ contain any authority for her official grades, her priestly vestments, her worldly pomp? Can you imagine Peter, Paul, James, or John thus dressing themselves up as some of their pretended successors are now doing, in splendid monkish ceremonies and idola-

rous temples adorned with paintings, pictures and crosses?

Can I be flattered with the cringing bows, Thy solemn chatterings, and fantastic vows?

Are my eyes charmed thy vestments to behold,

Glaring in gems and gay in woven gold? Unthinking wretch, how couldst thou hope to please

A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these? While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,

Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong;

In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends, Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends,

While the false flatterer at my altar waits, His hardened soul divine instruction hates.

My last report contained the particulars of my visit to Plymouth, Lord's day, 18th.

There are many devices in the heart of man, but the counsel of the Lord that shall stand; I had arranged to have been many miles away from Plymouth, preaching elsewhere, but our wise and ever gracious God determined otherwise. I must remain in that town. In the morning I preached in brother Collins's chapel to a large congregation; 2 o'clock I gave an address to the Sunday School in connection with the Howe Street chapel, until ten minutes to 3 o'clock; at 3 o'clock I preached in brother Corbett's chapel, Trinity, and likewise in the evening; the chapel was crowded; it was a glorious sight to see not less than 1,200 persons packed together listening to the Gospel of Christ.

After the evening service a farewell and union prayer meeting was held, brother Collins and one of his deacons representing the Howe Street church, and brother Corbett and brother Chambers representing Trinity church, united together in prayer to God for me. About three or four hundred persons were present, and the Lord was present.

Very many testimonies I have received how the Lord has blest my visit to many in Plymouth, and as a consequence the hands of the people were opened to help; the amount I have received altogether in Plymouth is £33 0s. 4d, and strength and grace according to my day; in eight days I preached and lectured thirteen times; I am none the worse, but a great deal better for thus waiting upon the Lord.

Monday, 20th.—I left Plymouth by the 12 o'clock train for Bristol, thankful to God for the high honour conferred upon me during my visit to the saints there.

Tuesday, 21st.—Dr. D. A. Doudney, Vicar of St. Luke's, Bedminster, and editor of the *Gospel Magazine* and *Old Jonathan*, hearing that I was to visit Bristol on my way from Plymouth, most kindly arranged for me to lecture in his very spacious school house, and that he would take the chair. The following letter I received from that God-honoured servant of Christ:—

"Carlisle House, Totterdown, Bristol,
Oct. 17, 1868.

"MY DEAR SIR AND BROTHER IN THE LORD,—I feel great pleasure in placing our school-house at your service for your lecture on Tuesday evening, and shall (D.V.) announce it twice in St. Luke's church to-morrow. I have read with much interest, in the EARTHEN VESSEL, each month, of your progress, and rejoice that you have so wellnigh accomplished the object of your mission to England. I trust that our good and gracious Lord may take you back in safety, love, and peace to your dear family, and to the dear people over whom the Lord has placed you. Your long and trying absence from them will, I trust, endear you to each other, and sweeten the few remaining bitters that may remain in your pathway onward and homeward.

"There is a blessed time coming when all the dear flock of slaughter, gathered from among men of every nation, tongue, and people, shall meet above in our Father's house and home, with no more sin, nor death, nor devil to encounter. As dear David Denham used to say, 'No Saturday night there! No Monday morning there! No sin, nor sorrow, nor separation; but eternal light, and love, and glory! Oh, our God, hasten it, we pray thee, in thy time. Meanwhile give us faith and patience that we may hold on and out even to the end! Then:—

'Farewell, tempter, death, and sin,
My port in view, I'll enter in.'

"Let me have a line (if possible) by return of post, to say what train you will arrive by. I shall be happy for you to take up your quarters here, during your stay in Bristol; and that the Lord may bless your visit, is the prayer of, Dear brother, yours affectionately in the Lord,

DAVID A. DOUDNEY, D.D.,
Vicar of St. Luke's, Bedminster."

In the evening I lectured to about three or four hundred persons; was very happy while speaking of the wonders God has wrought. I was received most kindly by the people. My dear brother, Dr. Doudney, spoke in a most brotherly manner, just as Paul used to speak of Timothy. Rev. S. A. Walker, a clergyman of St. Maryleport, who is a man of God and truth, spoke after the lecture, and said, "While I know that our brother is a Baptist; I know that he loves the Lord Jesus; and so do I. He is a free grace man; so am I. He hates the Pope, and so do I; and therefore I love him, and wish him God speed." I was delighted with him, and am thankful that I have made the acquaintance of those good men who, fearless of frowns, and independent of smiles, declare the whole counsel of God. In St. Luke's church there is a congregation of about 1,200 persons from Sunday to Sunday listening to the precious truth therein proclaimed, "Salvation is of grace." There is only one place beside where the truth is preached, which is a small cause—

in a low state, and they believe that it is good to dwell alone within their own little narrow circle. They would not allow me to cross their boundary; poor things, I pity them, and trust that the Lord will teach them, and give them the spirit of Christ; then will they not reject the servant of Christ, although he may write in the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, but, receive him for Christ and truth's sake,—but now it is, "I am for Paul, I am for Apollos, and, I am for Cephas;" and that is just as the devil would have it. I am for the "Standard," I am for the "Vessel," I am for the "Herald," I am for the "Trumpet," I am for the "Voice of Truth." By the grace of God, I will be for neither, for I will not be in bondage to parties and names. My precious Christ has made me free, therefore for Christ's sake I will be my Master's willing servant unto the saints, scattered wheresoever they may be. Collection £4 16s. 5½d. After the lecture I was taken to the vicarage, and was received with courteous welcome; we talked together of the loving-kindness of the Lord until two o'clock in the morning.

Wednesday, 22nd.—A door was opened for me to preach in Wickliff Chapel, Bristol; was truly happy while speaking of the power of prayer, and the faithfulness of the Lord.

Thursday, 23rd.—I took my leave of my dear brother Doudney. Arrived in London and lectured in brother Stringer's Chapel, and received a second collection from the saints there—£5 0s. 1¼d.

Lord's Day, 25th.—I preached three times in the Baptist Chapel, Sible Hedingham, and gave an address to the school; and lectured in the chapel on Monday, 26th. On each occasion the chapel was crowded, and the Lord was there; many were the instances I received that souls were blest.

The following lines I received from one of the Lord's afflicted ones, who is full of sympathy for me:—

This is from affliction's quarter,
Where deep suffering doth abound;
Yet, I trust, a prince's daughter,
Blest with more than bread and water,
Having Christ and mercy found.

May thy Lord and Saviour bless thee
Always with a glowing soul;
Let not cruel words oppress thee,
Nor the wrath of man distress thee,
God thy Father knows it all.

May He now and oft revive thee,
With the savour of his name;
And when faith and love wax feeble,
May His Spirit, when 'tis needful,
Strengthen mightily the same.

O! may Christ, thy pilot, steer thee
Safely o'er the dangerous deep,
To thy home endearments bring thee.
Then thy soul and all within thee
Must rejoice as well as weep.

Hope, dear sir, you'll take this kindly
(Rough as 'tis) from whence it came.
'Tis from one who loves sincerely

God's tried servants very dearly,
Suffering for his cause and name.

Tuesday, 27th.—It was arranged for me to lecture in Camberwell Hall in aid of the Aged Pilgrims; the hall was crowded, and the collection was £23.

Wednesday, 28th.—At Staines I delivered an Anti-Popery lecture, brother Webb presided; collection, £3 18s. 7½d. I felt it exceedingly in parting with dear and loving friends whom I have known for many years.

Thursday, 29th.—A deeply interesting meeting was held in brother Ponsford's Chapel, Clapham, to commemorate the pastor's birth-day, and also to congratulate me on the success of my mission, and most kindly gave me a second collection, which amounted to £3 10s.

I am now once more in my English home at Camberwell, with my beloved friends, waiting for the farewell meeting on the 17th, which will doubtless be fully reported in the *EARTHEN VESSEL*.

By the ship "Nineveh" I trust, through the mercy of the Lord, I shall arrive in Sydney toward the end of February, when I shall once more, after an absence of eighteen months, be in the bosom of my family, and in the midst of the people of my charge.—Brethren, pray for me. Your willing servant for Christ's sake,

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

ISLINGTON.—PROVIDENCE CHAPEL.
The eighteenth Anniversary was held on Lord's day, Nov. 8th, when three sermons were preached; two by Mr. R. G. Edwards, now supplying at Providence, and one in the afternoon by Mr. James Wells. The attendance was exceedingly good. Mr. Wells took for his text 2 Thess. ii. 14: "Whereunto he called you," &c.: 1st, What we are called to; 2nd, The call by grace; 3rd, The glory; and, 4th, How it is to be obtained. He was heard with pleasure and with profit; we are thankful to find his voice so strong, and his mind and heart still so zealously affected in his Master's cause, for the good of souls, to promote their eternal welfare, and the glory of God, for which cause he has said, and we can believe, he only desires to live. Mr. Edwards took for his text in the evening, Rev. xv. 3. After some remarks on the book itself, he divided his text thus:—1st, The songsters; 2nd, The songs they sing; and some remarks here should not be overlooked, they are worth remembering; the songsters are they (see the verse preceding the text) who have gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark; the beast is generally understood to represent the Pope; we do not believe in transubstantiation or we might believe that he had actually become a beast, but simply that he resembles one. A woman once asked a priest if he really believed the wafer to be turned into the body of Christ. He said, "Yes," and wished her to partake; she refused unless he made

the wafer herself, which she was allowed to do; when she said, "Now you really believe this is no longer what it was, but changed into the body and blood of Christ?" "Certainly," he said. "Well, then, you may safely eat of it, for I put arsenic in it." But the songsters have gotten the victory over such delusions; how sad it is to see in this our day so many, especially females, wearing the mark of the beast; for wherever you see the crucifix there is his mark. How true is the word, "The God of this world hath blinded their eyes that they believe not!" how strong indeed must the delusions be! the preacher said he hated the cross, while he hoped he loved the dear Saviour who died thereon; if you worship the cross, why not the nails? why not the spear that pierced the side of the dear Redeemer? If you had a dear friend executed, would you carry about with you a model of the gallows on which it took place? No; the cross was the cursed tree, Jesus was made a curse for us. But the true songsters worship the true God, and not those of wood and stone. Many other characteristics of the songsters and the songs they sing were sweetly dwelt upon by the preacher, to the edification and consolation of those who heard; we hope, if it is the will of God, Mr. Edwards may be the instrument of much good in this portion of God's Church, that he may be the means of building the waste places and gathering together the outcasts of Israel. We are truly thankful to see many signs already following the word preached; some have come forward to tell, and that unmistakably, of the work of grace in their soul; and, God willing, they will follow their Lord in baptism the last Lord's day in November, and, together with others, Mr. Edwards will probably receive ten new members into the Church the first Lord's day in December, which is very encouraging to him and cheering to all the friends. On Tuesday, Nov. 10th, Mr. Wells again preached an excellent discourse from Ps. cxix. 17, "Deal bountifully with thy servant," &c., when some things quite new as well as old were brought out from God's treasury. A good company sat down to tea, after which Mr. Glaakin, now of Brighton, occupied the pulpit, and preached the evening sermon from Titus ii. 11, "Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ." 1st, the object referred to, "that blessed hope;" 2nd, the feeling expressed, "looking for that blessed hope;" and 3rd, the glorious fruition of that which we look for, "the glorious appearing of Jesus Christ." The properties of hope possessed by a child of God were much enlarged upon; the hope is in God, it is built upon the mediation, the atonement of Jesus Christ, a surer foundation than our frames and feelings, for they are the most uncertain things in the world; they look for it prayerfully, patiently, submissively, and triumphantly; there are three kinds of

appearing of Jesus Christ; he appears in the page of truth, he appears to the believer experimentally, and, finally, the glorious appearing for which his people are looking; all these were dwelt upon by the preacher, much to the satisfaction of the hearers, of whom there was a large attendance; in conclusion, he hoped we all might be among those who love the appearing of Jesus Christ; he alluded to the past, when the cause was commenced eighteen years ago, when eight souls were first banded together in bonds that can never break, when he himself was their minister for upwards of fourteen years, and how much the Lord had blessed them during that time by adding so many to them; some changes had occurred, but he felt convinced the Lord would be in our midst and bless us again, as in past days. We must bear testimony to the kind manner in which Mr. Glaakin and Mr. Wells served the cause at Providence; the collections were good; to God be all the praise.—W.

BOROUGH—TRINITY CHAPEL, TRINITY STREET. On Tuesday, October 18th, a public meeting was held as above. The attendance was not large, there being several other meetings in the denomination on the same evening. The chair was occupied by the deacon, who has held office in the Church for 36 years; the meeting was opened by singing that well known hymn of Newton's, commencing "Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake." After prayer, by brother Cook, the chairman called on brother Griffin to address the assembly, announcing him as coming from Jireh, the very place the Lord had provided for him, and trusting he had come with something provided by the Lord for them at this time. After an excellent address, the length of which the brethren to come after had no occasion to complain, he was followed by those whose names had been previously announced, all being present and all speaking with animation as their minds were led, having no limit set them excepting the comprehensive theme of Jesus Christ, and all the manifold blessings of his glorious Gospel. It was a subject of regret that there were not more present to hear, yet those who came found it good to be there. The following short report was delivered at the opening of the meeting:—"Dear Christian friends,—In reviewing the past year we have some things to deplore, but more to be thankful for. In anticipating the future it behoves us to 'thank God and take courage.' We have, it is true, had our changes, and, to some of us, painful they have been. Yet who can tell but these very changes, by the good hand of our unchanging friend, with us may work our lasting good. Our desire is to dwell, not on that which is dark and lowering, but rather with the cheerfulness of hope to view the bright light with which every cloud is fringed. A poor Jack Tar who went out with two legs, and after

severe conflict on board a man-of-war returned to the circle of his friends with but one, meeting with much sympathy, said 'he could partly tell people's dispositions by conversing with them, for where he met with ten who said to him "What a pity you have lost your leg," he only found one that said, "What a mercy that you have not lost both." He thought it best to look at the bright side.' Like that good woman, who fell and broke her arm, and at once began to bless and praise the Lord that it was not her leg; perhaps, by the way, she thought had it been her leg it would have kept her a long time from the house of God. And this temper, dear friends, is always found the best antidote for the mopes. Under all circumstances our statistics are better than might be expected. The balance (numerically) is very small, still it is on the right, therefore on the bright, side. The Lord has said, 'They shall flow together for the goodness of the Lord;' and seven in the past year have flowed to us in the baptismal pool; five have left for communion elsewhere; and one has ascended to sing in the heights of Zion triumphant, and sorrow no more at all for ever. Thus we report, according to our register:—Increase 1. As regards our prospects, we may observe our dear brother Cook has been preaching the word here with acceptance, and the church has arranged with him to supply the pulpit for three months longer, commencing the 1st day of November. And we are encouraged to believe by your prayers and ours, and the 'supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ,' a divine blessing will descend to the furtherance of the Gospel in this place and neighbourhood."

OLD FORD.—A correspondent says, Mr. Alsop has changed his views respecting believer's baptism; so that, whereas, at one time, he zealously sought to baptize all whom he could persuade, he now publicly expresses himself as being indifferent, whether he ever baptizes another person or not. We regret this. We baptized him upon a confession of his faith. Very earnestly he entered upon the ministry at Old Ford; but he removed recently to another place, and expresses himself willing to set the ordinance of baptism by immersion aside altogether. Before he takes such a step, we advise him as a friend to read Samuel Cozens's tract on "Mixed Communion." It bears the title, "Who Escaped the Flood?" It is such a piece of powerful argument as would make even Charles Haddon Spurgeon think seriously on this subject; if the thousands of charitable Christians now flocking around him, did not more powerfully persuade him, that to set the Lord's table outside the church was the most advantageous course. High as Mr. Spurgeon stands, however, and deeply as we respect his immense and unceasing labours for the moral, and social, and temporal good of the people, we hesitate not to ask him, if he is quite sure he

is pursuing a good object, in his efforts to set up open churches to the overthrowing of Strict Baptist churches? In very many parts of good old England he is doing this. And many ministers, whose pulpit powers are not sufficient to render their ministry so popular or profitable as they could wish, are tempted to imitate the great preacher of the day; and thus they seek to destroy the faith which they once professed to hold. We boldly affirm we fully believe the Strict Baptist churches in England, to be the nearest followers of Christ and his apostles of any churches in existence. For the most part, we know they are poor, they are despised, they are counted as the off-scouring of all things; and we are quite sure from the Word of God, that as the great apostasy, as the final floods of idolatry and blasphemy roll into this once Protestant England, the Strict, the New Testament, the experimental, and the really faithful Baptist churches of the nation, will become almost extinct. Nevertheless, we would not exchange our reproaches, our poverties, and trials, for all the wealth and wonderful influence, of those who can refuse allegiance to the Lord and Master whom they profess to serve, whose commission stands the same as when first delivered, and which commission cannot be too often repeated, therefore we tell our readers, it is expressed in words like these, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever, I have commanded you, and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world, amen." That is "so let it be," but, our thousands of ministers in this day, say, "nay, so it shall not be." In many things, beyond doubt, our Strict Baptist churches have been very remiss; very much lacking in their zeal, in their "works of faith, and in their labours of love." All this we fear is too true, and it may be, that Mr. Spurgeon is raised up to "provoke some unto jealousy;" he may be the Lord's instrument to call in thousands whom the Strict Baptists would not look after. This may be so; we are not in the Lord's secret in these external matters; but, how the Great Covenant Head, how the glorious King in Zion, can give out a commission so clear and so conclusive; and yet smile, overwhelmingly propitious upon an immense army of men, who, practically, set that commission at naught, is, to us, a mystery. We only add, we have a thoroughly good-tempered review of Mr. Spurgeon's books, sermons, and enterprising efforts, in our forge; it shall appear in THE EARTHEN VESSEL presently; in the mean time, we only say further, read, and get everybody to read, Samuel Cozens's "Voice from Australia to all the Churches in England."

CINDERFORD.—FOREST OF DEAN.—Dear brother Banks, Not having heard from

you respecting the state of your dear wife's health, I often wonder how the Lord is dealing with you. I believe the great God will sustain you to the end of your state of trial. Since I last saw you, I have had to take a journey with my wife and daughter into Nottinghamshire; and I have left my wife and daughter in Lincolnshire. I expect they will return about the 14th of November, by way of London, when you may expect them to pay you a visit. I will give you a word of my visit to East Retford, where my wife's father lives. I arrived there Saturday, Sept. 26th. I called upon some with whom I was familiar when I resided there twenty years ago; when they found I was such a high Calvinist, as they called me, they looked very shy; but I was told there was one of my sort living in the town. I enquired, and found him to be one of God's dear children, in whose heart God's everlasting Gospel had found a place. I visited him one Sunday evening, we much enjoyed each other's conversation. He told me during his long life of near seventy years, he had never been privileged with sitting under a Gospel ministry, only a few times; he never heard a real Gospel sermon, he had read the Word of God, and knew of a blessed certainty for many years that word was preached to his soul; he had the works of Huntington; and some other God-taught divines, and he told me that he and another dear brother had read the word together on the Lord's-day, with Dr Gill's notes, to their souls' profit for many years; having nowhere where they could hear the Gospel preached; but his good brother had gone home, and left him in the wilderness. I was blessed by visiting this old disciple of the Lord. His name is Samuel Cutts, Trinity Hospital, West Retford. I returned home refreshed in body and mind; and entered upon my labour again with health and strength fully recovered. Praised be the name of my Great Benefactor. I enjoyed myself very much Sunday Nov. 1st. Brother Palmer and I exchanged; he was on the Forest preaching, and I was at Cheltenham. I had a happy time with the friends at Bethel. I was led to pray that God would be pleased to revive his work at Bethel. I found when I returned to home, that brother Palmer much enjoyed his visit, he was well received by the people. I wish to express my thankfulness to Almighty God for having restored me once more to health, and giving me some encouragement by an increase of my congregation. I will praise him for all his mercies; and be pleased (through the VESSEL) to give my best thanks to all the kind friends that helped me in my temporary distress, when I laid aside from my affliction. Farewell, my dear brother. I am, yours in Christ Jesus the Lord,

R. SNAITH.

[This applies to the moneys sent by Mr. Pickworth, Miss Hooper, the Whitestone friends, and others.—ED.]

AGED PILGRIMS' FRIEND SOCIETY.

TO ALL THE MEMBERS OF CHRIST'S FLOCK WHO ARE BLESSED WITH COMFORTABLE HOMES.

DEAR BRETHREN,—The committee of the above Society beg respectfully to call your attention to the important work in which they are engaged in connection with this valuable institution; viz., the erection of another home for an additional number of pensioners; 660 of whom are now receiving relief from the funds.

We feel great pleasure in informing you that the committee are now earnestly preparing for the commencement of the spacious asylum to be erected at Hornsey Rise. The ground is purchased, a fine eligible site, very healthy and easy of access (close to the Alexandra Orphanage). Plans for the building are preparing, and it is fully hoped that the stone will be laid in March next.

The cost of the land has been £3,500, including expenses, but the contributions already received have fallen short of that amount by £500, and to meet this deficiency as well as a further outlay for the formation of roads, &c., it is proposed to raise the sum of £1000, by the beginning of March next.

Several promises towards this amount have been received, and it should be specially noted that the sum left by the late Mr. Box is available only for the completion of the building, and cannot be devoted to any preliminary expenses.

Highly favoured friends of our common Lord, to you we look, and confidently urge a ready and liberal response in the way of,

- 1st,—A congregational collection early in the new year.

- 2nd,—A public meeting in some central place, to which a deputation can be sent.

- 3rd,—Personal donations and subscriptions, for which votes will be given for new asylum.

- 4th,—Collecting books, to be had of the Secretary.

Dear brethren, the building committee to whom is entrusted the management of the various details, entreat your earnest prayers and kind sympathy in this noble undertaking on behalf of the Lord's poor and aged people. The season for family unions is approaching, will you send us a Christmas thank-offering? The Lord graciously incline all hearts to devise liberal things. Farewell.

Please address all communications on this subject to the Honorary Secretary of the Building Fund, Mr. Wm. Jackson, 10, Coburn terrace, Rye lane, S.E.; or to the Society's office, 10, Poultry, London, E.C.

AUSTRALIA.—While some of our English Baptist churches have been liberally raising for Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure £1000, to clear his chapel in Sydney, from debt, the Baptist church in Ballarat, have been in their measure equally generous and

benevolent; for upon finding that Mr. George Dyer could not see his way clear to settle with any church in England, they have invited him to return to Australia; and to settle with them, for at least three years, undertaking to pay all the expenses of his voyage outward, and to maintain him as their pastor during the term before specified. Consequently, Mr. George Dyer has left his native land again, and is now, we suppose, nearly approaching that delightful garden of his adopted colony, where, without fear, he may freely enunciate the views he entertains, as appendixical to his ministry. We are sorry that Mr. George Dyer should have left England without any public farewell meeting; and especially as he is said to have considered that the English ministers and editors compelled him to leave. The fact is, when Mr. Dyer returned this last time to the bosom of his family, and to his own country, we did all we could to give him a kind welcome, and an encouraging introduction; but some of the people a long way from us in those colonial churches reprimanded us for the announcements we made; then, when we endeavoured to be just with them, Mr. Dyer became angry with us; and without any manifest reconciliation, or kind farewell, is gone, where, perhaps, we may never see him more. If the Great Head of the Church has ordained Mr. Geo. Dyer to the bishopric of the Ballarat diocese, we certainly do pray that he may be instrumental in cementing the hearts of the people in bonds of holy love, of heavenly peace, and of numerical prosperity; and that, instead of swimming upon the dark waters of speculation, he will lovingly, and powerfully preach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus; and that the Eternal Spirit may so enlarge his heart and so bless his labours, (not in trying to make people believe what neither he nor they can comprehend, but) in winning souls to Christ, and in building up the saints in the faith, that before long, we shall have good news of our friend George Dyer's ministry at Ballarat; and none will be more pleased to announce such well authenticated glad tidings than ourselves.

NORTH BRIXTON HALL, — ST. ANN'S ROAD. Anniversary of the eight sermons preached by eight ministers, was holden Tuesday, October 13th. The blessing of the Lord was enjoyed. The services commenced by prayer, at 7 o'clock; and from 9 to 10 o'clock; Mr. Dalton not being able to be with us in time, Mr. Steed preached from Micah ii. 13, "The breaker is come up before them;" which it is hoped is the case with this cause of God and truth. Mr. Wale spoke touchingly from the "Precious promises." Mr. Caunt affectionately from Col. i. 4, "Since we heard of your faith in Christ Jesus, and of the love which ye have to all the saints." In the afternoon Mr. Hall gave words of solemn truth, from "That they all might be damned who

believe not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." Mr. Attwood followed, speaking from the "eight principal men," Micah v. 5. Mr. Sankey uttered some encouraging words, from "With my soul have I desired thee in the night; yea, with my spirit within me will I seek thee early," &c. After tea, Mr. Myerson gave a stirring sermon, to saint and sinner, taking the words of Jehovah to Noah as the foundation of his subject: "Make thee an ark of gopher wood." The Ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered by brother Myerson; brethren Sankey and Flory assisting; it was the house of God and the gate of heaven. A few words of encouragement from Mr. Flory, and of gratitude to the Lord for his blessing upon the cause and services of the day, from Mr. Glennie, concluded a delightful season.

"Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine."

JOSEPH FLORY.

HEREFORDSHIRE.—A brother minister says:—"I think you like to be at Whitestone." Yes; on the 7th of November we travelled that long journey again, in the cold, and afflicted with a cold; but, on the journey, the words of Paul to the Romans occupied our mind, "And I am sure that when I come unto you, I shall come in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ." In perfect safety we reached that delightful spot; and a more happy welcome no Puritan prelate could ever receive. On the Lord's-day morning they sang:—

"Grace—'tis a charming sound."

And in preaching, in breaking bread, and in all the services, the blessing of the Lord was enjoyed. We should be thankful if the Lord would send to that sacred hill of Zion, a pastor after her own heart; for a laborious Boanerges, and for a son of consolation, there is an immense field open in those parts. The cities of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester stand round it like ecclesiastical towers; the towns of Ross, Bromyard, Ledbury, and Malvern, are near at hand; and scarcely in any one of those immense populations is there a fixed, devoted, and decidedly truthful labourer of our own faith and order. Let a strong, intelligent, deeply sanctified minister of CHRIST'S GOSPEL be planted at Whitestone, as the centre, and all round that country a man mighty in the Scriptures, and filled with the Holy Ghost, might be instrumental in planting many Gospel Churches. Not even the Metropolitan Tabernacle bishop can be said to have any concentrated diocese in these sterile parts. We left Whitestone very reluctantly, for a more decided, a more charitable, a more simple yet sincere people it is not easy to find. The Lord bless them, and send unto them by whom He will send.

SOUTH HACKNEY.—Mr. Joseph Cartwright, well known in Bucks, as a preacher of the Gospel, has had an accident, by which it is marvellous he did not lose his life. From a sweet note we received, we cull the following:—"Dear sir, I have to record the great mercy of the Lord, for so restoring my strength. How plain it doth appear to me, that all our times are in his hands; it is a mercy our times are not in our hands; we should then have our mercies too soon; if they were in the hands of our fellow creatures, we should not have them at all; but being in his hands, we have them just at the right time. When I am able to look back upon the forty years I have been called by his grace, and to look at the many deep waters and hot fires I have been preserved in, and brought through, I feel something like a spark kept alive in the ocean; or like the bush that was all on fire, yet not consumed. It appears to me, the only cause was, 'the Lord was there.' I have suffered much in body and mind in this affair, still, I have been blessed with a little communion with my God; and this is surpassing sweet. I write to you because you are like my elder brother, 'a brother born for adversity,' you can sympathize with a brother in trouble. We have many brothers, but how few that can feel for a poor brother; they are miserable comforters, but our elder brother said, 'I will not leave you comfortless.' Both you and myself can set to our seal that we have felt it true to the very letter. I have thought of writing my remarkable chequered history for the last forty years in the wilderness; although in myself one of the most despairing creatures in the world. From your unworthy brother,

THOS. CARTWRIGHT.

47, Ash grove, South Hackney.
Nov. 2, 1868."

LONDON.—A letter from "A. K." kindly tells us, "Mr. ———," whom we exalted to the third heavens, is "the greatest enemy we have." He must, then, be a Goliath of Gath indeed. When S—— dismissed him, he came to us, sought our favour, and obtained it, asked for our recommendation and influence, and received from us all the help we could give him; and, when ordained, came and desired us to publish the account of it. Now, although we never hurt one hair of his head, he secretly uses the old rusty slander-weapon, not because he has any ill thing to say of us, from his own experience, but because his patron, his churchwarden, his draper and clothier commands him to cast us down, that he may raise up an edifice for himself and his sectarians, on our ruins. Of all such cowardly assailants, we say, as David said of Shimei, "Let him curse," it may be the Lord hath bidden him. We do not go too far, when we say, under the wide canopy of heaven, there cannot be found a larger number of cowardly creatures than is to be found among the tribes of these

aspirants to the pulpit and to the pastorate. For more than a quarter of a century, our experience and our books will prove this to a demonstration; because, instrumentally we have holden the power of the press in our hands, hosts of them have fled to us, as they did to David in the Cave. In our very little way, we have become a captain over them. The sequel of such acapitancy we will leave for the present.

YEOVIL.—Our ministerial friend, Mr. Geo. Kellaway, says: "Another old saint has gone to glory. Died in Yeovil, in the triumph of faith, on Monday night, Oct. 5, 1868, Mrs. Bulford, in the ninety-second year of her age. I have known this old saint nearly forty years; she was a woman of great faith, and was afflicted fifty years; confined to her room over thirty years; she has been preserved in the brim of affliction with nothing but the parish pay, and the help of friends, who never deserted her. On the Monday evening, between five and six o'clock, she called her nurse to her bedside, took hold of her hand, and embraced her, and with strength that astonished the woman, she waved her hand to and fro, and uttered these remarkable words, with a strong voice, 'Glory! glory!! glory!!! the crown! the crown! the crown everlasting.' After this, she lay in a quiet dose, till a quarter past twelve, when she quietly fell asleep. Her faith triumphed over poverty and affliction in the article of dissolution. Our love to Mrs. Banks in her affliction.
G. and A. KELLAWAY."

WIMBLEDON.—Our covenant keeping God in his boundless love and mercy, enabled us to hold our eighth anniversary on Wednesday, Sept. 9th, when that highly favoured servant of Christ, Mr. J. B. M'Cure gave us two sacred discourses on the love of God to man, and well was he enabled to give to Christ all the pre-eminence 1 Col., last clause 18th ver. It was indeed a day long to be remembered by us Zoarites, for which we desire to praise God. Company good; friends having paid us a visit from Wandsworth, Clapham, Leatherhead, Ripley, and many other places, as our dear pastor said it encouraged him still to go on when he saw so many kind friends come to pay us a visit. Collections good, being nearly double, for which we were thankful, as we had arranged to divide the proceeds between our own cause, and the church at Sydney. Yours in Christian love,
E. M.

Wimbledon, July 17, 1868.

CAMBERWELL.—Mr. Gabriel Bayfield, so many years the useful and beloved minister of Bloomsbury chapel, in the Commercial road, has been called home to his rest. His sufferings were long and heavy; but his happy soul is now in glory, and his mortal remains were laid in the

grave at Nunhead. His brother Thomas, and the meek and truthful brother Franks, delivered addresses at the funeral. Some good Christians we know called Gabriel Bayfield their spiritual father, and over his loss they shed the tear of grateful remembrance.

SHEERNESS—Anniversary services in connection with the Sunday Schools, were held in Zion Chapel, Sep. 27th and 28th. Three sermons were preached on the Sunday by C. W. Banks. A tea and public meeting on the Monday. Mr. Hand, the Superintendent, gave a brief report of the state of the schools. They stood in need of more teachers; they wanted books for rewards, and token and prize cards and funds to work with. We thought benevolent friends in some districts, who have no scope for practical usefulness themselves, might help an institution like this school. After the Report by the Superintendent, Mr. Stanford, the minister at Minster; and Mr. Hunter, the Chaplain of Her Majesty's Forces, with Mr. Berry and Mr. Patrick, gave the meeting some good words. It was near ten o'clock when the friends separated.

BIGBURY—The little cause at Bigbury, in Devonshire, by the grace of God, is gradually advancing in spirituality and numbers. On Lord's-day, Sep. 13th, two persons were baptised in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. In the afternoon, we went to the banks of the river Avon. About 200 were present to witness the proceedings. Both candidates were males; one was the husband of a sister who was baptised in the same waters a few months before. The weather was auspicious. The people were attentive; good order prevailed, while many appeared to listen, and witness with softened hearts, as the broad seal of Heaven's approbation manifestly rested upon the administration of the ordinance of the Lord Jesus Christ.

EAST BERGHOLT—This remarkable little church is under a cloud. When we consider the sacrifices made in connection with that cause, how, in the time of danger we stood in the gap, never receiving one fraction in return, we can but feel acutely, the false, the cruel courses which, in the moment of trial, some pursued. It is beyond all description painful, when after the utmost exertions have been made to serve the churches and people of the Lord, those exertions, those churches, and those people, become your enemies, because prosperity has not followed the means used. Still, we have hoped, the prayers, the tears, the faithful testimonies, and the hard earned treasures poured out for the cause at Bergholt, would not be in vain. If it is so, while others laugh, it must be ours to mourn.

HARWICH—Mr. J. W. Dyer has re-

signed his pastorate at Harwich; and has left. At Irthingborough, and other country churches he has been supplying; but is not yet settled. We have known him many years; always found him a cheerful, truthful, and kind Christian brother; and we feel certain to some peaceful and decided people, both Mr. Dyer, and his well-chosen partner, would prove useful in the work of the Lord. He carries neither the crab-stick nor the vinegar-cruet; his spirit is not sour, his heart is not sad; he has the spirit and the mind of Christ in measure; and we hope soon to see him permanently settled.

WALTHAM ABBEY—The determination of some professors to persecute the little flock, is a subject upon which many communications have reached us. The whole case ought to be thoroughly searched into, laid before the churches, and such measures adopted as shall tend to put an end to the affliction. "P. J." says, the Bedford man was "a persecutor of God's ministers;" we hope his sin was pardoned ere so suddenly he was called into the presence of his Maker.

WOOLWICH—We cannot insert any more letters, at present, on the Woolwich question. We will only add, an excellent portrait of Mr. Henry Hanks has lately been published in quarto size. Copies can be sent, post free, for forty stamps; address, Mr. J. Brain, Thomas Street, Woolwich. If one is sent to us, we will give a fair review of it, and then place it in our gallery.

CHEERING—A brother minister says: "In my attendance upon harvest thanksgiving meetings this year, I think I can perceive a reviving in the different little courts of our Zion. Here and there are evidences of the falling dew, the flowing waters, and the visits of him whose going forth is prepared as the morning. Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow forth."

DEATH—Mr. Tettmar, the well-known optician of the Mile End Road, has been suddenly snatched from the bosom of a loving family, by being accidentally thrown under a dray, on Stepney Green, on Monday, Nov. 17th, 1868. He died in the London Hospital on the following Friday, aged 38; leaving a disconsolate wife, five small children, and some deeply affectionate sisters, brothers, &c. The deceased was called under the ministry when young; served the church at Poplar, as precursor for years; was recently baptized by Mr. Stringer; and was united to the church under his care. Alas! he is no more here.

MARRIED.

On the 21st inst. at Mount Zion chapel, Chadwell street, by Mr. John Hazelton, assisted by Mr. John Bunyan McCure, of Sydney; Mr. Samuel Charlton, of Chilwell, Notts; to Amelia Laura, youngest daughter of Mr. R. Minton, of St. John's street road, Clerkenwell.



